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THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VOL. IV.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, July 4, 1807.* [No. 1.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

"What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear
That makes these odds all even."
SHAKSPEARE.

IN a former number, on the instability of human events, I confined my observations to the changes, arising from loss of fortune, respectability, and friends. In this, I shall extend my observations to the uncertainty of human events, arising from the uncertain tenure of life. Though possessed of every thing we could desire, we are frequently arrested and appalled by the sudden appearance of death in the midst of our most sanguine hopes. How often, in the midst of pleasure and gayety, in the moments of innocent amusement and of unrestrained hilarity and mirth, or of domestick felicity and enjoyment; in the midst of worldly pursuits of wealth and aggrandizement, does this terrifick enemy appear and destroy all our fond delusions of anticipation, and undermine our air-built castles.

Death, to most persons, is an alarming, a frightful subject, for contemplation.

"To die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod."

There are few, who, through the effects of education or habit, are enabled to contemplate it without horrour, and happy are they who can. To him, whom crimes and vices surround, and harrow up his soul; to him, who would willingly leave this world, if, by so doing, he could escape from the merited punishment of his crimes, but who knows that this will accompany him beyond the grave—how alarming must be the approach of Death! It should be one of the constant objects of our lives, to accustom ourselves to the thoughts of death. So to pass our time in virtue, piety, and the discharge of our duties towards God and man, that when this visiter comes, he may not be an unwelcome one. How desirable! how noble! how glorious! to leave this world with the greatness of a hero, and the calm resignation of a dying Christian: to depart, with the coolness and serenity of Seneca, with the magnanimity and exalted heroism of Epaminondas, to rise superiour and bid defiance to our enemies like the immortal Socrates, or to leave an example to the dissipated and immoral, in our dying moments, and to show with what confidence, calmness, and serenity, a Christian can leave this world, and pass into that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns, like the intelligent, mild, amiable, pious Addison. How interesting, awful, and su-

blime, the departure of these great men! When the soul, separating itself from the gross materials of the body, takes its flight to unknown and boundless regions! I know no example more sublime or more interestingly described, than the death of the noble Fitzallen, in Mrs. Roche's inimitable tale of the Children of the Abbey, which, though a mere description, I trust will not be considered as irrelevant to the present subject. A noble spirit supporting a body emaciated and exhausted by the unmerited sufferings of his life: almost sinking under his accumulated misfortunes, and distressed with the prospect of leaving behind an amiable, lovely, unprotected daughter: a wanderer upon the wide world, exposed to the difficulties and hardships of life and tossed upon the tempestuous ocean of trouble and danger, of poverty and temptation: a high sense of honour glowing within his bosom, a self-approving consciousness of having performed his duty to his country, his friends, and to his God, and a firm reliance upon the beneficence of the Deity alone, support him in this trying moment. He expires with calmness and with a just confidence, leaving his unprotected child, a gift to the noble, generous portion of mankind, and to the guardian care of Heaven. This enviable disposition can only be attained by a consciousness of having passed our time properly—a belief in the existence of an all-wise and just Providence; a firm expectation of a future state of rewards and punishments, when the just shall be made happy. How are we to deprecate those wretches, who have attempted to destroy this cheering and consolatory belief. Admit for a moment the possibility of its being erroneous, still it is productive of virtue, of morality, of order in society, support to the afflicted in moments of distress, and in some measure deters the wicked from the commission of atrocious deeds. How is that deluded fanatick to be execrated and pitied, who, in the heat and rage of the French Revolution, when so many dangerous doctrines were introduced, prophanely dared to inscribe upon the tombs, that cold, detestable, hopeless maxim —"*Death is an eternal sleep.*"

The belief of a future state is established by Divine Revelation; and independent of this, there are many human arguments to confirm it. The universal and correct belief of mankind, the imperfect state of human nature, the unequal distribution of rewards and punishments, and the frequent sufferings of the virtuous in this life.

Whatever deductions are drawn from the general and universal consent and belief of mankind in works of taste or matters of judgment, when unbiassed by local circumstances of habit, or interest, delivered through a long succession of time, from the earliest ages of the world, are sanctioned by being founded on solid argument and just reasoning, and must consequently be true, can we for a moment suppose, that man, noble in his nature, the image of the Deity himself, is destined to remain in the imperfect state in which we find him? All his powers of improvement, all his affections, sentiments and feelings, to stop short, to cease after this life, to progress and to be exalted? To die away in embryo? No. Forbid it heaven! And still more weak and ridiculous is it, to look for his perfection in this world; this is a vain, delusive expectation, founded on the arrogance and presumption of modern philosophy. There then must be another, though distant state, where all these powers shall be carried to the highest pitch of perfection. Can we reconcile it with the justice of the Deity or even with our own weak, fluctuating idea of justice among ourselves? That a man, whose life has been a constant tissue of the blackest crimes, whose actions have depopulated nations, and brought nothing but misery and affliction to his fellow beings, whose conduct has been one continued scene of calumny and theft, murder of the helpless, seduction of the innocent, is to leave this world with all his crimes thick

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about him, and to escape punishment, and yet how often does he escape and ride triumphant. How incapable of discovering and penetrating into the hidden recesses of vice are the keenest of human powers! How inadequate to punish the abandoned villain even if discovered, are all human penal laws! How often does he escape the suspended sword of Justice! If he leaves this world unpunished, when and where is he to meet with that judgment against his crimes, so consonant to justice and equity, to every idea of right. On the other hand, the righteous and good are often worn down with the burthen of their misfortunes, and frequently leave this world, without that change taking place, that their actions merited. Are they to go unrewarded? If so, what inducements are held out to prefer vice to virtue, to live triumphantly instead of being depressed and humbled.

Cicero, after examining this subject, acknowledged, that independent of Divine Revelation, there were few arguments to create the belief of a future state, and none that brought complete conviction. But, I hope, that in this even Cicero himself was mistaken. I hope there are but few who do not, either from the prejudices of education (happy prejudices!) feel their belief firm and fixed, or possess an innate, intuitive conviction of a future state:

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horrour
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.

ADDISON'S CATO.

It was a favourite maxim of the celebrated Lorenzo de' Medici, that, "he is dead even to this life who has no hope of another." The wicked may, to serve their purpose and to enable them to carry on their projects, banish for a time these reflections from their bosoms; but in the hour of death, it will return with redoubled force, and haunt with horrour and madness their last moments. The thoughtless, giddy, volatile, may not find time seriously to consider the subject, and at the door of death, they are destitute of this cheering and supporting conviction to render their passage to the other world easy and pleasant.

What an awful scene does the deathbed of the brilliant, but unprincipled Voltaire, present to our view. Behold him, in his last expiring moments, deserted by those principles which had supported him through life, with all the rage and fury of a wild maniac, cursing his own existence, and calling down upon his devoted head those imprecations, which his life had merited, and invoking the Deity with his last expiring breath, to end his sufferings by a speedy passage from this transitory state to eternity; despair overcomes his once obstinate and mighty soul; no ray of hope remains; nothing but the extravagant ravings of an infuriated madman close his last moments—an awful warning against the adoption of his pernicious principles.

I know not any subject or place so calculated to create serious reflections upon the instability of human events as that of a graveyard. What an interesting field does this offer for contemplation! I often tread the ground where numbers lie silently interred, indulging pleasing though melancholy reflections, upon the shortness of life, the vanity and uncertainty of earthly enjoyments, whilst I recal the persons of those who lie silently entombed. Who were they? what occupied them during their short stay here? Some, perhaps, began life, surrounded with all the flattering prospects that wealth, and talents, could bestow, but fell untimely victims. Some, were urged by ambition, till they reached the utmost height, and then were suddenly hurled from their exalted station. Some, in pursuit of base wealth, had spent a useless and unprofitable life, and when this object was attained, were cut short in the enjoyment.

Some, possessed of little, but of that little made much in benevolence and charity towards mankind. Whatever their station, their attainments, they all lie crumbled in the dust. Their prospects once unbounded; their attainments once exalted, have dwindled into nothing. Their forms so dignified, so admired, mouldered into dust, their possessions destroyed or passed into other hands, and nought remains of their former selves but an eternal void.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

The proud and the humble, the virtuous and the vicious, the beautiful and deformed, the aged and youthful, all, all wait until a future judge shall determine their respective merits, and for that awful period when the tombs shall open and yield up the dead; when

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
And all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabrick of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind!

I have been led to these reflections by many instances of short and rapid existence that have occurred during the small number of my days. Many who began their career with me, with equal health and vigour, have already disappeared. Often have the ties of friendship been cut asunder by an enemy, whose strength no power can contend with, and often have I been called to mourn the loss of him, with whom I had a short time before anticipated many days of future enjoyment. But my thoughts have been more particularly arrested on this subject, by two recent, afflicting events, that have occurred in our mutual circle of acquaintance. One is, the of a young lady carried off in the bloom of life: yea, lately I saw her in all the health and glow of youthful loveliness; possest of charms and beauty to interest the most unfeeling observer, and of amiableness of manner, and grace of deportment, calculated to conciliate the most obdurate. Surrounded by friends and relatives justly devoted to her; equally enjoying and dispensing happiness in the social circle of domestick friends, or exciting admiration and love in the more extended walks of fashionable society; figuring with elegance in the lively and fantastick dance, or dignifying with piety and correctness, the humble and retired, but pleasing paths of domestick life. She had not reached her twentieth year; life was just opening to her view; Imagination's delusive dreams were just beginning to expand; Anticipation, with its usual pleasing gloss, had just taught her to look forward to future happiness and bliss: to that period when her pleasures should be increased; when in extending her social connexions, she should be endeared to life, by sharing its pleasures and miseries, with some happy partner of her cares; when in rearing the tender and helpless infant, with all the fond indulgence and affection of a parent, she should hang over its youthful slumbers and watch its growing worth; when enjoying the happiness of sisterly affection and rapt in attention to an aged father, she should smooth his passage to the grave; and, after a well spent life, breath out her last, and with conscious purity, resign her soul and sink into the arms of her Redeemer. But, alas! all these delusive expectations, are suddenly nipt in the bud, and she, whom we lately numbered as one of us, is now added to the silent victims of the tomb. Dear, departed spirit! let us attend thy last remains to the grave, and shed a parting tear to friendship and to love. Thy worth shall be remembered; thy untimely end mourned; and, if departed spirits are silent observers of our actions, thou shalt witness with how much sincerity of grief we lament thy loss! But, perhaps, it is for us, whom thou hast left behind, that thou shouldst grieve. Thy soul has escaped from toil and trouble, and flown to happier regions! to another, and a better world!

The other instance is recent and melancholy. It is the loss of a young gentleman, a stranger here. Heir to

a splendid fortune, he had but lately finished his collegiate course, and left his friends and relatives to the eastward, to receive the advantages and improvements of travelling. He appeared but for a short time among us, and pleased and delighted those who knew him, by his mild and amiable manners, his intelligent and agreeable conversation, and his genteel deportment. He embarked but a few hours since, to continue his travels to the southward. The weather being boisterous, he was thrown overboard, and in attempting to save himself by swimming, he met that death, which his endeavours to avoid were vain, and ineffectual: thus a few short moments changed the scene, and he whom we lately beheld moving with manliness and dignity, now lies a corpse in a cold and watery grave.* But

"This is the state of man: Today, he puts forth
"The tender leaves of hope; tomorrow, blossoms,
"And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
"The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
"——————— And nips his shoot.

Great God! we are apt to exclaim, why are these things permitted? But, crush the prophane thought, the bold daring expression. Let us not impiously arraign divine Providence; let us not murmur at his wise decisions—too high for us to scan, too profound for our weak judgments to penetrate.

Another and still another instance may be added to the long list of departed friends. Since writing the above, I have heard, with grief, of the death of a young female friend, who has fallen a victim to an early tomb. Young, interesting, and amiable, possessed of a mind remarkable for its acuteness and improvement, and of a prematurity of genius, which is too often the forerunner of a short existence. Though living at a distance, I had frequent opportunities of seeing her. A long and tedious decline, had destroyed the loveliness of youth and robbed her of that bloom which mantles on the cheek of beauty. Like an early and tender bud, that puts forth before the genial warmth of spring can nourish it, it is destroyed by the rough, bleak winds of winter. So Death, at an early age, laid his icy hands upon her and marked her for his prey. A circle of afflicted friends and relatives, by whom she was idolized, mourn her loss. An affectionate, amiable sister, whose too sanguine wishes had fostered the hope of her recovery, weeps over her grave. To these, let the consolatory belief be offered, that this departed relative has left a state of trouble and gone to the realms of bliss, where, perhaps, as a guardian angel, she observes and superintends their actions. Let this belief sooth their sorrows, and enable them to support the severe dispensations of Providence.

MORTIMER.

* Since the above has been written, the friends of the deceased have fortunately succeeded in recovering the body, and his remains were attended to the grave by a numerous and respectable assemblage of gentlemen: a circumstance that does honour to the sensibility and attention of the Philadelphians.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 413, *Vol.* 3.)

The path to peace is virtue; what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow.
DRYD. JUV.

There is not a more disagreeable or a more melancholy research, than that which we are sometimes tempted to make into the volume of philosophy, to seek for the origin of moral and physical evil; an inquiry generally set on foot by human infirmity, encouraged by human ingratitude, and always defeated by the insufficiency of human wisdom.

Perhaps, when Rousseau tells us, "that moral evil is incontestably our own work," he is not far from the truth; and, as physical is frequently the effect of moral evil, we may consider ourselves, to use a law term, not so much heirs by *descent*, as *purchasers*, of both those articles of misery.

However the fact may be, we are not very ready to allow that the mis-

chiefs we suffer are of our own creation; on the contrary, there are seasons when the mind busies itself in the investigation of the nature of evil, merely to find excuses for its defects and deformities, and to catch at any philosophical argument that can place them in a fairer point of view; but this investigation is never satisfactory; it falls short of even probable demonstration and leaves us only in greater doubt and anxiety.

I remember to have been engaged in these unprofitable disquisitions one gloomy afternoon in the month of November, in my elbow chair by the fireside. After reviewing all the incidents of my own life, and the merits, blemishes, virtues, faults, advantages, drawbacks, prospects, and disappointments, belonging individually to the character and condition of my neighbours, "Alas!" cried I, "What can equal human wretchedness? What a poor weak creature is man! How exposed to temptation! How open to the allurements of vice! Look where we will if he be not addicted to great crimes, we shall find him hurrying along blindfolded, as it were, by passion and prejudice, from one absurdity to another. How many disappointments, perplexities, and misfortunes, have I myself met with, that could not be laid to the score of negligence, or the want of caution! How many follies have I entertained, without making them welcome! and how many faults have I committed without an intention to do wrong! A man stands no chance with the infirmities of his nature; he is a mere machine, and is acted upon by external circumstances, as much as the mariners' compass. Let the attraction of virtue be ever so strong, it will not always keep true to the point; there will be yet some variations, and some vibrations, that we trust and hope will be allowed for in the last great reckoning."

These unhappy murmurings continued, till, wearied out, and oppressed by the repetition of the same ideas, I fell fast asleep: when methought I was introduced, not into a drawing-room, but up three pair of stairs, into the garret of a philosopher. Its shape was a scalene triangle; the furniture consisted of one solitary chair and a deal table, upon which was a wooden candlestick, and, as I thought, a portable camera obscura, which seemed to occupy the entire attention of the philosopher, who appeared to be a tall thin man, with a pale face, and extremely black beard. I fancied, that at my entrance the old gentleman accosted me with great civility: "I am already acquainted," said he, "with the subject of your late contemplations, and with the favourite doctrine of Necessity, to which you seem so much to incline; and perhaps I may be able to assist your inquiries. You see this camera obscura: I have brought it to such perfection, that it faithfully exhibits the road of human life, with all its turnings and windings; and its construction is such, that it not only represents the objects of nature, but delineates truly the passions, virtues, and vices of men; you will be able to discover by it their pursuits and inclinations, and the chief cause of their general ill success in their pursuit after happiness; you will soon perceive by it, what it is that distresses, misleads, and annoys man through his journey."

I thought that I very readily accepted the invitation of the philosopher; and, looking through the aperture, I beheld a surrounding landscape, fertile and barren, cultivated and waste, mountainous and plain, intersected with innumerable roads and paths; some spots laid out in beautiful gardens, others spread over with weeds; some parts watered with fruitful springs, and others dry, and without verdure. I observed edifices of various kinds, towers, castles, palaces, and cottages, mingled together; and was expressing my admiration of the capacity of the instrument, when I thought the philosopher interrupted me: "You may perceive," said he, "that the world, take it in the whole, is no such bad place to live in; but let us endeavour to discover what it is that prevents our enjoyment of the blessings it affords. Fix your eyes

on a particular object; select for your observation a youth just issuing forth from one of the great temples of education, and observe the course he takes."—Methought I was not long at a loss for a subject: I observed a fine handsome youth, with the bloom of health upon his face; but fancied I discovered a degree of audacity and haughtiness in his looks, that did not very well correspond with a proper education; particularly as I saw that the master of the seminary was a clergyman; but upon examining more carefully, I discovered that the old Gentleman's black coat was patched all over with shreds of Greek and Latin passages from different authours; some sublime and delicate, others vulgar and obscene; a few of these he had stuffed into the ears of his pupil; but not a single rule of reason or precept of religion had he inculcated; the truth was, he had but a few of them himself and none to spare. I thought at this moment I asked my friend the philosopher, whether the youth I had noticed set out alone on his important journey through life. "Certainly not," replied he; "it would be something unusual if he did. It is true, he will not have the companions who ought to accompany youth; you will not see Virtue, with 'her robes unsullied as the falling snow,' nor celestial Piety, in 'her milk white vest;' as for Modesty, she is seldom found in these temples of publick education, having been ill-treated by the ancients, and being almost disowned by the moderns: but if you will look with attention, you will discern two extraordinary personages, extremely proper to accompany a young gentleman of his family and fortune. Do you not observe a creature of uncommon figure, a misshapen mass, a lump of wretched deformity; its head small and shallow; its eyes inflamed and glaring; its little nose turned up at the point, and its cheeks inflated? See: it is mounted upon stilts; and, though it is in constant dread of a fall, will not forsake its uneasy exaltation. That admirable personage," added the philosopher, "is *Pride;* and next to him you will notice a spruce little gentleman, in superfine black, with well powdered hair: he is the *Tutor*, who holds his respectable office upon the express condition, that he should not offend the great personage on stilts, who is intended by the parents of the young gentleman to be his constant companion through life."—"But, pray who is this," cried I, "that appears advancing towards them, a more remarkable figure than either of the other two; I mean that little animal with a pair of boots on its legs, which resemble two enormous pillars, a coat with puckered sleeves, a black wig, and embroidered pantaloons? it seems to change its appearance every instant, and is followed by a number of people, who appear to be tailors, barbers, and shoemakers, with a numerous train of little deformed imps."—"That, sir," said the philosopher, "is *Fashion;* the urchins are its children, and are called *Absurdities*. See how eagerly the youth follows the monster; it will introduce him presently to some genteel company."—I imagined that this remark of the metaphysician's was immediately verified; for a lady now joined the party: she had a mask, which she held carefully before her face; was dressed in a robe of rich silk, and seemed desirous to please the young traveller; presenting him every instant with opera and masquerade tickets, cards, dice, &c. till she wearied herself with her polite attention. "I presume you guess who that lady is," said the philosopher: "her name is *Dissipation;* she always wears that mask in company, but is without it at home, where her true countenance is that of chagrin, vexation, languor, and pain: in short the pale unwholesome complexion of a disturbed rest and an unquiet mind."

I thought, at this moment I beheld another of the acquaintances of Fashion: it was a little crooked man, whose physiognomy presented a mixture of pleasantry and spleen; he carried a bag in his hand, which I observed him constantly filling with guineas at the top, while they ran through a hole at the bottom. He had a constant convulsive motion in his elbow, and carried in his pockets cards and dice

with which Dissipation had supplied him. I imagined the philosopher told me, that this extraordinary character was named *Play*. "He is," said he, "intimately acquainted with *Ruin*; they are almost always together; you can never be long in company with the former, without knowing the latter." I thought that at this instant I cried out, on seeing the goddess *Fortune*, who, I imagined, had just arrived to the aid of the youth, emptying, as fast as possible, her cornucopiæ among these deformities; who were joined by two more—a poor feeble, wretched being, with flaccid cheeks, sunk eyes and pale unwholesome face, supported upon crutches,; another, with bloated cheeks, eyes inflamed and glaring, reeling drunk, and singing obscene and filthy songs. I thought the philosopher informed me that the first was *Sensuality*, and the next *Debauchery*. I observed, that all these *gratefully* returned an ample share of their miseries and calamities, for the gifts that fortune bestowed on them. I thought I now felt extremely interested for the youth who appeared in this situation; and that I addressed the philosopher. "How is it," said I, "that these deformities are not seen by our young traveller?" I thought he answered, "Oh, *Fashion* takes care of that; she assisted by *bad Example*, whom you may observe in the shape of an old school-fellow of the youth's, spreads a veil before his eyes, through which *Pride*, *Dissipation*, *Play*, *Sensuality*, and *Debauchery*, appear almost amiable, and always proper and necessary companions for a person of his rank and figure."

I thought I took the liberty to inquire of my friend the philosopher, who would be the next person that the youth would meet on his journey; and that he answered, "why I am afraid it will be *Ruin*. I see him striding with hasty steps to this place: he is the child of Pride and Dissipation, and a beggar by birth; I see him at a little distance, spreading out his net, which is curiously woven by gamesters, money-lenders, and lawyers. See! the youth is already entangled." My fancy no sooner painted his situation, than I thought I exclaimed, "Poor wretch! and will he never get out of the meshes of this detested toil." The philosopher answered, "There are hopes that he may. Providence always knows how to disentangle those who trust in her, and amendment is the antidote of ruin; but he will always feel in some degree the effects of his misconduct."

I thought I now turned away from the instrument and its faithful representation; when the philosopher addressed me nearly in the following words: "Well, what think you of the doctrine of Necessity now? Is it of necessity that we become acquainted with these *respectable* characters, which my camera obscura has presented to your view, and which are unknown to many of the inhabitants of the world? Can it presumptuously be laid to the charge of the Almighty, that we first create, and then worship, such misshapen images as these? Has he not given us *Truth* and *Religion?* Do we not constantly observe the effects of Virtue and the consequences of Vice? Can we be at a loss to determine right from wrong? The miseries of mankind proceed from the want of a steady adherence to certain and fixed principles of truth which it is the great business of education to promulgate; and if these might become better known and more diligently pursued, moral and physical evil would decrease in proportion. Unfortunately, we nurse and cherish these deformities, instead of rendering the numerous offsprings almost extinct, by smothering the urchins in their infancy. Every man who has a child has the probable means of preserving him from more than half of the miseries, usually attendant on life, by a proper education; not by the common course of education, but by uniting with classical learning the principles of truth, and the excellence of Religion; both designed by the Creator for the benefit and happiness of man. Let it be remembered, that the greatest enemy of his peace and prosperity is *Pride*."

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At these words I awoke; and, though I was sensible that all that had passed was merely a dream, yet I believe much of it will every day turn out to be real.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

The interesting Memoirs of CUMBERLAND, with which we have been recently favoured by *himself*, create a wish to peruse again whatever has been written by that elegant, moral, and veteran authour. After Dr. Goldsmith published his charming poem "Retaliation," in which the reader will remember that our authour is elegantly characterized as the *Terence of England*, Mr. Cumberland, grateful for such praise, addressed GOLDSMITH in the following sprightly strain. This little poem is extremely happy in its topicks of praise, JOHNSON, REYNOLDS and BURKE are finely described; and some of the features of Goldsmith are hit off with a painter's accuracy.

A POETICAL EPISTLE,*

From Mr. Cumberland to Dr. Goldsmith.

Or supplement to his "Retaliation," a poem.

Doctor! according to our wishes,
You've character'd us all in dishes,
Serv'd up a sentimental treat
Of various emblematick meat;
And now 'tis time, I trust, you'll think
Your company should have *some drink*;
Else, take my word for it, at least
Your *Irish friends* won't like your feast.
Ring then, and see that there is plac'd
To each according to his taste.

To Douglas, fraught with learned stock
Of critick lore, give ancient Hock;
Let it be genuine, bright, and fine,
Pure unadulterated wine;
For if there's fault in taste, or odour,
He'll search it, as he search'd out Lauder.

To Johnson, philosophick sage,
The MORAL MENTOR OF THE AGE,
Religion's friend, with soul sincere,
With *melting heart, but look austere*,
Give liquor of an honest sort,
And *crown his cup with* PRIESTLY PORT!

Now fill the glass with gay champagne,
And frisk it in a livelier strain;
Quick! Quick! the sparkling nectar quaff,
Drink it, dear Garrick! drink, and laugh!

Pour forth to Reynolds, without stint,
Rich Burgundy, of ruby tint;
If e'er his colours chance to fade,
This brilliant hue shall come in aid,
With ruddy lights refresh the faces,
And warm the bosoms of the GRACES.

To Burke a *pure libation* bring,
Fresh drawn from *clear Castalian spring*;
With civick oak the goblet bind,
Fit emblem of his patriot mind;
Let *Clio as his taster*, sip,
And *Hermes hand it to his* lip.

Fill out, my friend, the Dean of Derry,
A bumper of conventual Sherry!

Give Ridge and Hickey, generous souls!
Of whisky punch convivial bowls;
But let the kindred Burkes regale
With potent draughts of Wicklow ale;
To C——k next, in order turn ye,
And grace him with the vines of Ferney!

Now, DOCTOR, thou'rt an honest sticker,
So take your glass, and choose your liquor:
Wilt have it steep'd in Alpine snows,
Or *damask'd at Silenus' nose?*
With Wakefield's Vicar sip your tea,
Or to Thalia drink with me?
And, DOCTOR, I wou'd have you know it,
An honest, I, tho' humble poet:
I scorn the sneaker like a toad,
Who drives his cart the Dover road;
There, traitor to his country's trade,
Smuggles vile scraps of French brocade;
Hence, with all such! for you and I,
By English wares will live, and die.
Come, draw your chair and stir the fire;
Here, *boy!—a pot of Thrales' entire!*

* Never before published in America.

For The Port Folio.

An Episcopal Clergyman, and a very respectable instructor of youth, in Lower Canada, has drawn up, principally for the use of his pupils, a brief tract on religion, because, to use his own words, he is still so *unfashionable* as to suppose, that boys ought to be made acquainted very early with their duty both to God and man.

The authour supposes, and we think with sufficient reason, that this little work, if circulated, might prove useful, not only as a manual to students in academies, but to the publick in general. In pursuance of his plan of publishing the work in Philadelphia, he has done us the honour to transmit a lecture as a specimen of the work. Our slender acquaintance with the mysteries of bookselling does not enable us to affirm aught with respect to the pecuniary profit of such a publication. But for the interest of morals and literature we hope, that the work, sanctioned by some judgment, riper than our own, may be soon put to the Philadelphia press. We hope, that our correspondent will excuse

some delay which has taken place with respect to this article.

THE GOSPEL MORALITY.

Many rules of life have been offered to mankind before, and since the coming of Christ, but they will be found exceedingly defective, when compared to the pure and sublime morality which he inculcated. This is, indeed, generally allowed by unbelievers, who freely admit that the precepts of the gospel are agreeable to the most enlightened reason; but surely the voice of enlightened reason is the voice of God. Before noticing those precepts, which are peculiar to the Christian religion, it may not be unseasonable to take a general view of its morality. This will give us clear conceptions of the whole, and enable us more forcibly to perceive its superiour excellence, when we see it exhibited in one connected picture.

Christian morality begins with throwing aside secondary causes, and referring all things to God, who is every where present, and without whose permission nothing can happen. It sets God before us, as the standard of all excellence, and lays us under the most solemn obligations to aspire perpetually to a nearer conformity to his perfections. Other religions desired their votaries to honour the gods; the Gospel requires us to love God and to have no will but his; for in this love and obedience we shall find a felicity little short of Heaven itself. From this excellent foundation, it proceeds to show that the primary end of our existence is to promote and secure our own final happiness; for our Heavenly Father delights in the happiness of his creatures. That this can be obtained in no other way than by strict obedience to the Divine will, for that every deviation from this obedience is followed by a proportional degree of misery. On most occasions, the will of God is clearly manifested, for in every action we quickly perceive, whether it be agreeable or disagreeable to revelation, or tend to promote or diminish the general happiness.

Christian morality points always to the other world, and considers every [illegible] here as promoting happiness or misery there. It looks upon human life as a system, in which there is nothing light, nothing indifferent. That the most insignificant action, a smile or a frown, a light word, or improper thought, have all a certain value in the general sum. It shows those, who are under its influence, that the smallest deviation from rectitude impedes their progress towards perfection, and urges to the acquisition of heavenly habits and dispositions, for in their gratification alone can true happiness be found.

In the morning, it persuades them to offer up their thanks to God enlivened by the warmest gratitude, it accompanies them through the day in all their employments—it watches over every thought, word, and action; it presides at their meals, and never leaves them a single moment; and at night it finishes the labours of the day with the same devotion with which they were begun. Are its friends in affliction? it tells them they are in the hands of God. It lifts their eyes towards Heaven, where they perceive a place of rest, at which, it informs them, they will soon arrive, if they bear with fortitude and resignation the boisterous storms of the present life, which do not happen without the approbation of God, and which are the best promoters of pious dispositions, and habits, in this state of moral discipline. It shows them, that the frowns of adversity, the attacks of calumny, the injuries inflicted by their enemies, the diseases of the body, the death of friends, repentance, compunction, and remorse, are all subservient in their different spheres to render them the proper objects of divine favour. In this manner it reconciles them to the most gloomy events; they are the dispensations of God, why should we repine? He knows their situation best, and does nothing but through benevolence and love. Are they obscure in the world, of no account or consideration among men? Are they poor and obliged to act in quality of servants to others? Such is the will of God, he is pleased to place them in this low station. This thought

ennobles the meanest employment: it shows them, that they cannot be obscure so long as they are counted worthy of the notice of God. Supported by the testimony of a good conscience, and confident assurance of divine favour, they experience within themselves a perpetual calm unmolested by the storms of passion, the intemperate solicitations of appetite, or the stings of remorse. Collected within themselves and bearing always in their mind, that the whole frame of nature is under the dominion of their friend and benefactor, they cannot be affected by the accidents of life, but in every situation they possess a consolation, which the world can neither give nor take away. Are they persecuted by their enemies? They are inspired with courage and endued with strength. Are they abandoned by false friends? their inward joy still remains; they behold with serenity the depths of adversity; they are enabled to bear with dignity and propriety prosperity itself; they feel the burden of life lightened, and death deprived of his terrours. It is christian morality alone, that extends to the despised and mean part of mankind. It is it alone that produces heroes in the lowest paths of life, that cheers the hearts of those who possess no visible comfort, that delights them with a speedy termination of all their sufferings, and a near prospect of everlasting felicity: for in its sight the poor and the destitute have frequently the greatest merit, and are blessed at their death with the most precious rewards. This morality is uniform, and consistent; it comes not by fits and starts, as convenience or profit point the way; it stands not anxiously inquiring, whether any loss or disappointment shall accrue from its actions; but instantly performs them, if they are just and proper. Always elevated above present things, it is neither swayed to the right nor to the left by terrour or rewards, all its wishes centre in Heaven, and it freely rejects the most distinguished honours that power and grandeur can bestow, when they tend to weaken or obstruct them. It keeps all the passions subservient to its direction: the benevolent are cherished as one of the principle sources of felicity, the malevolent are restrained or destroyed.

In respect to worldly pursuits it observes a happy mediocrity. It neither throws away the goods of this life with an ostentatious indifference, nor does it anxiously desire to increase them, but it uses them as they were designed for our comfort in sobriety. Should any suppose that they practise christian morality, who are guilty of a single breach of the law, and continue to repeat it, they are greatly mistaken, and unacquainted with its purity; it must have the whole heart, it rejects divided empire, and shuns the soul, which harbours wickedness, declaring it incapable of unmingled felicity. As a mean of increasing its purity, it smiles upon and encourages the acquisition of knowledge: for every step of mental improvement reflects upon it additional lustre and value. It appears in the greatest perfection in that man, whose mind is extensively cultivated, whose understanding is accurate, and knowledge profound, whose dispositions and habits are the children of virtue, and all subservient to the promotion of his true happiness.

It teaches, that furthering the welfare of others is a subordinate part of that grand plan of life, which shall ultimately terminate in our perfect felicity. In our intercourse with the world it recognizes the greatest field for its exercise. Here it meets with its severest trials, and by suffering and conquering its purity is increased. Towards others it continually exerts itself in acts of benevolence, and love, sensible that the more it promotes their felicity, it promotes its own. Are they wicked? it tries by the most gentle methods to reclaim them. Are they in distress? it sooths and comforts them. In every situation it finds opportunities of doing good, and when not employed in assisting others, it retires within itself, and there finds the most delightful enjoyment in the contemplation of the perfection of God. Embracing

the whole train of events from the foundation of the world, it perceives the tender solicitude and compassion manifested by the Supreme Being in every age for the happiness of man. It rejoices to observe that all things happen by his direction and appointment, and that his watchful eye extends to the minutest things. From this contemplation it derives strength and encouragement: for what event can disturb its tranquillity, when it receives it as the messenger of God? When compared to other rules its superiour excellence appears. To them many things are indifferent; to it nothing. On great and publick occasions, when their countrymen, their relations, and friends, stood around them, encouraging and applauding them, some, unacquainted with Christian morality have exhibited patterns of the most heroick virtue. But how few carried this virtue home to their families, were resigned amidst the severest afflictions, and were anxious to conceal the good they did to their fellow men. Other rules may have frequently produced heroes in the field, but Christian virtue alone produces heroes in obscurity, who are not inebriated with the applause of men, and are only known to God. When strangers to Christian virtue were in distress, where was their comfort? When they were despised, whence their consolation and inward repose? When they were the victims of persecution, what were their hopes?—In all these situations, the Christian is supported and encouraged by his virtue. To him these gloomy events afford so many proofs of the great efficacy of that principle, which directs all his actions. It is this morality alone that extracts matter of joy from the greatest calamities. It waits not for the incitements of fame, nor exerts itself through ostentation, but voluntarily undertakes the most dangerous enterprises when duty calls.

In God the Christian sees every thing; but those directed by other rules extend not their views so far. They stop with ideas of present fitness nd propriety. It occurs not to them, that their very employments are assigned them by God, and should be discharged with the same fidelity as any religious duty. They know not, that the difficulties and misfortunes they meet with, are sent by God to purify them, and hence draw the noblest motive for patience. They know not that all the prosperous events, which happen to them are so many benefits from God, which call for their gratitude and thanks. In calamity their only consolation arises from an unfeeling indifference; they are obliged to suppose a reward in the very patience of endurance, which every moment proves to be false. They steel their hearts against the sorrows of life, by trampling on their affections, but as the affections can never be extirpated the conflict is eternal. Christian morality assumes no such haughty pretensions; it puffeth not up with pride nor rejects the tender feelings of compassion; it is gentle and meek, anxious always to relieve the distressed with the most winning attention, and feeling the smart of human woes while it patiently supports them. Every thing it inculcates is natural; it requires no impossibilities, no splendid professions, with empty or defective performance. This virtue finds easy access to the heart, because it flows from a perfect standard; it is the perfections of God embodied upon earth; and although mankind never can attain perfection, they have seen it in the character of Jesus, who was perfection itself, and in whose example Christian morality shines complete. This morality is not, therefore, the child of a day, but of eternity; not the Christian's companion in this life only, but his glory in the next; the cause of his welcome reception in Heaven, and the source of all his felicity. He, therefore, who is under its guidance, and sensible of the infinite reward to which it leads, is daily making new advances in its cultivation, till it becomes as his meat and his drink to do the will of his Heavenly Father. His inclinations are in time all tuned to virtue, he ceases to be fearfully on his guard lest he fall, for his habits

and thoughts being purified, vice can find no entrance. His whole conduct at length becomes entirely disinterested—dead to the world, in the proper sense of the word, not mortified and disgusted, self is annihilated, and he promotes virtue and happiness for their own sakes.

Such is an imperfect description of Christian morality, whose sphere of action extends infinitely farther than any other moral rule, which perceives all things depending upon God, and was embodied in the person of our Saviour: a morality which connects the whole of the present with the future life, always considers them indissolubly joined as one continued existence, and makes this invaluable principle the foundation of its extensive operation.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

It is hardly possible for any mortal to contemplate the sublime objects of nature, or the beauties of variegated landscape, without admiration and delight.

It is hardly possible not to receive much pleasure from reading masterly and elegant descriptions of picturesque countries; but when repeated too often in the same book, the frowning mountain, the terrifick rock, the deep shade of the woods, the bright verdure of the meads, the headlong torrent, the meandering river, the blush of morn, glow of noon, and purple tint of evening, the bright stars, twinkling through luxuriant branches, the pale face of the moon, and all the glory of the great sun itself become tiresome.

No experience has taught us, that in any other course or method than that of an *hereditary crown*, our liberties can be regularly perpetuated and preserved sacred as our *hereditary right*. An irregular, convulsive movement may be necessary to throw off an irregular, convulsive disease. But the course of succession is the healthy habit of the British constitution. *Burke.*

SONG.

Get you gone—you will undo me—
If you love me, don't pursue me!
Let that inclination perish,
Which I dare no longer cherish!

With harmless thoughts I did begin,
But in the crowd Love enter'd in;
I knew him not, he was so gay,
So innocent, and full of play.

At every hour, in every place,
I either saw, or form'd your face:
All that in plays was finely writ
Fancy for you and me did fit.

My dreams at night were all of you,
Such as till then I never knew.
I sported thus with young Desire,
Never intending to go higher.

But now his teeth and claws are grown,
Let me the fatal lion shun;
You found me harmless—leave me so!
For, were I not, you'd leave me too.

A good enough sort of man, is of a cold, tame, civil, cautious disposition, and has balanced so exactly, through the whole of his life, that he has never obliged or disobliged any one. He has neither friend nor foe in the world: but were he to break his neck to-night, no human creature would feel either sorrow, or satisfaction.

English beauty, is more remarkable in the country than in town; the peasantry of no country in Europe can stand a comparison, in point of looks, with those of England. That race of people, have the conveniencies of life in no other country in such perfection; they are no where so well fed, so well defended from the injuries of the seasons; and no where else do they keep themselves so perfectly clean and free from all the vilifying effects of dirt. The English country-girls, taken collectively, are unquestionably, the

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handsomest in the world. The female peasants of most other countries, are so hard-worked, so ill fed, so much tanned by the sun, that it is difficult to know whether they have any beauty or not.

—

CHAPTER OF PATENTS.

(*Tune, Derry Down.*)

Of all sorts of times, if to search you're inclin'd,
You 'll find none like the present one, time out of mind,
When we've patents for all things, both little and big,
From a beer-barrel cock to a barrister's wig.
Derry down, &c.

Patent small clothes there are, but the deuce why prepare 'em,
Unless they're contriv'd so that ladies can't wear 'em?
Patent combs for your good men who lead single lives,
For married men get their heads comb'd by their *wives.*

Patent razor-strops next will take out the worst flaw,
A fine recipe for the conscience of law!
But if conscience and beards were all equally small,
A lawyer would never want shaving at all.

Some doctors have patents, and some do without,
And swear that the world can't their secret find out;
But I fancy that *curing's* the secret at stake,
Since we all know of killing no secret they make.

Patent coffins they shut down so firm and so stout,
When you're in, that Old Nick himself can't get you out;
Says the miser, "a better thing never was plann'd,
And I vow when I die I'll buy one second-hand."

The patent for *washing's* at least the clean thing,
But shows to an end fate will ev'ry thing bring;
Each dog has his day, and that day is soon past:
So our patents are all in the suds, Sirs, at last.

All nations have patents, from Grecians to Gauls,
But Britain's best patent's for sound wooden walls;
And whoever upon our good privilege treads,
With our wooden walls we'll break their wooden heads.

Men may be sorely touched and deeply grieved in their privileges, as well as in their purses. Men may lose little in property by the act which takes away all their freedom. When a man is robbed of a trifle on the highway, it is not the twopence lost that constitutes the capital outrage. This is not confined to privileges. Even ancient indulgences withdrawn, without offence on the part of those who enjoyed such favours, operate as grievances.

—

A report was circulated in London, during an absence of the British Rocius, that he had expired. The next day proved the report false, and its contradiction was accompanied by the following lines:

Garrick is dead!—so prattles fame,
The bard replies it cannot be;
Nature and Garrick are the same,
Both form'd for immortality.

—

We copy the following stanzas, addressed to the Telan bard, from the Luzerne Federalist, a village paper of this State, whose editor, as we have been informed by a friend, and as his paper frequently evinces, possesses both taste and talents.

Anacreon thou bard divine!
How sweet thy song of love and wine!
'Tis magick, which beyond control,
To love and drink inspires the soul.

From torpor rous'd, by thee inspir'd,
We wake, with am'rous frenzy fir'd,
And find an angel in each lass,
A heaven of bliss in ev'ry glass.

MERRIMENT.

"The first step is the only difficulty," is an old proverb. It was oddly applied by a lady: Hearing a canon in company declare, "That Saint Piat, after his head was cut off, walked two entire leagues with it in his hand;" and who added with emphasis, "Yes, two entire leagues." "I do not doubt it," she replied: "On such occasions, the first step is the only difficulty."

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The beautiful Countess of Coventry, talking to George the Second, told him she had seen almost all the grand exhibitions and ceremonies of England; there was but one which she retained the least inclination to behold, and that was, a *coronation.*

—

A low Frenchman, bragging that he had been spoken to by the King, was asked what his Majesty had said to him? He replied, "He bade me stand out of the way."

—

General Sutton, brother to Sir Robert Sutton, was very passionate, and calling one morning on Sir Robert Walpole, who was quite the reverse, found his servant shaving him. During the conversation, Sir Robert said, "John you cut me;" and continued the former subject of discourse. Presently he said again, "John you cut me;" but as mildly as before: and soon after he had occasion to say it a third time; when Sutton, starting up in a rage, said, swearing a great oath, and doubling his fist at the servant, "If Sir Robert can bear it, I cannot; and if you cut him once more, John, I'll knock you down."

—

Lord Orford was present in a large company at dinner, when Bruce, the celebrated traveller, was talking in his usual style of exaggeration. Some one asked him what musical instruments were used in Abyssinia. Bruce hesitated, not being prepared for the question; and at last said, "I think I saw one *lyre** there." George Selwyn, who was of the party, whispered his next man, "Yes, and there is one less since he left the country."

—

Sir William B—— being at a parish meeting, made some proposals, which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know, sir, that I have been at the two universities, and at two colleges in each university?" "Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked, the greater *calf* he grew."

—

A person tried for treason, as the jury were about to leave the bar, requested them to consider a statute, which he thought very much in his favour. "Sirrah," cried out one of the judges, "I know that statute better than you do." The prisoner coolly replied, "I make no doubt of that; and, therefore, am anxious the jury should know it as well."

—

Dean Swift was one day in company, when the conversation fell upon the antiquity of the family. The lady of the house expatiated a little too freely on her descent, observing, that her ancestors' names began with De, and, of course, of the antique French extraction. When she had finished:— "And now," said the dean, "will you be so kind as to help me to a piece of D'umpling!"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Pope's "Eloisa to Abelard" expresses in my opinion a fascinating warmth of feeling without being justly chargeable with licentiousness. The following verses I have composed as a reply of Abelard's, founded on what I conceived would partially be the emotions of his heart on receiving from her whom he had thought devoted to piety, so sweet and yet so melancholy, a token of returning love.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

Pale, lorn, dejected, lurking 'neath the cowl
Of cloister'd faith, ah, suffer me to stroll
These earth-embosom'd isles, from frailty free,
From human nature, happiness, and thee.
My pliant brethren, as I grieve, deplore,
Hope as I hope, and as I bless adore;
As I direct o'erlook this mortal span,
And think on God with ap'thy toward man;
While of this holy lamp the glimmering ray
Pictures, alas, my waning piety!

* Same pronunciation as liar.

Is it the mist these mouldy walls respire,
O'erclouds my sense, and chills devotion's fire?
Ah, no! no damps o'ercloud, no chills remove
The pious ardour of celestial love!
Yet why this pang, this tumult, and this tear,
Celestial love plants no commotion here;
To even joys 'twill pious souls resign,
And feed no fires, no aking fires like mine.
Wildly I pray! Heaven flies this drear abode!
My love rekindles, but deserts my God!
'Tis she—'tis Eloisa!——O! glide by,
Ye soothing visions of eternity!
Far other dreams my bursting bosom swell,
They suit not you—bless'd images, farewell!
Let through my veins the faithless passion glow,
Ah leave, resign me to perpetual wo!
——And is there wo where Eloisa lives,
One pang she sooths not, or one pang she gives?
Where was it when, my eager wish express'd,
She gave me all that Fancy could suggest?
When round my heart her yielding soul she wove,
And all was ecstasy, and all was love?
—Come, come, Oblivion!—Memory, cease to reign!
Such joys as those will ne'er return again.

Here to their God while placid friars ope
Their inmost wishes with unruffled hope;
Whose hallowed souls with melancholy clad,
Gloomily cheerful and serenely sad,
In solemn pæans holy faith proclaim,
And catch from me, they think, a purer flame:
Here, even here, before this tumult rose
Thy fancied form had mix'd with my repose,
And through thy semblance heaven had been survey'd,
To thee indebted for the prayers I'd made:
Thou'dst wrapp'd my soul, and taught my hope to beam,
Assisted grace, and wak'd the ethereal flame;
I'd seen thee rise from human frailty free,
And throught on heaven that I might think on thee;
I'd heard the hymn while from thy lips it flow'd—
Sweet was the theme: 'twas love and gratitude.
Warm were the notes, swell'd to devotion's height,
By saints responded, mellowed by delight.
Desire had flown, yet left affection warm,
And tranquil joy had glorified thy form;
I bless'd, thou smil'dst—I pray'd, and seraphs heard:
They beckon'd, but it was thy image lur'd.

And could thy letter, thine, the charm disprove?
Hard, dear-bought pledge of unresisted love!
Now, now in vain I bend my view on high,
Thick glooms arise and intercept the sky.
Oh, why must I, thus fated to restore
My soul to thee, hear sighs unheard before?
Why catch the dirge, offending souls to save,
Nor longer dare to overlook the grave,
Or winking taper (ting'd with pallid green)
That flares on spectres, and o'ercasts the scene?
——Is it then so? Dost thou to earth return,
Forget thy prayers, an earthly lover mourn?
Ah! Eloise, let sanctity disclose
On thee its blessings; and I feel no woes:
Charm thee to faith; with equal faith I glow:
Abandon thee; my God I disavow!
Come, Fancy, come, let memory's colours fade,
Set truth aside——come lend me all thine aid;
Reope the skies, and thither love transfer
——The skies reope—no Eloise is there!
Yet, yet I pray!—ah, sad, illusive view!
Again they close! ye transient gleams, adieu!

SPEICOLA.

You will perceive, Mr. Oldschool, if you remember my hand writing, that I have undergone a metamorphosis from Agricola to Speicola. Speicola is the growth of my imagination, and of course not sanctioned by any dictionary; but you will, I am sure, reflect that it is analogically formed, and that it makes me the cultivator of a sentiment I am ever disposed to cherish, when, trusting to your good nature, I intrude into your notice.

Epitaph—On an Upholsterer.

Too cruel death has snatch'd poor Ben away,
And chang'd his feathers for a bed of clay.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, July* 11, 1807. [No. 2.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

By the attention of an obliging friend, we have been favoured with a sketch of the Fable together with the Prologue and a few of the most interesting scenes of the Foxchase, a Comedy written by a young gentleman of this city. This play was represented last season by the Philadelphia company. It was not received (we are of opinion) with that candour which it merited and which a Philadelphia audience is in general so willing to display. Considered as a first offering to the muse by a juvenile votary of Thalia, we deem it honourable to the authour and creditable to the country. By the rigorous critick it should moreover be considered that it is the production of a studious youth more conversant with books than with the world, and who, a stranger to the vast expanse of European life, was in the involution of his scenes, the portraying of his character, and the construction of his fable restricted to the narrow range of American manners and society.

FABLE.

Mr. Lunewell, formerly in affluent circumstances but now reduced to poverty by the artifice of Bordwin, has privately retired into a secluded part of the country, and there disguised as a cottager, virtually given rise to a belief in his death, that he may avoid further prosecution from a man once his bosom friend. The spot chosen for his retreat is in the depth of a wood adjoining the fields of John Hartwell, an honest hearted, jovial farmer, to whose daughter Maria, William Lunewell is paying his addresses. Mr. Lunewell has two sons, but William alone is acquainted with his retreat and the circumstance that occasioned it: his other son Henry, supposed by them both after an absence of eight years still to be in Europe, is thought unworthy to share their confidence in a misfortune which the depravity of his heart (as lamentably described in letters from his tutor) would not allow him to compassionate. Henry's character, however, unjustly suffers: it is enriched with humanity and honour, his feelings are strong, and grief for the supposed death of his parent often interrupts the gayety of his disposition. He has too returned to America, but, in consequence of his tutor's misrepresentations under a fictitious name; here chance leads him to the cottage of his father, whom, without a recognition taking place on the part of either, he relieves from the power of a cruel landlord, devoting to that purpose all he has left in the world. This act of unaffected generosity engenders in the bosom of Mr. Lunewell a warm interest for the welfare of his young guest, but while he is anxiously cautioning him against the danger of immoderate dissipation the sound of a horn entices him away toward the house of farmer Heartwell, where a large party have assembled to engage in the pleasures of a foxchase.

Heartwell is in all the bustle of preparation for his favourite amusement, when a stranger whose coach is broken down at the gate is seen approaching—this stranger is Bordwin—he is accompanied by his wife and daughter, and no sooner enters, than startled at the name Lunewell, he scrutinizes the person to whom it is applied, and changes his own to *Burnwell;* he then insinuates himself into the confidence of William, discovers to a certainty who he is, and resolves on the ruin of both when he hears that the father still enjoys repose. His wife and daughter wonder at his change of name; a plea is feigned to satisfy the one, and the other finding that he has seen Lunewell's son, endeavours, but in vain, to divert him from his enmity.

Henry having introduced himself to the company, becomes enamoured with Julia Bordwin, but is unfortunately recognised by her father as the object of a cautionary advertisement subscribed by a number of creditors, and exaggerating his faults into the most criminal excesses. Agreeable to Bordwin's request he repairs to an adjacent grove, where the former wholly mistaking his character, tells him that if he would secure his patronage or avoid exposure, he must seduce into all the mazes of debauchery and gaming the young man addressing farmer Heartwell's daughter. Henry although just before harshly treated by this young man (whose name accident still withholds from him) indignantly rejects the proposal. Bordwin retires with all the menaces of disappointed vengeance; and Lunewell, who having walked beyond his usual limits, and thunderstruck again to behold his inveterate enemy, has overheard the conversation, comes forward from a recess, and implores Henry not to sacrifice at the shrine of Fashion the young man whom he has so generously saved from the snares of malevolence. Henry promises to forego a contemplated challenge, and returns to the farmer's where Bordwin has already denounced him, and William gives him to understand that his presence is an alarming and unwelcome intrusion. Irritated as he is at such unmerited rebuke, on leaving the house he collects sufficient patience to warn in general terms his unknown brother against the villain Burnwell.

Will Heartwell, John's brother and an indefatigable visionary, has in a fit of anger left the house, and about dusk is with his servant Abraham attacked by a robber, but almost immediately rescued by Henry.

On the return of the party from the chase William withdraws unperceived by all but Bordwin, who suspecting it is his intention to visit his father, cautiously follows him to the door of the cottage—here being observed he artfully pretends to have strayed from the company, and learning that Lunewell is not within, is impelled by a horrid curiosity to enter his abode. Not many moments elapse before one of his servants knocks, and asking for the cottager gives notice, that as it is a fine moonlight evening the ladies at Mr. Heartwell's have out of curiosity resolved to visit the cottage. Bordwin inquires what ladies? and the servant is inadvertently answering: "Your wife, sir, Mrs. Bordwin—Burnwell, I mean,"—when this unguarded mention of his real name, and B———'s consequent agitation betray him. Revenge takes place of courtesy in the behaviour of William, and he hastily retires into an inner apartment and returns with two swords, on whose precarious decision he chooses to rest the justice of his father's cause. Bordwin is disarmed, but saved by the sudden entrance and manly interference of Henry: so unexpected a return for wanton cruelty recalls him to himself, and he offers any retribution. Henry solicits as a gift his daughter, and he promising all his interest, hastens to meet her on her way to the cottage. John and Maria Heartwell presently enter, and the former, alarmed, at the sight of Mr. Lunewell seen passing on the outside of the window, ejaculates his name and calls him his old friend's apparition: Henry makes a few trembling inquiries, rushes out to realize his hopes, and soon discovers in the cottager a parent long be-

lieved dead, and *now* in raptures to receive him. Julia requires little persuasion to determine on an answer favourable to her lover's wishes, for the moment she first saw him she was willing to believe that in his pleasing person and open manners she perceived a heart worthy her affection. But he has a father and a brother, and Bordwin's friendship for them is yet to be solicited—it is cheerfully promised; for Bordwin little suspects who they are, and even makes Julia a witness of his solemn obligation. A reconcilement is the result: Lunewell is reinstated in his former fortunes, and Bordwin escapes not the punishment of remorse. The union of William and Maria, and of Henry and Julia, is sanctioned by their respective parents. John and Will Heartwell (Will having arrived at the cottage with the robber in his and his servant's custody) forget all their little differences in a brotherly embrace, and Will recognising Henry as his deliverer, presents him with a large part of his fortune; while the robber proves to be the old tutor, who acknowledges that after having endeavoured to corrupt, he, partly to avoid detection, reviled his pupil's character, and intercepted the letters committed to his care—that a prey at length, to his own wickedness, he sought to make America the scene of his crimes, and commenced the practice yet uncommon here; highway-robbery.

The three principal views in the moral are: to discourage treachery; to ridicule illusive, not rational inquiry; and to expose the misery of a malignantly vindictive temper.

—

EXTRACTS FROM THE FOXCHASE.

ACT IV——SCENE 1.

A night scene—A wood, on one side of which John Heartwell's house is seen at some distance by the light of the moon.

Enter Will. Heartwell and Abraham, the latter bearing a lantern, tools, bundles of paper, &c.

Abraham. Rapid progress, rapid progress, sir——after three hours' journey about a quarter of a mile from the spot where we started—rapid progress, sir.

Will. Heart. (*aside*) Yes, there's John's house. (*sighing.*)

Abraham. I say, master, as we are only marching round and round your brother's house, suppose I leave this domb heavy bundle here while we are taking the next turn—that is, if you intend to march round once more before bedtime—Though, by the way, where do you design to lodge to-night?

W Heart. Lodge to-night?

Abr. Ay, sir, and sup too; unless you can prove, that eating, drinking, and sleeping, are not necessaries of life.

W. Heart. Come hither, Abraham, give me my catalogue: I cannot close my eyes to-night; but some of my experiments ——

Abr. Will put me to sleep in a minute.

W. Heart. Silence, sirrah, and hold the lantern. (*reads*) "An operation to be performed on any man born blind, and intended to instil into his mind a true conception of colours. Secondly, an experiment I intend practising on John in order to show, there is no such thing as personal identity"——Fortunate occurrence! this memorandum was taken before our quarrel—now, now the truth can be rendered doubly clear. Yes, tomorrow morning I will prove from John's forgetfulness of the past, that he is not the same person, either in body or mind, that he has been today. I would go this instant; but, perhaps, 'twould be too soon; so tomorrow morning—What think you, Abraham?

Abr. 'Twill be the first reasonable experiment you ever made in your life.

W. Heart. (*not attending to his reply.*) In the meantime, Abraham, I propose making my grand trial for the introduction of wit into the brain. I have in my pocket the gallick acid reduced to a volatile state, and hermetically sealed up in a glass phial. Now, it will be easy to rip open the suture of the *os occipitis* and *os parietali*; or to trepan your *cranium*; or, in vulgar phraseology, to bore a hole through your skull with a gimlet.

Abr. No, sir, not through my skull.

W. Heart. Certainly through yours—where else can I find so great a vacancy?

Abr. I'll tell you, sir——in my stomach.

W. Heart. Pugh!

Abr. It is all true, sir; and, moreover, there is a passage to that already open (*opening his mouth.*)—but as to my skull, it may be too hard for a gimlet.

W. Heart. Silence. I will then peel away the *dura mater*, *tumia arachnoidea*, and *pia mater*; a spacious passage will thus be opened to the *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*; and wit can be infused in a vaporifick stream without the smallest difficulty.

Abr. But, sir, before you empty that bottle of wit into my *cranium*, as you call it, what will you do with the common sense that——

W. Heart. Common sense! What do you mean? I never heard of such a term.

Abr. Then, sir, do'nt you think, that while

you are driving the wit into my brain there may be some little danger of your driving the breath out of my body?

W. Heart. That's true, I never thought of that.

Abr. No wonder, your thoughts were corked up in that phial.

W. Heart. However, if you have any apprehensions on that score, I will try your spinal marrow—crack one of the *vertebræ* of your back ——

Abr. No, sir; I would sooner have a crooked understanding than a crooked back.

W. Heart. (*not attending to his reply.*) And suppose that death even should ensue—hav'n't I, in a voluminous treatise, demonstrated, that death is only a "long sleep"; and as you sometime ago complained of drowsiness, a sound repose would be a service to you.

Enter a robber unperceived.

Abr. I thank you, sir, one night's rest will be quite sufficient.

W. Heart. But if you have attached such dreadful notions to death, there is my resuscitator, 'twill — [*robber steals between them, &c.*

SCENE II.

A night scene—A cottage enclosed by a wood on all sides but one: this displays a mountainous country, over which the huntsmen are seen, by the light of the moon, returning from the chace. After some time they disappear; and the sound of the horn gradually dies away, when the trampling of a horse is heard approaching, and presently

Enters William Lunewell.

I left them, I believe, unnoticed; for they were in a fit of jollity which seemed to engage all their mental faculties. One only among them seemed incapable of joining in the general gayety: we from the beginning instinctively sought each other's company—and I, perhaps imprudently, mentioned my father and the villain Bordwin; but there was a promise of sympathy in this Mr. Burnwell's countenance, and I could not resist it——Now to relieve my father. [*enters the cottage.*

Enter Bordwin cautiously.

He entered this cottage——here then Lunewell lives—here in peace! ah (*revengefully*), I must ruffle that, or I shall envy him this wilderness!

Reenter William suddenly from the cottage.

William Lun. He is not there——Yet now I recollect, it is his hour for walking—(*perceiving Bordwin, who tries to avoid him*). Who's that?

Bordw. (*aside*) Discovered!

William. Who's that?

Bordw. It is I, your friend—Burnwell.

W. Lun. (*approaching and taking his hand.*) Mr. Burnwell, this is a favour I little expected—I will attribute to a genial sentiment, that you prefer my company to the vacant yet harmless gayety you have quitted.

Bordw. I strayed from the party, and observing this cottage ——

W. Lun. You were upon the point of entering—come, sir, it is a humble but an honest dwelling.

Bordw. Pardon me—here it is, I presume, your father lives, a stranger may disturb him.

W. Lun. No, he is on his evening walk.

Bordw. (*aside.*) A horrid irresistible curiosity impels me!——For a few moments I accept your offer. [*Enters the cottage.*

SCENE III.

A room in the cottage.

Enter W. Lunewell and Mr. Bordwin.

W. Lun. Here, sir, you may perceive there is nothing to greet the eye that lives on splendour—no care of greatness but ——

Bordw. (*in a distracted voice*) Here is peace!

W. Lun. You pronounced the word as if it passed for misery—Think you if Bordwin in all his gorgeous pomp—Bordwin, that self-tormenting monster!——

Bordw. (*with increased agitation*) Hush! hush!

W. Lun. Forgive me—your manner is mysterious! [*a knocking is heard.*

Bordw. Ha! is that your father!

W. Lun. I think not; he would enter without knocking. [*opens the door.*

Enter a servant of Mr. Bordwin's.

Servant. (*to William Lunewell*) Is the cottager within, sir?

W. Lun. No, what is your errand?

Servt. The ladies, sir, at Mr. Heartwell's have sent me to give notice of their approach: it being a moonlight evening; and they chancing to hear of this house buried in the wood, out of curiosity resolved to visit it—(*aside on seeing Bordwin*) My master here!

Bord. (*to the servant.*) What ladies? speak.

Servt. Your wife, sir, Mrs. Bordwin—— Burnwell, I mean.

Bordw. Fool, tatler, away! [*exit servt.*

W. Lun. (*at first confounded, then viewing Bordwin with horrour and indignation.*) And are *you* ——

Bordw. (*in an ireful and contemptuous manner*). The villian, wretch you mentioned! Pray, sir, whence mimicked you those titles? ——from your father?

W. Lun. No more! (*retires into an inner apartment of the cottage, and immediately returns with two swords, the one of which he hands Bordwin.*) Here, sir, your choice——and if you have the power save a villain!

Bordw. Again, young man? Then curse

your own temerity! [*they fight and Bordwin is disarmed.*

Enter Henry unperceived at the door which was left on a jar by the servant.

W. Lun. (*raising his sword.*) Let this dismiss thee to thy brother fiends! —— (*Henry suddenly arrests his arm.*) What ruffian holds my arm—and dares to bar the sword of justice!

Hen. A friend to the defenceless —— (*William, looking round, recognises the face of Henry, and struck with his greatness of soul, immediately drops the sword—for sometime viewing him with silent wonder.*) You view me with surprise.

W. Lun. With shame and admiration! Could I thus wreak my vengeance on this viper!

Hen. Make him your friend.

W. Lun. (*taking Henry's hand*) Oh, forget *my* insults—you now have your revenge! — [*goes into an inner apartment.*

Hen. (*aside.*) So the wolf is at length detected in his borrowed clothing. But, not to trample on a fallen foe, I will leave him to his meditations. [*is leaving the cottage.*

Bordw. Stay, sir, your injuries I now acknowledge—Passion hurried me on—I knew not what I did——ask any retribution.

Hen. Retribution?

Bordw. Yes, and Heaven will assist me to afford it!

Hen. Not as retribution; but as a favour, a gift, a treasure, I ask—your daughter.

Bordw. She shall be yours—I will urge your suit with all the interest a parent can take in his daughter's welfare. She who has won your heart needs ask no other blessing. [*Goes out of the cottage.*

Hen. I cannot speak—no—it is impossible! Julia mine! the barrier removed from between my love and me! Zounds, I shall go distracted! (*walks up and down the stage with all the wild gesticulation of excessive joy.*)—— Hark, I hear footsteps ——

Enter John and Maria Heartwell.

(*aside*) The farmer's family! this the cottage! It must be a dream—a dream! oh, no; for I cannot see my Julia.

J. Heart. Mercy on me, Mary, 'tis quite a dreary walk through this wood so late at night.

M. Heart. Oh, no, papa: the naked woods afford me a pleasing sight: I wonder at the general opinion that nature when lightly clothed loses all its charms.

J. Heart. It is by no means a general opinion, my dear: you wrong the ladies: they don't think so, I assure you—— (*seeing Henry*) but bless me, there's the gentleman I was persuaded to have turned out of doors this morning! He is master of this house, no doubt: I should'nt wonder if in return for our politeness he'd show us the outside of it in the twinkling of an eye—— I declare I am ashamed to look him in the face——&c.

J. Heart. (*starting and shrieking*) Avaunt

Hen. What's the matter?

J. Heart. Don't I tremble?

Hen. Tremble! Miss Heartwell, is your father subject to these attacks? He is going into convulsions, I fear.

M. Heart. Dear papa, what has alarmed you?

J. Heart. An, an inhabitant of the other world! an, an apparition! th' the ghost of my old friend Mr. Lunewell! [*Henry starts.*

M. Heart. (*aside*) This is unfortunate indeed! It must be William's father——I was in hopes he would retire at our approach.

Hen. (*in great agitation*) Lunewell, Lunewell did you call him! him who this moment passed the window?

J. Heart Ye, yes, I never saw two faces more alike——I, I saw Mr. Lunewell a few days before his death; and, and his apparition is the very image of him.

Hen. Speak, was he a friend of yours? had he a son?

J. Heart. Ye, yes, two sons—one is engaged to my daughter Mary.

Hen. Merciful spirits!

J. Heart. And the other broke his father's heart, I, I believe.

Hen. What, what became with him?

J. Heart. He was sent abroad for his education, under the care of one Dominique.

Hen. One word more—Oh, answer me! Why do you think your friend is dead?

J. Heart. Be, because every body else thinks so——But I could'nt swear to his death; for he died in retirement, and nobody could tell where it was.

Hen. (*aside, with solemn emotion*) Thank Heaven, I yet may have a father! [*exit.*

J. Heart. Wh, why, may, the ghost seem, &c. &c.

ACT V——SCENE I.

A poor apartment in one end of the cottage, Mr. Lunewell solus.

Passing the window I heard an exclamation of surprise, I know not whom it came from; but now Bordwin is here I must be well on my guard——Ha! who's that?

Enter Henry in haste and agitation.

Hen. I beg your pardon, sir, for this intrusion, but ——

Lun. What is the matter? has any thing happened?

Hen. Oh yes, something that has filled my soul with hopes! —— (*in a trembling anxious manner*) May I inquire your name?

Lun. My name! you surprise me—yet I will not withhold it. You parted with your all for my sake, you have too saved my son from ruin, and displayed a heart expanded with humanity and honour; it would be un-

generous in me to refuse my confidence—— My real name is Lunewell.

Hen. (*still more affected.*) Your son too—he who has so completely won your curses!—his name?

Lun. (*with emotion.*) Henry.

Hen. And *does* he merit them?

Lun. (*much affected.*) He does, indeed!

Hen. Believe me, sir, he never, never did!

Lun. How! do you know him?

Hen. As well as I know myself—I am well acquainted with his soul—am sure he loves his father to distraction!

Lun. Mark me, he has taken advantage of your open, unsuspecting temper. No virtue can find shelter in his bosom! Take from the warmest regions of the tropicks one of its most precarious, tender plants, transfer it to the snows of Lapland; it will not sooner fall a sacrifice to the rigours of its new unfriendly soil, than any virtue implanted in his breast must waste away and perish!—Yet—can you believe it?—he once possessed a soul as warm as yours; and I loved him! I adored him!

Hen. But now ——

Lun. He has lost all claim to my affection; and I can only ——

Hen. Hold, in mercy hold! he is not the wretch you think him!

Lun. Why, my young friend, you are strangely interested for him! What led to your acquaintance? Where is he now?

Hen. In his native country.

Lun. What do you say? Henry in this country!

Hen. He is—and will you, after a separation of eight long years, refuse him the welcome of a parent's benediction?

Lun. (*after a painful hesitation.*) You have heard my opinion——Oh, mention him no more. As to you, you have gained a power over my heart that never can be effaced.

Hen. (*grasping Mr. Lunewell's hand.*) Indeed?

Lun. But what's the matter? what agitates you so?

Hen. Can you, sir, can you recall his features?

Lun. I remember what they once were.

Hen. Look at *me* then, (*Mr. Lunewell starts.*)——(*with a deep sigh.*) could eight years' absence cause so great a change?

Lun. Merciful Heavens!

Hen. Is there no trace left to tell you——

Lun. What? speak!

Hen. That I was once you son. [*falling at his feet.*

Lun. My Henry! [*rushing into his arms.*

Hen. My father!

Lun. My injured, long lost child! This mystery ——

Hen. I would explain, sir, but I am too bewildered; joy and surprise wont let me! To find you alive and reconciled—But why, sir, why have you thus hidden yourself from world?—Alas, you are impoverished!

Lun. Rich in every blessing! Henry is still my son!—Your tutor has deceived me!

Hen. You are right, sir,—But my brother, where is he?

Lun. In this very cottage—his wonder will equal mine.

Hen. Will you, sir, lead me to him? I long for an embrace: it is eight years since I received the last; and they have been so long that I almost forget the sensation.

[*Exeunt.*

PROLOGUE TO THE FOXCHASE,

Written by the Authour,

AND SPOKEN BY MR. M'KENZIE.

The wish inspires me, and the hope beguiles,
For native efforts to engage your smiles,
For them to wake your patriotick zeal,
And, thus emboldened, to your taste appeal;
If not for praise, at least for mercy, sue,
A tribute surely to the motive due.
Will you refuse—'tis heavenly to dispense—
The fostering aspects of benevolence;
Which can, like solar rays, lend vital force,
Shine forth forever and not waste their source.
He means no harm, who warns you to beware
'Gainst men rever'd but for the names they bear,
Men blind to truth and for no end design'd,
But to throw cobwebs round the insect mind,
Nor he, who'd sketch untutor'd Virtue's face,
And give to rustick life an honest grace;
Nor, who'd prove what those mildest glances plead,
That Fashion oft but tampers with the head,
And spite on all her fraud and all her art
From Nature cannot always steal the heart.
Do not against your noble natures sin;
All we ask is—be what you e'er have been:
Let not the sun that greets exotick worth,
Be overcast when native shoots put forth;
And ah, expect not in the germe the power
To shed a fragrance only in the flower:
Indulgence sure the tender state demands;
To be repaid whene'er the bud expands.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 9.)

Reason is extremely apt to be warped by habit. KAIMS's SKETCHES.

Reason is said to be the glory of human nature: a reasonable man is, therefore, the most excellent of all human beings; and the nearer any

man approaches to that character, the nearer he approximates happiness. It is by our false judgments and misconceptions of the true value of things, that we are deceived, and allured into errour and vice.

A truly reasonable man resembles, in his steady way through life, one of the planets in the grand system of the universe, revolving in its orbit. As to a centre of gravity, he is every where attracted by Truth, through the space in which he moves; from which noble order of self-regulated harmony, no accident or example, power or temptation, can cause him to recede.

Envy may view his fine and admirable course through her treble-reflecting telescope, and scarcely detect the smallest aberration. How grand! how beautiful! how sublime is such a character! the acknowledged resemblance of the Creator.

It is much to be lamented, that men do not set a higher value upon this best gift of God to man; by which they might attain pleasure and peace, and know how to preserve themselves from evil and mischief; by which they might acquire a proper knowledge of the duties of social life, and practise them reciprocally for their true interests and happiness.

The fact is, that we usually set out in life without even a common share of that kind of knowledge, by which we are enabled to distinguish good from evil, and right from wrong.

The art of using reason constitutes no part of publick education; a youth is generally launched into the world without any fixed principles or rule of conduct; thence he adopts any example of novelty or folly that makes an impression on him, and takes a bias whichever way he is strongest bent: and thence trifling declinations from truth grow up at last into the strong and crooked shoots of prejudice, which can scarcely ever after be straightened. Happy is it, where they do not arrive at that enormous growth which destroys the fair tree of virtue itself, or encumbers it with a weight of hardened and inflexible habits of vice.

But, as the latter investigation would only lead us into a melancholy research, not exactly suited to the nature of these Essays, let us content ourselves with some observations on the many absurdities and inconsistencies daily run into and entertained by men, from want of knowing how to think aright.

Innumerable are the prejudices of men, particularly of those who mix in the world; a few wholesome rules direct the humble cottager, while a thousand ill-judged opinions and maxims mislead and distract the man of business and of pleasure.

The chief prejudice incident to our situation in the busy world springs from the false appearance of things, from which we draw hasty and rash conclusions, without waiting to estimate their true character and worth: thence we connect ideas that have no real resemblance to each other; as poverty and ignorance, wealth and happiness.

Another very strong prejudice of the mind is derived from what is called a first impression, which carries us away, as it were by force, out of the reach of judgment: hence we frequently give to a knave of winning address, what we would deny to an honest man of coarser manners; hence too, because we admire the works of an eminent painter, we are not willing to allow that he has any defects: thus we judge, not from the things themselves, but by reference to the impression that we have entertained of the character, manners or talents of the authour. This species of prejudice is the most unfair of any, as it never permits us to distinguish, or to appreciate properly, the virtues, vices, merits or imperfections of our neighbours; but either gives too little or too much.

An equally strong prejudice, and of a kin with the two former, is that which proceeds from a casual association of ideas, connected so strongly by the imagination, that reason has frequently no power to separate them: hence young people, who have been terrified by the idea of apparitions at

night, are never left in a dark room without thinking of apparitions; thence also proceeds the vulgar prejudice of avoiding a particular name in christening an infant, because some so called had been particularly unfortunate. These ideas, which accident only joins together, are mere follies of the imagination which our judgment should correct.

A fourth source of prejudice is, the different lights in which things may be placed, and the different views in which they appear to us; and, as it sometimes, and under some circumstances, requires much penetration and judgment to discover the real form and complexion of things, by viewing them on all sides, this species of prejudice is certainly most excusable.

Among the most extraordinary sophists of the former classes, was my friend Peter Bias. Mr. Bias had received the advantages of a tolerably good education; had served an apprenticeship to trade, and was become a master silverplate engraver, and a livery man of the Goldsmiths' company; he smoaked his pipe constantly in the evening at the Horse and Dolphin, and was reckoned a very sensible man in the club-room. It was, however, remarked in the character of my friend Bias, that whenever he took an impression, it was as much engraven on his mind as an armorial bearing on the side of a caudle-cup, executed by his own graver. To the impression which my friend received from a flogging at school for stealing codlins, was attributed his lasting antipathy to apple-pie; and to a long fit of illness at eighteen, was ascribed his inflexible distaste to water-gruel. Having once been cheated by a Jew, he denounced vengeance against the twelve tribes, and would, like Herod, have exterminated the whole race of Israelitish babes; nor could any thing persuade him to ride again in Thomas's Kentish-town stage, because he had once been overturned in it. Yet Peter Bias was a benevolent man; that is when Prejudice set him at work; and, when once established in his favour, it was no easy matter for one to be turned out. My friend Peter had a little dirty boy, an apprentice whom he called Bobby, and of whose talents and honesty he had formed his own opinion. Certain it is that Bobby was very clever at shining shoes; and as certain that he once brought a crown piece to his master, which he had found carelessly left by him on the shop-board. These circumstances established Bobby's reputation.

For a great many years my poor friend Peter was harrassed and tormented by the tricks that Bobby played him: his shoes were neglected, his clothes worn out before they were left off, and his loose cash pilfered: yet none of this could be done by Bobby; Bobby was still a good lad; a clean pair of shoes, and a recollection of the crown piece, set every thing to rights. It was in vain that many ventured to pronounce Bobby a rogue; he still kept his place; till one fatal day, that my friend Peter, being in his sound morning's nap, dreamt that he felt some person withdrawing certain articles of dress, in which it is usual to keep loose cash, from under his pillow, when, being awakened by the reality of the vision, he turned round, and to his utter astonishment, grasped the rough black head of hair of his favourite Bobby, who was immediately dismissed; and my friend Peter, to preserve his character for consistency, would never afterwards do a service to any one who was unlucky enough to be named Robert.

Numerous are the little anecdotes that I could relate of my friend; among the rest, how that nothing could persuade him to seek a legal remedy, because his cousin the Counseller had told him never to go to law; under the operation of which resolution he permitted himself to be ousted of a very handsome estate:—how that one day, being introduced to a very wealthy man, who had many years before (in his recollection) been a bankrupt, and paid twenty shillings in the pound, he asked him very earnestly, *Whether he had got his certificate?*—and how, another day, happen-

ing to be in company with a gentleman whom he had once remembered ill of a cold, and his hearing a little affected, nothing could restrain him from bawling out every now and then, *what a pity it is he's so deaf!* In short, my friend Peter's prejudices remained with him to the last moment of his life; for, though Bobby was reformed, and become a remarkably sober industrious young man, nothing could persuade him to leave him a sixpence; and he gave positive directions, that no person of the name of Robert should assist at his burial.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

American Version of certain of the Odes of ANACREON.

In the infancy, and, perhaps, during the youth of almost every nation, the efforts of the tender and struggling Muses are generally weak and abortive. Genius is feebly or wildly exercised, where Taste is scarcely formed. Judicious as well as inquisitive readers must abound, before there can arise a multitude of good writers. To this rule curious exceptions sometimes occur. In America, in the spring of 1776, at a period when noisy politicks, it might seem, had totally deafened the general ear for the melodious notes of Poesy, we are surprised to find, in an ephemeral work, occasional versions from the Greek of Anacreon; versions composed in a taste of so much simplicity, sweetness and elegance, as to rival the airy sprightliness of COWLEY, or the fascinating manner of MOORE. The name of the authour of the subsequent translations we have asked in vain. He would have probably filled up his outline, and perhaps have successfully wooed other Muses than the Grecian, if the violent tempest of a Revolution had not overthrown his writing desk, and driven him for shelter to solitude and obscurity. The authour's introduction to his design and a specimen of his work, as far as he pursued it, we are anxious to preserve in this miscellany.

To the Publisher of the Pennsylvania Magazine.

SIR,

As the *flowery season* is approaching, I have an inclination to present you with an early nosegay for your entertaining Magazine; and as my own garden is but indifferently stocked, I will take the liberty of transplanting from that elegant cultivator of blooming beauties, old Anacreon; happy if I could but teach his exoticks to flourish in our less kindly climate; or, in other words, if I could but make the *old Grecian* speak in English with the same expressive elegance and simplicity for which his odes have been, during so many ages, the delight and admiration of every country, where polite learning has been cherished.

To confess the truth, I have so often amused myself in this way, that I have already translated most of his odes, or rather given them such a *paraphrase* as I thought would preserve his principal *beauties*, without retaining his *blamable* levities; for it must be owned that he *sometimes* indulges his playful fancy on such extravagances as would be inexcusable *now*, however they may have been tolerated by the morality of his age and country. This observation, however, is but seldom applicable as a charge against the odes of Anacreon. *Bacchus* and *Venus*, the *Loves* and the *Graces*, are, indeed, his deities; but, in general, he celebrates them more *chastely* and *soberly* than many of the *modern poets:* and if, at any time, I find him exhibiting those *deities* in an unexceptionable dress, I take the liberty to strip them of their *shoulder knots* and other forbidden ornaments.

It has been often remarked, that a translation ought to have the air of an original; in order to which, it is necessary that an authour, who has written in Greek, for instance, when he is to be clad in an English dress, should be made to express his sentiments not by an exact version of words and phrases, which would be often impossible, and always awkward and inelegant, but in such language as we may suppose he would have used had he written in English instead of Greek. This, you may, therefore, suppose, has been my aim, and I flatter myself that I have sometimes hit the mark. I have also made the measure of my verse as nearly the same with that of the original as our English versification would admit, which

I think, has not been done before, by any translator of Anacreon.

But I am unawares writing a preface, as if I were going to send you the whole book ready furnished, with *critical remarks*, and *learned annotations*; while I only intended a few lines by way of introducing a specimen or two of what such a book may be expected to contain. But since I have gone so far, I will further confess to you, as a bookseller, and to the publick, that if my samples (for I propose hereafter to send you some others) should meet with a favourable reception, I may, perhaps, be tempted to prepare an English edition of Anacreon for the press. But, at the same time, the gentlemen booksellers will please to observe, that, if I should thus venture abroad in the open field, I shall expect to reap something *substantial* by my labour in cultivating this beautiful spot of antiquity. For, if mere *empty fame* were to be the only *price at market*, vain as I am, my little stock of produce should continue hid in my own granary. What an unworthy sentiment! how unpoetical! how unfit for an admirer of Anacreon above all others! Why, as to that, may it please your generosity, most worthy and sentimental reader, I am not so sanguine as to imagine, that, if I had succeeded to *absolute perfection* in my translation, I should therefore be advanced to a seat upon Parnassus much higher than those which are possessed by Milton, Pope, Addison, or the Dean of St. Patrick's. These poets were indeed great imitators, and, sometimes, translators of the ancients; but, in general, they were chiefly and more immediately indebted to Nature herself for the sublime and elegant entertainment which they have furnished for their guests. But my little work is only a second-hand piece, which I have imported from a distant country; and therefore, as my expectations of *praise* can at most be but very moderate, I choose to make some *profit* by my voyage. You will say that the title of a writer to profit should be proportionable to his merit, and, therefore, the more praise he earns, the more he is entitled to expect as the *fruits* of his labour. How comes it, then, that to this day, no one can tell where Homer himself was born? Here again, you will answer, because his exalted reputation made different countries ambitious of the honour of having given him birth. But I fancy that if he had been possessed of an estate in *Terra Firma* in any country, we should have found it easy enough to ascertain the place of his origin. The rich are not so obscure. And, after all, as I have no more *terra firma* than Homer had, even all his reputation would be of little or no service to me; for, though I have no estate, I have a wife and children, and, unless I can get something for *them* by Anacreon, I shall be apt to think I have been robbing them of what they had a right to, whenever I devote my time to this *fruitless* amusement.

One of the odes, which I now send you, has, I confess, been already published in a newspaper, by a friend of mine, some years ago; but it has been lately revised, and considerably altered, and is now, in my own opinion at least, a more faithful translation than it was at first, and in other respects, less unworthy of the original.

Besides, though some of your readers may, perhaps, remember to have seen it before, yet to most of them, I suppose, it will be new.

One use of a periodical publication is to give literary adventurers an opportunity of trying their strength, before they venture abroad by themselves; and I have taken the liberty, as you see, to make this use of your Magazine; though I must acknowledge that I am in some doubt whether I have not shamefully trespassed upon your patience, and that of your readers, by taking up so much of your room on so trifling a subject. I therefore leave it with yourself, either to publish or suppress what I have written, as you may think proper. If you conclude it worth while to insert my advertisement, I shall consider it as an invitation to send you some other samples of these odes in an English paraphrase. In the meantime, I wish

your Magazine may continue to meet with success, and that you may never be in want of better materials than what you now receive from your humble servant

HERMES.

April 6, 1776.

37th Ode of Anacreon.

Lo, Spring returns! the Graces
*Expand the rose again!
And not a wave defaces
The bosom of the main!

See how the ducks are swimming,
The cranes in troops convene;
The sun is brightly beaming,
And all the sky serene!

The labourer quits his dwelling,
To till the smiling soil,
The olive buds are swelling,
To pay his cheerful toil.

The vine her leaf produces,
And, through each tender shoot,
The richly flowing juices,
Are blooming into fruit.

The ensuing passage must not pass without a note from the Editor; when but a boy it was read to him by a venerable lady of exquisite taste, who had it by heart. It was promptly preserved in the memory of no indocile pupil. At a maturer age, and after a careful comparison with the luckiest versions that French and British ingenuity have made, we have no hesitation in assigning this *American* translation a front place in poetry. We enjoin it upon Mr. Moore, when he does us the honour to peruse the present number of The Port Folio, to preserve *this* ode in a note to his *next* edition of Anacreon; and we have not a doubt that the dictates of his Taste, as well as the impulse of his Friendship, will persuade him to peruse, in particular, the seventh and eighth stanzas with an enthusiasm not colder than our own.

The 3d Ode.

When midnight, black and dreary,
Was brooding o'er the deep,
And, all supine and weary,
Mankind lay stretch'd asleep.

When *Love* alone was waking,
The knocker shook my gate;
I, starting, cry'd, What raking
Mad fellow, calls so late?

"Pray tarry not an instant,
Nor fear to let me in;
I am a hapless infant,
Wet dripping to the skin!

The night so dark and chilly!
It never will be day!
And I, so young and silly,
Alas! have lost my way!"

In haste, to light a candle,
And let him in, I rose,
With pity prompt to dandle,
And lull him to repose.

I open'd, and admitted
A boy, indeed, but lo!
I found the urchin fitted,
With quiver, wings, and bow!

But what alarm of danger,
Could such an elf inspire?
I plac'd the little stranger
Before a blazing fire;

And, near the fairy seated,
With fond and tender care
His hands in mine I heated,
And wrung his dripping hair.

But soon as I had brought him
To genial warmth again,
His *armour*, he bethought him,
Had been bedew'd with rain.

And mincing like a baby,
"Let's try 'em, for you know,
The dismal weather, may-be,
Has hurt my little bow!"

* Anacreon lived in a country where the rose appeared much earlier than it does among us. In this respect, and in the particulars of olive buds and blooming vines, his ode is a description of such a Spring as we can never expect to see in our climate. But let imagination transport us to the region which the poet inhabited, and we shall admire the beautiful simplicity and truth of his description, which takes in only those circumstances that were peculiar to the season which he celebrates: the early rose; ocean newly settled into a placid calm; the ducks beginning to sport upon the water; the cranes, those birds of passage, returning with the season; the bright serenity of the sky; the ploughman beginning the labours of the year; the olive buds beginning to swell, and the vine putting forth her tender leaf.

Note by the Translator.

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He said, and from his quiver,
A flaming arrow drew,
Which through my burning liver,
Like darted lightning flew!

And, like a wounded sparrow,
I hung my drooping head;
For through my very marrow
The venom quickly spread!

The *traitor*, who had acted
So well the *harmless boy*,
Now laugh'd like one distracted,
And cried, "O give me joy!

My bow retains a fitness,
An arrow still to dart;
You'll find the wound a witness,
That rankles at your heart."*

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

POLITICKS.

The period has at length arrived when it must be decided, whether the American government is worthy of the support of the people, and whether the American people deserve the name of an independent nation. If the lives of our citizens may be assailed and destroyed in sight of our harbours, if the protection of Government cannot reach and cover them within ten miles of our shore, it is time for us to give up the farce of empire, and implore the protection of some power, able to afford us security against murderous outrage. Was a case like this ever before heard of? The foe slaughters our citizens, and then, in cool contempt, returns to his anchorage in our harbour.

But this event, degrading and painful as it is, may be the forerunner of the most splendid and useful consequences. It is an event which, sinking all party feuds and local divisions, will blend us together as one people and unite us in one exertion. While we deplore the loss of those citizens who have been sacrificed by this unparalleled violence, and lament with those who suffer, we should not look on the occurrence as a calamity—In a national view there is nothing to regret in it. For fourteen years we have been the football of European arrogance and injustice—Plundered, beaten, and murdered in every sea, by every power, we were rapidly plunging so deep in contempt that, in a little while, it would have been impossible to insult us. Eagerly pursuing the acquisition of wealth, enveloped in commercial enterprises and stock-jobbing speculation, money has become the god of our idolatry, and every noble passion of the soul is lost in it. That high-minded patriotism, which gives dignity to our nature, and character to our country; that lofty honour and just jealousy of our rights, which make a people respected and admired, are almost smothered and extinguished under heaps of ill-gotten gold, and reams of fraudulent paper—Something was necessary to rouse us from this supine state of dishonour, and that something has occurred—the latent spark is awakened—the flame spreads from heart to heart, and the American people, shaking off the le-

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* *Note.* In a recent collection of opera airs, published in England, we find the following, which, in the measure, resembles the text. Although the thought is ingenious and the expression sufficiently easy, yet it may not be compared with this *morceau* of our American translator.

His wings in terrour clapping,
A little bird, last May,
Against my window flapping,
For shelter seemed to pray.
With pity touch'd, I granted
The little bird's request;
It trembled, fluttered, panted;
I sooth'd it on my breast.

Well pleas'd it seemed to eye me;
I lov'd the pretty thing:
To keep it ever nigh me,
I clipp'd each little wing.
But yet I thought sincerely,
To go it would be griev'd:
It seem'd to love me dearly,
And, oh! too well deceiv'd.

Its wings by me neglected,
Again their feathers grew,
And, ere I aught suspected,
One morn away it flew,
Crying "That yours the blame is;
Poor youth, too late you learn,
So sure as Love my name is,
I never will return!"

energy of twenty years, are rising to their just station in the world, with an immovable determination to maintain it at all hazards. Tell us not of the dangers and privations of war; of the millions afloat, which will be lost, of a crippled commerce and embarrassed revenue. These are *temporary* evils, NATIONAL DISGRACE IS AN ETERNAL ONE—the vigour of our youth will soon repair the one, but the other will grow and strengthen with our age. This is no time for calculations, for stating an account of profit and loss. There are periods in the existence of nations, as well as of men, when every thing must be hazarded, and every thing endured—this hour is come upon us, and we have no choice; unless we are degraded enough to hesitate between base submission and honourable resistance, even if it were ten times more perilous than it is. The eventful blow is struck—The nation's honour is stained, most fouly stained—The blood of the innocent, which we had sworn to protect, has been shed, basely shed, and cries to Heaven for vengeance; and if it be not avenged may that Heaven strike us from the list of nations, and the name of an American be forever linked with infamy.

This is not a time for self-reproach: but the reflection cannot be suppressed, that if the naval establishment received by the present administration from their predecessors, with the means of extending it, had been preserved and improved, such an insult, such an injury, could not have been inflicted upon us with impunity. We have long had indications enough from the belligerent powers of the contempt, in which they hold us; and it is astonishing we have not expected and prepared for this last extremity. We must not imagine we can avoid war, by a desire, however sincere, of maintaining peace. We ought not indeed to be disturbed, while we injure none; but all theory is idle and absurd, when opposed by the experience of ages, and that experience has shown that there is no possible mode of preserving peace, but by having it known we are able and willing to defend our rights from every invasion.

While wealth is dearer than honour or safety; while the people are taught to believe there is nothing valuable but money, and every thing must yield to maxims of economy and avarice, the national spirit must sink into meanness, and the national ambition be directed to the single endeavour to become rich. The principles of a government act upon the manners of a people, and the love of money is but too easily taught. That high individual spirit of honour, which animated the bosom of every citizen of the ancient Republicks; that ardent love of country, which was the ruling passion of every heart, and produced such prodigious efforts of courage and patriotism, cannot exist in a country, where traffick is the only employment, that commands attention, and gold the only attribute that gives rank and consequence. The man, who would expend ten thousands to embellish a country seat, which he seldom sees, but which gives him the reputation of enormous wealth; who would purchase a rare plant at a monstrous price, and ornament his table with the splendour of a prince, that his extravagance might be boasted of, would refuse, meanly refuse, a paltry sum to any publick purpose. Love of country is lost, absorbed, sunk in the love of self, and no gratification is sought or acknowledged that does not feed ostentation and pamper pride.

But the genius of our citizens has taken an unworthy course, because the tranquil state of the country required no patriotick exertion, and offered no necessity or opportunity for more noble enterprise. The spirit of honour "is not dead, but sleepeth." A rude shock has broken the slumber. Inferiour things vanish from consideration. Every danger will be manfully braved; every sacrifice cheerfully endured. The course is plain. We must have RETRIBUTION—ample, honourable retribution; such as will appease our angered spirit; restore us to our honour; wipe away the stain; or we must have WAR. It will be a

holy and a just war, and we may trust to God and our exertions for its issue. What that retribution ought to be, is the only real difficulty of the case. May our government solve this difficulty with wisdom, and meet it with firmness. The ground once taken, not a step must be receded.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will, in another number, add some observations on our practicable means of annoying the enemy, in case of war.

FOURTH OF JULY.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Lady Montague, in her best and gayest manner, describes an extraordinary medical character whom she met somewhere on the continent. In the annals of English eccentricity, we think we have found, assisted by the brilliant torch of Edmund Burke, illuminating Dodsley's Register, many examples of a similar nature. Nay, it is but just to add, that many of the American physicians are as distinguished for benevolence as the character recorded below.

Both his character and practice are so singular I cannot forbear giving some account of them. He will not permit his patients to have either surgeon or apothecary: he performs all the operations of the first with great dexterity, and whatever compounds he gives he makes in his own house; those are very few: the juice of herbs and mineral water being commonly his sole prescriptions. He has very little learning, and professes drawing all his knowledge from experience, which he possesses perhaps in a greater degree than any other mortal, being the seventh doctor of his family in a direct line. His forefathers have all of them left journals and registers solely for the eye of their posterity, none of them having published any thing, and he has recourse to these manuscripts on every difficult case, the veracity of which, at least, is unquestionable. His vivacity is prodigious, and he is indefatigable in his industry; but what most distinguishes him is a disinterestedness I never saw in any other: he is as regular in his attendance on the poorest peasant from whom he never can receive one farthing, as on the richest of all the nobility; and whenever he is wanted, will climb three or four miles on the mountains in the hottest sun, or heaviest rain, where a horse cannot go, to arrive at a cottage, where, if their condition requires it, he does not only give them advice and medicine *gratis*, but bread, wine, and whatever is needful. There never passes a week without one or more of these expeditions. His last visit is generally to me. I often see him as dirty and tired as a footpost, having eat nothing all day but a roll or two that he carries in his pocket, yet blest with such a perpetual flow of spirits, he is always gay to a degree above cheerfulness. There is a peculiarity in this character that, I hope, will incline you to forgive my drawing it.

A *modern* philosopher, famous for the heat of his head and the coldness of his heart, is thus energetically attacked by Sydney Smith, the sermonizer.

Godwin, whose *humble* object seems to be to remodel the decalogue, by erasing the negative from each of its prohibitory laws, has thought fit to contend that individual friendship is criminal. To state this is enough to make it ridiculous; and, in general, any other attack upon this authour, than a clear explanation of what he means, is superfluous; to repeat his propositions answers the double purpose of revenge and refutation.

He, who has observed the manners and habits of the humble bee of our pastures, will be pleased with the following description of that insect by Charlotte Smith, who always looks at nature with a painter's eye, and then

describes her emotions with a poet's pen.

Good morrow, gentle humble bee,
You are abroad betimes I see,
And sportive fly from tree to tree,
To take the air;
And visit each gay flower that blows,
While every bell and bud that glows,
Quite from the daisy to the rose,
Your visits share.
Saluting now the pied carnation,
Now on the aster taking station,
Murmuring your ardent admiration,
Then off you frisk
Where poppies hang their heavy heads,
Or where the gorgeous sunflower spreads
For you her luscious golden beds,
On her broad disk.
To live on Pleasure's painted wing,
To feed on all the sweets of spring,
Must be a mighty pleasant thing
If it would last.
But you, no doubt, have wisely thought
That joys may be too dearly bought,
And will not unprepar'd be caught
When summer's past.
For soon will fly the laughing hours,
And this delightful waste of flowers
Will shrink before the wintry showers
And winds so keen.
Alas! who then will lend you aid,
If your dry cell be yet unmade,
Nor store of wax and honey laid
In magazine?
Then, Lady Buzz, you will repent
That hours for useful labour meant
Were so unprofitably spent
And idly lost.
By cold and hunger keen oppress'd,
Say, will your yellow velvet vest,
Or the fur tippet on your breast,
Shield you from frost?
Ah! haste your winter stock to save,
That, snug within your Christmas cave,
When snows fall fast and tempests rave,
You may remain.
And the hard season braving there,
On spring's warm gales you will repair,
Elate through chrystal fields of air
To bliss again.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

Tho' the verdure of Spring is no more,
Tho' the zephyr has long ceased to sigh;
Tho' the sunshine of Summer is o'er;
Nor Autumn's gay tints glad the eye;
Tho' Winter o'er hill and o'er plain
His frost-spangled mantle has spread;
Tho' I feel him in every vein,
While his winds loudly howl round my head:—
Yet I hail his return with delight,
My bosom with fresh passion glows:—
A passion, whose flame burns more bright
And steals lustre and warmth from his snows:—
For neither the zephyr of Spring,
Nor Summer's warm breath fann'd the fire,
And the Robin that long ceased to sing
Ere I felt the soft thrill of desire.
But 'twas when the bright icicle hung,
Where erst droop'd the heath's purple bell,
To the oak the last leaf faintly clung,
As e'en yet loth to take its farewell;—
Yes 'twas then first my Sarah I saw,
Then first felt the beam of her eye,
Whose brightness a hermit would thaw,
And teach him with passion to sigh.
'Tis said that variety charms;
That one object can never long please;
But variety dwells in her arms,
But with life her attractions can cease:
Still, as oft as this time shall return,
Will she round my neck fondly twine;
Ah yes! that dear bosom will burn
With a passion as deathless as mine.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

On the highly interesting topick of THE PRESENT STATE OF WARFARE, between the United States and Great Britian, we invite men of political wisdom to express their sentiments in the most distinct, frank, liberal, and SPIRITED manner.

The insult and injury we have recently experienced from a power, whose best interest is assuredly to live on the most friendly terms with us, have not escaped the attention, or failed to rouse the spirit of the Editor. But he deems it his duty to collect all the facts, before the publication of his opinion, and the narrative of the event itself. He must see distinctly the whole length of the visto. When his political sight is thus enlarged, his readers may be assured that he will not shrink from the boldest discussion.

A very fervid and animated writer has, today, furnished us with a most spirited article on topicks, which, we are confident, will meet the approbation of every genuine American.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio

Lines written at Niagara.

Whate'er I've been told of thy wonders is true!
All nature at once seems to rush on my view,
And, lost in the trance you occasion, I cry,
How stupendous the scene! what an atom am I!

How thy waves, wildly foaming, and hurled around,
Rise in volumes of mist from thy cauldron profound,
And in tears, which thy fury has caused, brightly plays,
The rainbow that dazzles my sight with its blaze!

Like the tyrant of Europe, whose merciless force
Bears down ev'ry mound which opposes his course;
While the halo, whose glory encircles his head,
Is formed by the tears which the wretched have shed.

O who should not rather all glory forego,
Than gain it by battle, and bloodshed and wo!
O who would not rather inhabit the vale,
Than dwell on the Andes, the sport of each gale!

Near Etna I've stray'd with impressions most sweet,
Through vineyards that circle with verdure its feet;
But felt not the least inclination to tread
On the ashes which cover its cloud-piercing head.

And though with sensations I ne'er knew before,
I bend me enraptur'd to list to thy roar,
And, as thy blue streams irresistibly roll,
Feel the awe most sublime which possesses my soul;

Yet I would not for worlds that my life were like thee!
O far be each thought of such tumult from me!
Far, far be each wish that ambition might form
To delight in the horrour and roar of the storm.

Let me, cool and clear, glide on free from all taint,
Dispensing relief to the weary and faint;
No torrent that bursts to affright and amaze,
But the smooth, gentle stream, through the valley that strays.

—

For The Port Folio.

PORTRAIT OF A FICKLE GENIUS.

Behold Mercurio, constant as the wind!
His varying gait the picture of his mind;
By sudden starts, his steps alternate grow
Quick as the lap-dog's, or the mastiff's slow;
Eager he darts, some favourite end in view,
A feather stops him which he must pursue;
Fresh objects rising with the changeful hour,
A fortune tempts him now, and now a flower.
His front unstable see how far it slopes!
In prudence young, tho' old in fleeting hopes;
His quickly glancing eye and active lid
Left by his eyebrow bare, then darkly hid;
His swelling nostrils every gale draw in,
His lips contract and forward points his chin.
By much too sanguine to be truly blest,
Too slow for Action, and too quick for Rest,
Tho' twenty years a man, so wild his brain,
With some experience, yet a boy in grain.

R. P.

—

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following lines, the offspring of a youthful imagination, are offered for an insertion in "The Port Folio" by a friend and subscriber.

New-York, May 7th, 1807.

On seeing some withered flowers offered for sale.

Poor with'ring Flowret, child of Spring,
How strangely alter'd is thy doom,
The fruitful soil, which gave thee birth
No more, alas! must see thee bloom.

That fragrance thou wast wont to shed,
As Nature's tribute to mankind,
No longer cheers thy late abode,
No more perfumes the passing wind.

A little while, in modest pride,
Thy beauties flourish'd, fair to view,
But Av'rice nipp'd them, e'er matured,
And soon despoiled thy native hue.

Ah! well I know, for thee to feel,
Too well I know how hard thy fate,
An orphan youth—Misfortune's child,
In thine I read mine own estate.

Like thee, I once saw Fortune smile,
Like thine, my spring of life was fair,
But ere to manhood's prime I grew
My hopes were chang'd to cold despair.

No friend, no patron, now I know
To ease my heart's unceasing sigh,
To me, no joy, no hope remains,
Unless like thee, in peace to die.

LORENZO.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, July* 18, 1807. [No. 3.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

METHOD is doubtless necessary in the regulation of life, and without some regard to it nothing great can ever be accomplished. But when it degenerates into idle particularity, it defeats its own object. Hence the rigidly systematick will often find, that in his careful solicitude about the *means*, he neglects and loses the *end*. The smallest interruption is sufficient to destroy his happiness, and to overthrow all his plans. He may justly be compared to a nicely constructed machine, which continues its operation as long as every part is in exact order; but let the most insignificant spring be displaced, and it can move no longer. He is forced to wait the ebbing and flowing of favourable opportunity, and will never be persuaded to undertake an object unless it be at the precise moment and exactly agreeable to the particular plan he had previously marked out. He forgets that the tide of life flows alike for all, and is favourable to those only who carefully observe and improve it as it passes.

These dull, systematick beings, leave no room for the exercise of those generous passions and feelings, which give rise to some of our noblest actions, and whose monitions are never to be disregarded, when they are such as virtue would approve. They apply the rule and the compass, the balance and the weight, to every duty, and righteously give only what they find to be just measure. They will waste hours in weighing the benefits and consequences of actions, of which none but themselves can see the importance, and when they have at last resolved to set about it, they will exhaust themselves with considering what mode it is most expedient to adopt. "They walk through life," says Dr. Moore, "undisturbed by the misfortunes of others, and when they come to their journey's end, are decently interred in a church-yard." Such men not only excite our ridicule, but exhaust our patience; and we almost feel disposed, by a severe external application, to quicken their dormant faculties; or at least, in the irritation of feeling, to exclaim,

"Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives a dyke."

—

For The Port Folio.

Lavater is unquestionably entitled to the praise of superiour genius and of lively imagination. But like most of his aërial brethren, who have lost their sënses in the wildness of fancy, this ingenious enthusiast has been betrayed into a thousand absurdities. That there is a strong but secret relation between the qualities of the

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mind and heart with the features of the face, cannot be doubted. Every passion of the soul may be so strongly depicted on the countenance, as not to be mistaken by the most undiscerning; and the prepossessions which we form at the first view of this great intellectual mirror, are very frequently confirmed by a familiar acquaintance. But it is absolutely diverting to find Lavater peremptorily deciding upon the moral and mental character of men by the turn of the lip, the arching of the eyebrow, or the size and form of the ear. This last, indeed, has, from time immemorial, been admitted as an unequivocal criterion, and we may safely determine whether a man be an ass or a philosopher, by only applying our measure to his ear. The curious medley of acute observation and of wild conjecture, which Lavater published, was eagerly received, and for some time gained implicit credit. "A servant could scarcely be hired till the descriptions and engravings of Lavater had been consulted in careful comparison with the lines and features of the young candidate's countenance." There was no longer any need for the difficult and complicated study of human nature; for if a man had only Lavater's rules, he could immediately decide, whether the stranger he might meet was an honest man or a rogue, whether he was a miser or a prodigal, and what he had been thinking of from the moment of his birth. But this mania has long since subsided, and sober people have by this time learnt to read and smile, without confiding in the reveries of this amiable visionary.

For The Port Folio.

One of the most valuable, and certainly one of the most charming sources of pleasure and refinement, is an intimate friendship of the sexes. In the one, it inspires a purity and delicacy of sentiment, which masculine pursuits at least do not create, and the other it raises above those little follies and womanish affectations, which sometimes render female society insipid to the man of literature and taste. Generally speaking, women were never intended for science; but most surely also they were never designed for the mere playthings of man. Their natures seem susceptible of so many endearing sympathies, and formed for the growth of so many amiable and sometimes commanding virtues, that nothing but brutal insensibility, or a lamentable depravity, can suffer us for a moment to be indifferent to them. Hence it is, that in the most refined state of society, woman has always held the most exalted rank.

For The Port Folio.

It has repeatedly been said that *learning* and *love* are incompatible. If this had been the sentiment of some cold, phlegmatick being, whom nature had probably denied the power of enjoying the one, or of acquiring the other, we should perhaps have given it the same credit, which we do to the ranting of an exhausted debauchee, when he begins to preach upon the vanity of sensual pleasures; and there is no doubt, that the poet who has perverted his verse to such an end, had some solid reason for his heresy. A man in love may not at all times relish toiling through Newton's Principia, or digging after Hebrew roots; but his soul will be feelingly alive to every charm of nature, and then, if ever, it will be attuned to the melody of poesy. Burns, who was the true offspring of genius and feeling, is a much better instructor on this subject than all the dull sage philosophers that have ever lived since the time of Sanchoniathan. "There is certainly," says he, "some connexion between love, and musick, and poetry. For my own part, I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till I once got heartily in love; and then, rhyme and song were, in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart."

For The Port Folio.

Gibbon relates a singular anecdote of a prince having actually enjoyed

regal honours before his birth. "The wife of Houmouz, one of the successours of Artaxerxes, remained pregnant at the time of her husband's death, and the uncertainty of the event, as well as of the sex, excited the ambitious hopes of the princes of the house of Sassan. The apprehensions of a civil war, were, however, soon removed by the positive assurances of the Magi, that the queen had conceived and would safely produce a son. Obedient to the voice of superstition, the Persians prepared without delay the ceremony of the coronation. A royal bed, on which the queen lay in state, was exhibited in the midst of the palace; the diadem was placed on the spot, which might be supposed to conceal the future heir of Artaxerxes, and the prostrate satraps adored the majesty of their invisible and insensible sovereign."

Gibbon's Decline and Fall.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page 25.*)

Opinion is the main thing which does good or harm in the world. It is our false opinions of things which ruin us.

Marc. Aurel.

There are few situations in life so exquisitely wretched, as to admit of neither comfort nor consolation, provided the heart is destitute of that self-reproach, and those inordinate affections, which can embitter or disturb the highest state of prosperity. The truth is, that in our several conditions of life, be they what they may, we have generally a large account with Pride, which we are seldom or never able to balance. Every day we live, Pride draws heavily upon us, and mostly bills at sight; while we toil, and fret, and invent, and practise almost any means to answer its unconscionable demands. We open this account as soon as we set out in life, nor is it closed till the escutcheoned hearse and funeral procession record the last instance of human infirmity.

In our commerce with the world, we purchase the paltry articles of pride and vanity, such as equipage, dress and the refined pleasures of custom at a very high price. We are debtors perhaps in abundance of wealth and happiness, and place nothing to the creditor side of the account, but empty gratifications, fears, anxieties, disease, and self-reproach; when we might have received, in exchange for the goods of fortune, the substantial advantages of peace, independence, and self-satisfaction.

But we must mend the morals before the manners can be improved. The ridiculous distinctions of appearance in dress, the living in a certain style, etiquette, and other nonsensicals of custom must be abolished, as unnecessary to happiness and true politeness, and destructive of morality; cleanliness and propriety must be substituted in the place of those unmeaning fashions, by which imperious Absurdity insolently proclaims her preeminence over Reason, with the joint assistance of some wretched coxcomb or ignorant tailor. It becomes us now to cherish the useful, and to abandon the frivolous: let us endeavour to restore, if possible, the manners of those good old times, when the man was respected for his worth, and not for his coat. It is a reflection upon the sense of the people, that the paltry auxiliaries of dress are considered as necessary to our success in the world; and that in England a fool *may*, and a man of merit *must*, puff himself into publick estimation. The judgments that we form from outward appearances are of all others the most fallacious, the most injurious to ourselves, and the most destructive of those genuine principles of truth, which preserve the order and happiness of society: let us endeavour, then, by the assistance of Good Sense, to oust the monster Fashion and the tyrant Custom from their possessions among the upper and middling classes of people; they are not harmless or insignificant, but allure, deceive, and betray their votaries to ruin.

Were we to reflect upon the vast numbers of those who daily suffer in involvement, anxiety, and distress, from the desire of making an appearance in the world above their circumstances, one would almost wish that sumptuary laws were established to spare the cruel competition.

But the endemick of Pride is a contagion that attacks all ages and constitutions; it rages indeed chiefly among the great and rich, but it is to be found also in the miserable haunts of the poor; it is the vulture that gnaws at every breast, and is the prolifick parent of every care.

As Pride is the greatest enemy, so Humility is the best friend of mankind; Humility and Happiness increase in equal ratio. If Vicissitude lowers our estate, it is only drawing upon a portion of Humility, and the account is balanced. We shall always find in the journal of life, that if we would be considerable creditors in riches, we must necessarily be debited with innumerable cares.

In one of my late perambulations in search of living characters, chance directed me to an obscure publick house in the vicinity of Fleet street, where, in a corner-box of the parlour, I discovered a man, in whose countenance care seemed to have made more ravages than age: it was a face of experience, and of experience *come too late*. I seated myself by the fire; and, taking up a newspaper, was prepared to attend to any observations on life and manners that he might be led to make, in conversation with his companion, who was listening attentively to him over a glass of brandy and water.

" Why, sir (cried the man of experience, taking the pipe from his mouth,) Pride is the cause of one half of the mischiefs in the world. We are poor, weak, infirm creatures, attracted by any bauble, pleased with any nonsense, and full of self-love and conceit. I often think of the happy time when I was an apprentice, sitting by the fire-side in the kitchen with Molly Bunce, reading Robinson Crusoe, and eating hot muffins; the prospect of a rainy day on Whitsun Monday then constituted my chief care. I was nearly out of my time, when I became acquainted with Master Putty, the eldest son of an eminent glazier in the next street. Our acquaintance began at the door of his house, where I joined a party in tormenting a poor cat in the area: and to that little incident I owe all the flaws and scratches that I have since had in the world. Master Putty did me the honour to choose me for a companion. Bill Rattle was every thing in his opinion; for I was full of spirits and fond of mischief. Master Putty, however, informed me it was absolutely necessary that I should dress like him; that I should have a lapelled coat, and tassels in my shoes; and that I should by all means employ his tailor, Mr. Pantaloon, in Tavistock-street, who made for the first people in the town. Pride now laid hold of me, and all my thoughts were, how I should answer the taxes that it imposed: I wrote to my friends for money, I borrowed of my acquaintance, I bought tickets in the lottery, and I obtained admittance through Mr. Putty's interest, into a gaming-house. About this time my master, Mr. Peter Pruen, died, and, with the assistance of my friends, I established myself in the business of a grocer, not without some ideas of what is called *etiquette* and gentility. I knew that it was much less disgraceful to be in debt than to want an elegantly-furnished drawing-room, or a glass of port wine after dinner. I soon began to live away in great style; business was neglected; the cash debtor was more than the cash creditor; the bill book was filled with accommodation notes; and there was not a money-lender in town with whom I was not in some measure acquainted. For seven years I lived up to my chin in hot water; till at length I was completely parboiled; but still I persevered in *etiquette;* and my wife, who had been a milliner's apprentice, having the same genteel opinions with myself, we kept up appearances to the astonishment of all who knew us. At last, Mr. Congo, the wholesale tea-

dealer in Fenchurch-street, having drawn a bill upon me for goods to the amount of two hundred pounds, which I was unable to answer when it became due, struck a docket against me, and Dick Putty and myself were gazetted the same week; my only consolation was, that I had spent three thousand pounds, had lived like other people and that things had at last come to a *genteel focus*. If this little history of life can be of any service to you, you are welcome to it; but, my dear Jack, never let any body persuade you to go beyond your circumstances. If you are determined to be worth nothing, at any rate let your expenses be in exact proportion to your income; but if you would lay up for a rainy day, or bad times, let them be *something less*. Pride is not easily gratified; you will still be far behind fools more expensive than yourself. Follow the good old maxim, "Be just before you are generous." Keep out of debt, and you will always have something to be generous with. I have never been able to redeem the past; but thank God! I am not so reduced, but that I can enjoy my pipe, and give counsel to a friend." With these words the man of experience closed his discourse; and I returned home, contemplating the absurdity of man, in foolishly creating numerous idle wants and vanities, that only serve to disturb his happiness.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

Sed quid indignor? Ridere satius est, ne se aliquod magnum adeptos putent, qui huc felicitate perveniunt, ut rideantur. PLINY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

When first I emerged into life and light through The Port Folio, no lark was more blithe; Democritus was never in such a laughing humour; and so overjoyed withal was I to see myself in black and white, that I could tread on air: but now, see the change, mirth is changed to melancholy! J. S. the redoubtable, has once more taken the field, and has played the very d—l. Having of his own good pleasure, and without any solicitation on my part, raised me to the critick's chair, he hath in evil hour changed his mind, and hurled me from that proud eminence; so that at this present writing, I, luckless wight, lie, with *partes quascunque sedendo flectimur*, upon the bare cold ground! Were it a time to moralize, I would say with the bard,

Man's but a shadow, full of woes,
He cuts a caper, and down he goes.

Whether it be that the fall hath conquassated my brain, or that there must be an inherent characteristick inconsistency in whatever flows from the pen of J. S. must not now be examined; but certain it is, that I found some difficulty in seizing the meaning (for some meaning it must have) of his declaration. And I trust sir that you will make a proper allowance for the circumstances of my situation, unless you suppose that a man's intellects ascend in full vigour into whatever part of him may chance to be uppermost, whether his head, or peradventure his heels.

But as to the declaration. J. S., speaking of K. T. says, "He has proclaimed himself an advocate for the Northern Summer." To laugh at the review of J. S., and to be an advocate for the Northern Summer, are one and the same thing: if so, never had any work so many, nor such merry advocates. *Mais convenons du fait*, K. T. did laugh at the aforesaid review, and what was the consequence? This dainty, gauzy, gossamery review of J. S., consisting of seven columns, dwindled into the following sentence, "The fault of the Northern Summer is, that the quotations are too long and frequent; that the original poetry is DONE *invita Minerva*." Here let me confess that I am no judge of the manner or method of *doing* poetry. Mr. Carr's method of doing poetry may be good or bad for aught that I know. Nay, more, I am ready to allow, if the poetical *doings* of Mr. Carr be *done* on the plan of the critical *doings* of J. S. that the poetical *doings* of Mr. Carr are badly *done*.

This last groan of the hectick review of J. S. reminds us of Momus in the fable; who, unable to discover any

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defect in the beauty of Venus, but still wishing to play the critick, acknowledges "that the wench was well enough, *but that she made a confounded noise with her slippers.*"

Let us be candid where we can. J. S. shows a degree of liberality here which we did not expect: Mr. Carr is dismissed with a backstroke, and the little Swede gets clear without the loss of a spoke.

Some positive persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong will needs be always so.

J. S. is not of this class: he relaxes a little, but still retains a menacing aspect:

As the slow beast with heavy strength endued,
In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,
Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest and lays waste the plain:
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,
The patient animal maintains his ground;
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chac'd,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.

Here we had some thoughts of retiring, and of leaving J. S. to collect spoils, and raise trophies; but bearing in mind that we have not only been overthrown, but, *horresco referens*, may, by and by, be numbered with the slain, it behoves us, while a fragment of life remains, to grace our fall, by showing that our overthrow was the achievement of no despicable foe; and, therefore, of the sublime and beautiful of J. S. we submit the following specimen: "Pointing against the pigmy race the irresistible artillery of wit and satire *whereon* they move, they will scatter defeat and dismay. *Ecce ferunt ferrumque, Ignemq., Jovemque, in Danaos classes.* Where shall we find K. T.? *Ubi nunc facundus Ulysses?* Numbered I doubt among the slain. For services more signal than those of the Roman emperours, mankind will not hesitate to encircle *their* brows with fresh laurels and celebrate *their* victories with the honours of a triumph." This is not the incoherent rant, the waking dream of a schoolboy. No, it is the true and genuine sublime. Imagination cannot add a circumstance to heighten the grandeur, surprise, and horrour of the picture. The fracas, or hurry and tumult of the action in the foreground, the solemnity at a distance; Jupiter attacking the Greek fleets with fire and sword; the able captains mounted on artillery, scattering defeat and dismay: and, lastly, the poor discomfited pigmies, with Thrale's besatcheled widow at their head, flying, lying, dying!

The sansculotte Emperour, upon whose eye-balls murderous tyranny sits in grim majesty to fright the world, never thought of mounting his captains upon artillery. This improvement upon the art of war was reserved for our own countryman J. S. for which invention I hope he will one day be made generalissimo of the able captains, and then indeed, *iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.*

To garnish the foregoing *morceau choisi* we subjoin a few fragments: they are but fragments it is true, but they will suffice to prove the chaste, correct, accurate English scholar:—"snarls of criticism"; "introduce it to *the* publick notice"; "*prejudiced in favour* of his offspring"; "*ebullition* of *levity*"; "accessory to his elevation"; "*denouncing* sorcery and witchcraft"; "a genius whose scintillations elude"; "this lineal *refresentation* of Bell," &c.

The knowledge of J. S. as a linguist is admirable; there indeed he shines with superiour lustre; we must therefore the less wonder at his being witty on K. T.'s deficiency in this particular; we quote his own words, "This may *unravel* K. T.'s extensive *knowledge* as a linguist, which at *first blush provokes* our *incredulity*," and then as if through charity to illumine the darkness of K. T. he throws a new light upon a passage of Horace quoted by K T. "To show this," says J. S. did not need the authority of Horace, who (by the way) is here writing on the drama." Say you so? on the *drama!* upon my word this learning is a very fine thing; on the *drama!* ah, Mr. J. S. how thou hast unravelled the knowledge of K. T. I

know not, but verily I say unto thee, that thou hast raveled this passage of Horace; yea, thou hast made it a tangled skein. After this egregious hallucination, he exultingly proceeds, "Before we leave Horace I would ask, pray Mr. K. T. did you ever encounter a passage in that writer where he says, *ne sutor ultra crepidam?*" Can this *lineal representative* of John Dennis be serious in ascribing to Horace a cobbling proverbial phrase of Pliny? But, alas! it contains a lesson which, if rightly understood, would prove a powerful talisman against ridicule. We will give it to Mr. J. S. in the words of Horace.

Quam scit uterque, libens censebo exerceat artem.

J. S. tries to be smart upon K. T.'s knowledge of French also; and, who would believe it? after this, he attempts two French words, one of which he murders! this is truly piteable, *helas*.

But the candour of J. S. outweighs his learning by some grains. "Not deigning, says he, to descend to a particular justification of Mr. Carr, our critick contents himself with avowing his general *admiration!*" And again, "—thus K. T. *admires* the Northern Summer." J. S. knows as little of the force of English words as he does of Latin or French words, otherwise he would not twice deviate from the thing: that is, K. T. said he was *pleased* with the Northern Summer, he reserved his *admiration* for the literary powers of J. S. Again: "With an intrepidity truly admirable, he proclaims himself its champion, *throws* the glove, and, *denouncing* sorcery" &c. The truth is, that J. S. threw down the glove, and that K. T. laughingly *took it up*. What J. S. means by *denouncing* sorcery, his next bulletin may explain. J. S. admits that an execration of mercy is an inconsistency; strange! But the inconsistency laughed at by K. T. was an *imprecation* of mercy. Mark the apology of J. S. "Execration has crept in (not into) the room of Exclamation." To this I reply, that had this been the only word which crept or crawled in its own place, or in the room of another, it had not been noticed; but the Review and Declaration swarm with these creeping things. Lastly, J. S. charges K. T. with having usurped the critick's chair; whereas K. T. only laughed at the airs of J. S. who fancied himself up to the elbows in the said chair. We come now to the most essential part of the Declaration, the only part indeed which merits any degree of attention. I give his own words. "The trash of literature has ever been the diet of superficial readers," &c. Here his sentiments are just; he speaks from experience, and his Review and Declaration are sufficient vouchers for his veracity. But with his usual consistency, he has lugged in Anna Matilda Della Crusca, *et id genus omne;* and doubtless many have exclaimed, in wonder, Bless us, what extensive reading! Captain O'Blunder in the farce is accosted by strangers to whom he had not been introduced: "How the D—l, says the Captain, do these people know me? Arrah, faith I'll tell you; my jewel, they saw me in the Newspapers, and they know me ever since." J. S. saw these folk in the Baviad, and he knows them ever since. But there is one of the fraternity which he does not mention. *Isthuc est sapere.* Tony Pasquin attacked a stranger; J. S. fancied that his Review was an attack upon a stranger. Gifford pounced upon Tony and K. T. laughed at J. S. Godwin too is brought in very appositely; I am glad of it, as it gives me an opportunity of prescribing a powerful remedy against the poisonous nostrums of that dangerous quack: let Godwin be prevailed upon to borrow the pen and logick of J. S. and the publick need no longer to dread any danger from him.

J. S. calls K. T. a Quixote, and adds, that the hero of Cervantes mistook inns for castles! this is new and instructive; but he omits the adventure of the windmill. This was not right, for he might have said that R. T. did in fact encounter a windmill! who or what that windmill is he might leave

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as a matter of conjecture for the curious.

Although pretty sure that the character of J. S. as a scholar and critick may be deduced from what has been already said, we cannot omit hinting, that if a vacant niche can be discovered in the temple of Fame between Mr. John Dennis, the learned, and Matthew Concanon, Esq. the profound, J. S. may, without let or molestation occupy that niche. He already possesses the solid confidence of John Dennis, and we make no doubt but that in time he may arrive at the profundity of Concanon. He sometimes quotes from the Latin faithfully, but some of his quotations prove that he is not always equally successful: the Genius of this language seems to have issued against him a *ne exeat Ovidium*, as far as Ovid shalt thou rake for quotations, but no farther.

His English style betrays too many "brave neglects," and the general cast of his compositions seems to have been borrowed from that great master Figaro, who says, *Je voudrois finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintillant, qui eut l'air d'une pensee.*

As to myself, be it known that the reverend personage who hitherto supplied me with scraps of Latin, set off a few days ago on a mission to the Osage Indians; and that the French dancing master from whom I used to borrow my shreds of French, has just sailed for the Empire of Hayti: it is therefore hoped, that J. S. will not attack me while destitute of my two potent auxiliaries, with my garrison half-manned.

And now, Mr. Oldschool, *flexis genubus*, I entreat your pardon, and assure you, that henceforth you shall not find me staving or tailing, or tilting it with John Dennis junior, nor encountering a windmill. And as to J. S. I now inform him that he must bring other talents than the knack of tagging inconsistencies, before he is again noticed by

K. T.

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

American Version of certain of the Odes of ANACREON.

(Concluded from page 27.)

In our last, in the department of POLITE LITERATURE, we presented to our readers some excellent versions of certain Odes of Anacreon, with great pleasure we now pursue this charming walk of composition and trust that our readers will gladly *go with us to the bower*, when they are reminded that their guide is *an American*, and that he is very prudent as well as poetical.

Mr. AITKIN,

According to promise, Anacreon once more offers you two or three little pieces for your Magazine. His gayly sportive Muse sometimes took her flight over the *full flowing bowl*; sometimes displayed the Loves and the Graces in their various charms; and, sometimes with decent sprightliness and airy elegance, delivered sage responses from the Oracles of sound philosophy. I will, therefore, select for my present packet a bottle song, a Love Letter, and an Ode on the Miser's Folly. In my next, perhaps I may send you another ode.

May 14, 1776.

Ode—Thirty ninth.

Wine through my heart diffuses
The bloom of sprightly joy;
And then, celestial muses,
Your songs my voice employ.

Wine happily reverses
The prospects of despair,
And to the winds disperses
Ambition, grief and care.

Wine gives imagination,
Gives laughing fancy wings,
And spreads a fair creation,
Where sportive humour springs.

When, cheer'd with wine, I weave me
A garland fresh and fair,
No projects, then deceive me
No plans of life ensnare.

I court the Loves and Graces,
To Venus tune my song,
Leave Time to count his paces,
And join the youthful throng.

Content with harmless pleasure,
Whatever else befal,
I crave no hoarded treasure
For Death awaits us all.

It is proper here to observe, that it is not unusual with Anacreon to

close his very gayest songs, with some sentiments calculated to prevent an abuse of his gayety: as in the present ode he reminds us in his own sprightly way, that pleasure ought ever to be kept within certain restraints, that we ought to be contented with what we may enjoy within those restraints, and that it is folly to lay up wealth with sordid avidity—for death awaits us all.

Note by the Translator.

ODE—Twenty.

A rock mid streams of water,
Sad Niobe was plac'd;
Pandion's hapless daughter,
Was in a swallow chas'd.

But I, my form forgetting,
A looking glass would be,
No change, dear maid, regretting,
While gaz'd upon by thee!

I'd be a robe to fold me
Around thy lovely waist,
I'd be a bath to hold thee
In circling waves embrac'd;

A box of essence, breathing
What language ne'er express'd,
A zone, my Daphne, wreathing
Around thy snowy breast.

Or, round thy neck, O take me,
In circling pearls to meet!
Or, e'en thy slipper make me,
That I may kiss thy feet.

ODE—Twenty-third.

If gold, ah thrifty neighbour!
Could screen me from the grave,
Body and soul should labour,
To get it and to save.

That, when grim Death should offer
At me to point his dart,
I might unlock my coffer,
And bribe him to depart.

But if, with golden mountains,
No mortal could at last,
Redeem life's ebbing fountain,
Nor purchase back the past;

Then why this vain disquiet,
This anxious labour why?
What gain the wretches by it,
Decreed ere long to die?

My life shall ne'er be wasted
In search of useless ore,
Of plenty never tasted,
A tantalizing store!

Let fortune but supply me
With friendship, love and wine,
She's welcome to deny me
The trash, that fills the mine.

Mr. AITKIN,

In my last I proposed for the next samples of my pharaphrase of Anacreon a couple of portraits; but having been too much engaged in business to attend to that promise, I send you instead of them, a very little ode.

HERMES.

ODE—Nineteenth.

The earth grows fat with drinking,
The trees her bosom drain,
Drink keeps the sea from sinking,
While Phœbus drinks the main.

The moon too has her failing,
She drinks the sun beams up;
Then why, my friends, such railing
Whene'er I take a sup.

For The Port Folio.

The following article of criticism occurs in the writings of an Irish gentleman of literary celebrity. His opinion is perfectly correct, and the tribute to his countryman, MOORE, is at once the offspring of friendship and taste. But where are the *Sonnets* of Mr. M.? We have never seen any.

That a sonnet may be a proper vehicle for description, and that it conveys the liveliest image of love in its copious and passionate interruptions, is generally admitted; but that it should always end with some witty point or melancholy conceit, is inconsistent and absurd. Such a principle degrades the sublimest species of lesser poetry to the insignificance of epigram. Antiquity, it must be confessed, holds out some authority in this respect; particularly among the expressive compositions of Carew, Daniel, and others of their time: but at that period a quibbling sermon or a metaphysical epick was not uncommon. Even Shakspeare and Spenser are not faultless on this head. The great Lope de Vega, however, has numerous sonnets of surprising simplicity and beauty; in the large collection of Petrarch too are many of this stamp; but in his tender pieces Cervantes has displayed all his usual delicacy and natural ease. We had for many years seen no modern compositions of this nature till the refined and admirable sonnets of Mrs. Smith, and

of the Rev. Mr. Bowles, abounding with true pathos and sensibility, cast some emanations of returning light over the realms usurped by apathy and dulness. The publick have now to seek intellectual pleasure of this kind from the fanciful and refined genius of Mr. Moore, the elegant translator of Anacreon, whose mind is stored with the noblest poetical fire.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

DRYDEN, says the brilliant D'Israeli, traces the whole history of Genius in a couplet;

What, in Nature's dawn the child *admired*,
The youth *endeavoured* and the man ACQUIRED.

Sometimes caresses and sometimes coercion have *made* many a child a bright genius. Sometimes Patronage and sometimes Poverty *stimulate* men to become illustrious.

Every man of common organization has the power of becoming a man of genius, if to this be added, a *solitary devotion* to art, and A VEHEMENT PASSION FOR GLORY. It is the *capacity of long attention* which, in the present day, must make one man superiour to another.

A DIALOGUE.

From De La Motte.

No, Love—I ne'er will love again;
Thy tyrant empire I abjure;
My weary heart resolves to cure
Its wounds, and ease the raging pain.

"Fool! canst thou fly my happy reign?
Iris recalls thee to her arms."
She's false—I hate her perjur'd charms;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

"But know, for thee I've toil'd to gain
Daphne, the bright, the reigning toast."
Daphne but common eyes can boast;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

"She, who before scorn'd every swain,
Dirce, shall for one sigh be thine."
Age makes her rays too faintly shine;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

"But should I give thee charms t' obtain
Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!
I see thee blush—now rebel, say,
No, Love—I ne'er will love again."

No, charming god, prepare a chain
Eternal for that fair and me!
Yet still know every fair but she,
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again.

It has been brilliantly remarked, that Descartes, a slave to the theory of climate, feared that the warmth of the atmosphere in France would too much exalt his imagination and disturb that temperate state of the mind necessary for philosophical studies. He therefore took refuge from the sun in Holland. But all the frost of the northern climates could never render his burning imagination tepid; the visionary would have dreamt on a pillow of snow.

TO A KISS.

The flowers that in yon meadow grow,
To thee their bloom, their fragrance owe:
The blossom'd shrubs, in gaudy dress,
Thy genial warmth, thy power confess:
The stream that winds along the grove,
And courts the shore with waves of love,
Is taught by thee the fond embrace,
By thee is taught each rural grace—
On gently-parted lips, say why
Is plac'd the rose's beauteous dye?
Because on that soft seat of bliss
Abides the rosy-breathing kiss.

For The Port Folio.

THOUGHTS.

I cannot cease to be astonished in considering in what manner the immense crowd of people who throng a great city provide for themselves. They all eat something, and sleep somewhere, but God knows how or where!

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I know no occupation that seems better calculated to cut out business for itself, than that of a cryer of lost children. The bell is followed by a crowd of little ones of all sizes, and the bellman is very unlucky, indeed, if he cannot contrive to lose two or three of them.

—

It is very agreeable to sit at a window on Sunday and observe the passengers. Every one in his best clothes and on his best behaviour, looks smiling, clean and comfortable. How happy is the institution of the Sabbath, even apart from all religious obligation.

—

I saw a brood of young chickens but a few days from the shells; one of them had seized an insect; another more strong and active took it from him and devoured it.—Such is the equality of mankind.

—

Our talking and writing so much about happiness is a proof that no man has found where it is.

—

I shall not suppose that any of the very fortunate gamesters, have used those means to collect fortunes which are generally reckoned fraudulent,—but we may suppose that among a great number of careless inattentive people of fortune, a few wary, cool and shrewd men are mingled; who know how to conceal real caution under apparent inattention and gayety of manners;—who have a perfect command of themselves, push their luck when Fortune smiles, and refrain when she changes her disposition;—who have calculated the chances, and understand every game where judgment is required. If any of those fortunate people were brought to trial, and examined by what means they had accumulated such sums, they might answer in the words of the wife of Concini, Mareschal d'Ancre, when she was asked what charm she made use of to fascinate the mind of the queen?—De l'ascendent, she replied, qu'un esprit superieur a toujours sur des esprits foibles.

At the first glance a man of genius throws around a subject, he perceives not more than one or two striking circumstances, unobserved by another. As he revolves the subject, the whole mind is gradually agitated; acquiring force by exertion, he discovers talents, that he knew not he possessed. At first, he saw every thing dimly; to the *studious* eye of Genius every thing at length, becomes orderly and distinct; the twilight gradually disperses, and every form shines in the brilliant light of imagination. Like viewing a landscape at an early hour in a summer morning, the rising sun perhaps only rests on a particular object and the scene is wrapt in mist; as the light and warmth increase, the mists fade, and the scene displays every varied beauty.

—

Literary—WASHINGTON'S Life, by the Rev. Aaron Bancroft of Worcester. Proposals for publishing this work, in one volume, octavo, were issued about 18 months past;—we learn that the authour completed his Manuscript some time since, and that it is now going to the Press. We are told by those who have seen it, that it is well written and merits publick patronage

MERRIMENT.

An Irishman once told his friend he had just seen a lamentable sight; six *volunteers* pressed on board the tender, one of whom had a wife and six children.

—

Osborne, in his memoirs of Queen Elizabeth, tells this story of her: One of her purveyors having behaved with some injustice in the county of Kent, one of the farmers of that county went to the Queen's Palace, at Greenwich; and, watching the time when the queen went to take her morning's walk, said, loud enough for her majesty to hear, "Pray, which is the queen?" She replied, very graciously, "I am the queen; what would you have with me?" "You," answered the farmer, "though one of the rarest women I

ever saw, can eat no more than my daughter Madge; but the Queen Elizabeth I look for, devours so many of my ducks, hens, and capons, that I am scarcely able to live." The queen, always auspicious to suits made through the mediation of her comely shape, inquired who was the purveyor, whom she caused to be hanged.

—

A minikin three foot and a half colonel, being one day at the drill, was examining a strapper of six foot four. "Come, fellow, hold up your head, —higher, fellow." "Yes, sir." "Higher, fellow—higher." "What so sir?" said the man, raising his head much above the horizontal parallel. "Yes, fellow." "And am I always to remain so, sir?" "Yes, fellow, to be sure." "Why then, good bye, colonel, for I shall never see you again."

—

An Irishman having swore two oaths, the justice charged him two shillings. "How much do you charge for a curse?" said Pat. "Sixpence," replied the justice: "Then take my half-crown, as I hate change, and a curse light on you all," returned Pat.

—

A remarkable instance of the instinct of animals. A beautiful little spaniel bitch was permitted to range any part of her master's house. She had five puppies, which were one morning, during her absence, taken, by her master's order, and drowned in a neighbouring pond. After much apparent uneasiness, she found them in the pond, and brought them, one by one, into the parlour, and as she laid the last at her master's feet, looked stedfastly in his face and expired.

—

"No man," said a doctor one day, "can complain of my having used him ill." "True," said his friend, "because all you were ever called to attend died under your hands."

—

"Why not send for a doctor," said a man to his sick friend. "Because though ill, I do not yet wish to die," he replied.

—

An officer having the misfortune to lose an eye in the wars, had a glass one which he constantly took out of the socket at night. Being at an inn, and one of the servants waiting on him, he gave her his eye, and desired her to lay it down. As she did not stir, he was angry, "and asked her what she waited for." "I wait," she replied, "for the other."

—

A certain gentleman took care to speak but coolly of the happines of the married state before his daughter. "She who marries," said he "does well; but she who does not marry does better." "Well then," said she, "I will do well; let those who choose do better."

—

A gentleman in the islands of Barbadoes, having missed a considerable sum of money, had great reason to suspect one of his negroes was the thief, and that he might detect him, tried the following experiment. Having summoned them all, he thus harangued them: "I have been informed in a vision, by the great serpent, whom you adore, that one of you have stolen my money; and he moreover told me, that the very man, when called into my presence, should have a large parrot's-tail feather hanging at the end of his nose, by which I might discover him." He had no sooner uttered these words, than the real thief betrayed his guilt, by clapping his hand to his nose to feel for the feather.

—

Foote being at table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread; after he had taken a mouthful or two, Foote took up his bread, and cut a piece off. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, sir," said Foote, "I protest I took it for the loaf."

—

A poor man had an affair that puzzled him, and he much wished to

have the advice of a neighbouring lawyer. "Indeed, my friend," said the lawyer, (not expecting any great fee from the man's appearance) "your affair is so intricate, I cannot see where to begin;" the man took the hint, and giving him two half guineas, all he had, "there's a pair of spectacles for you, sir."

—

A young prince being on a journey said to his preceptor, "give me my mantle." The gentleman answered, "my lord, great princes speaking of themselves, always use the plural number;" you should therefore have said, "give us our mantle." The prince did not fail to remember his lesson, and said shortly after, "our teeth ache;" "mine I am sure," said his preceptor, with a smile, "do not ache in the least, my lord." Then," answered the prince, rather vexed, "I plainly see the *mantle* must be ours, but the *tooth-ache* mine alone."

—

King William III had a Frenchman who took care of his majesty's pointers, and whose place it was also to load and deliver the fowling pieces to the king. One day, however, it chanced that monsieur forgot to bring any shot with him to the field. Not daring to confess his negligence to so passionate a man, and so eager a sportsman as the king, he gave his majesty the gun, charged only with powder. The king having fired without effect, the cunning Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, turned up his eyes, folded his hands, and extolling the king's skill in shooting, declared he had never seen *sa majeste* miss his aim before in his life.

—

When Mr. Pye made his first appearance in the literary world, he was much *cut up* by the criticks. A gentleman, however, observed some short time after, (and just as his seat in Berkshire had undergone some repairs,) that his *style* of late was much mended; "You're very right," said a farmer overhearing him, "I saw the carpenters at work upon it yesterday."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

COLUMBIA'S EAGLE.

Let England's Lion boast his pow'r,
Let Gallia's Cock defiance crow;
Columbia's Eagle ne'er shall cow'r
To any foreign foe.
With equal ease, aloft she waves
The branch of Peace, or shafts of War,
And wafts the fame
Of Freedom's name
To lands enslaved and realms afar.

Once, could the Roman eagle soar
Beyond the reach of human eye;
But now, she plumes her wing no more,
No more invades the sky;
For Freedom fled, and with her bore
The eagle's power, the eagle's sway;
Her wings are weak,
And dull her beak,
Her name no more shall strike dismay.

Not so Heaven's *fav'rite* bird, that wields
The weapons of Columbia's ire,
And every dear-bought interest shields
From mad Ambition's fire:
While Time rolls on the passing hours,
Her flight the world shall awe,
And widely spread
The Olive's shade,
To shelter Liberty and Law.

—

For The Port Folio.

SONG.

By the late R. B. Davis, Esqr.

Lovely are the kindling blushes
Of the gay exulting morn;
Sweet the songs of rival thrushes
Pouring from the blossom'd thorn:
Faint and pale the morning blushes,
Harsh the songs of warbling thrushes,
When my Laura's charms appear,
When her voice salutes my ear.

Welcome to the traveller weary,
Fountains in the sandy plain;
Welcome, after winter dreary,
Spring with all her blooming train:
Fountains to the traveller weary,
Spring, that chases winter dreary,
Cannot half so welcome be
As my Laura's sight to me.

Give to bees ambrosial honey,
Give to Bacchanalians wine,
Power to knaves, to misers money,
Love—my Laura's love me mine!
Soft beneath the shade reclined,
When I broke my tender mind,
Laura—(dear consenting maid)
Smil'd and blush'd—but nothing said.

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For The Port Folio.

WROTE IN THE FIRST PAGE OF A COMMON-PLACE-BOOK, PRESENTED TO MARIA.

Go, favoured book, receive Maria's lays,
And let thy page record her constant praise;
Whether the graceful sense of prose inspires,
Or more harmonious charm of numbers fires;
Go, and obedient ope thy fairest page,
And when each nerve is roused at Homer's rage,
Perhaps the fair may guide his warlike steed,
And bound thro' fields of war where heroes bleed.
And Oh! should Milton's musick thrill her heart,
Or love-sick Hammond softer themes impart,
Should Nature's darling child, sweet Shakspeare sing,
And to her sight each blooming treasure bring—
Should Collins charm with hope or chill with fear,
Or pensive Gray invite Compassion's tear;
Smit with the love of song, may she essay,
To rival these, and here each record lay.

For The Port Folio

In climes remote, on India's shore,
A banished lover droops and sighs,
When to his gloomy mind once more,
His fancy gives what fate denies.

For sad, and hopeless, and forlorn,
The blighted wretch who loves in vain;
To keenest misery is born,
Cursed with a life of careless pain.

No sordid interest made him roam,
Ambition vainly boasts his joys;
'Twas love that drove him far from home;
'Tis hopeless love his peace destroys.

A nymph, enchanting as the morn,
Lovely as May in blooming charms,
Whose mind kind Nature's gifts adorn,
And whose pure heart each virtue warms.

Stole, with a Syren's spell, his heart;
A heart alas! too warm, too true,
No wished return could she impart,
For hope, delusive, mocked his view.

Now, frenzied and in deep despair,
Heedless of life, and gone his ease,
He flies the dear obdurate fair
And seeks the boisterous stormy seas:

Where the loud gale's impetuous rage
Lifts to the skies the mountain wave,
Such kindred horrours grief assuage,
And pleased he hears the tempest rave.

Unconscious he of danger, fear,
With careless eye the glare is seen
Of livid flashes darting near
While darkened horrours intervene.

Alas! no gleam of cheering light
Breaks on the tempest of his mind,
There all is gloomy as the night;
No ray of comfort can he find.

Condemned a wanderer far to roam,
He seeks a savage distant shore;
Dead to the world, a prey to love;
And thinks of happiness no more.

For The Port Folio.

A WAR SONG,

BY THE GREAT WARRIOUR AND POET, WOOALUKA.

Come, ye warriours, come and join,
Heroes fierce and heroes strong,
Breasts, that glow with rage divine,
Hearts, that for the battle long!

Haste and sing the *song of death*,
Shout the yell that frights the foe:
Soon we'll march to seek his breath,
Soon his warmest blood shall flow.

Fill with drink this ample skull,
Push the precious trophy round—
Brothers, why so gravely dull!
Let the shout of mirth resound!

Soon, from sculls of foes we'll quaff
Draughts that sooth the heart's desire,
Raise the dance, and, circling, laugh,
To see their tortured chiefs expire.

Sisters! now the feast prepare,
Give the heav'n-born heroes bread;
Soon a richer feast we'll share,
When our enemies are dead.

Now let each his bow receive,
Knife and hatchet, bright and keen:
He that nobly loves to live,
Let him *first*, in fight be seen.

Louder sing the *song of Death*,
Shout the yell that chills the foe;
Soon he'll pant and gasp for breath,
Soon his warmest blood shall flow.

For The Port Folio.

ADDRESS TO A FAVOURITE AGED *BEECHEN TREE.*

Dear Beechen Tree, beneath whose shade
My infant limbs I often laid,
Or, with mates, around thee played;
How sweet to me,
Will ever be
Thy aged form, my Beechen Tree.

The little birds, that flit the sky,
To thy protection oft would fly,
When hawks and beating storms were nigh;
Or, full of glee,
Would perch on thee
And sing, to bless their Beechen Tree.

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The squirrel, for his wintry store,
Thy fruit away profusely bore,
And hiding well, returned for more;
O'erjoyed to be
Supplied by thee,
With food and life, my Beechen Tree.

Though now thy days, almost are told,
And sapless boughs proclaim thee old;
Yet Mem'ry, still, thy charms shall hold,
And, sweet to me,
Will ever be
Thy aged form, my Beechen Tree!

When palsied age comes creeping on,
To tell me my delights are gone;
I oft will wander o'er the lawn,
The spot to see,
Where once with thee
My hours I passed; my Beechen Tree.

And oft, the melancholy thought
That, "once you was, but *now* are not;"
Shall warn me of my fleeting lot;
That, like to thee
I soon shall be,
And sink to dust; my Beechen Tree!

For The Port Folio.

The following ode was composed for the celebration of the landing of our forefathers at James Town, Virginia, on the 11th of May, being the second century of that epoch. It was recited there to a numerous and splendid assembly by a young student of Norfolk whose father composed it for the occasion. According to the freedom taken by those who indulge in that species of composition the distant recurrence and irregularity of the rhyme may appear to approach to what was called *dithyrambick*.—If in this and its length (though he has not found place to mention the celebrated Pocahontas) he should claim excuse, he has some examples to plead in justification; especially on the latter account, Boileau's famed "*Ode sur la Prise de Namur.*"

Q.

Jubilee Ode for 13th May, 1807.

The *Power* that measures space and time
And robes the stars with light sublime,
That guides with central force aright,
The rapid comet's fiery flight,
That holds each orb in strong control,
And points the planets where to roll:
The God who taught the Sun to blaze,
And bade it strike
On mortal sight,
The fire of Heaven's reflected rays:
Sent the sons of the east
To the sons of the west,
Taught the *arts* with the ray of mild evening to shine,
And light a new world with their radiance divine.

2

Warm from the wood
With hunting tir'd,
A savage sought the cooling flood,
And far, far off the curling wave admir'd;
And as he pac'd the lonely beach,
Far as his piercing eye could reach,
He thought he saw the pine trees dance
And on the wave erect advance;
Again he look'd, and saw the trees,
All wing'd arriving with the breeze;
And as he gaz'd with wild surprise,
Borne on the full flood tide along,
Moving in solemn silence on,
He sees at last the stately ship arise:
But when from forth the bursting side,
He saw the light'ning glide,
And heard the deep-mouth'd canon roar:
The rattling sounding
Noise, rebounding
From the rocks, the wood, the shore,
Aghast the red man flees, and cries
Loud as the yell of death can rise,
To all the painted tribes around,
That the *Great Spirit* fill'd with ire,
Involv'd in smoke and clad in fire,
Shook the whole earth with thundering sound
And raging threw his livid lightnings round.

3

But ah, how soon the savage nations saw
* The Sun's white offspring were but men,
And as their mutual wants increase,
While varying ties together draw,
They frame a transient peace
And harmonize in vain;
Nor mid the tow'ring forest's shade,
Was the black-hair'd Indian maid
At all afraid
To see the graceful stranger move
Or hear his softest song of love,
For *Love* bewitch'd these *real* wood nymphs wild,
Wav'd her wide arm and o'er the desert smil'd.

4

Thus when the jealous savage knew,
And saw beside
The mounded city rise,

---

* Throughout America the white men have been called *children of the sun*, as coming from the east.

To arms! to arms! he cry'd,
To arms the warriours flew,
And the shrill war-song sounded to the skies,
Whilst Horrour shrieking in the woods,
And screaming o'er the hills and floods,
Warns the white warriours to prepare,
And brave the first rude shock of savage war.
Our ancestors a small but daring band,
Led by a hero first in fame,
Cloth'd with courage, arm'd with flame,
Against the hideous howling throng,
March'd dreadful on,
And on many a direful day,
Driving far the foe away,
Boldly claim'd th' ensanguin'd land,
Their conquering valour won.

5

Driven from their usual haunts and floods,
Far to their inmost shades and woods,
The Indian chiefs retir'd,
With ruthless fury fir'd,
Intent the web of war to weave,
Secret as death and joyless as the grave.
The plots full time matur'd: through many a year
At last drew near,
And the notch'd arrow mark'd the day
That drew the furrowing tear,
Which time can never wipe away.
Revenge! Revenge! a thousand voices cry,
Revenge! Revenge! the echoing hills reply,
Whilst the red tribes in treachery strong,
Relentless sweep along;
And when the whizzing weapons fly,
A thousand fathers, mothers, die,
Sons, sisters, children, fly in vain,
Their lifeless bodies strew the plain,
And as the infant smiles or cries,
It sees the lifted stroke and dies.
Behind the raging flames are seen,
Where dwellings, fields, and bodies blaze,
And glaring midst the horrid gleam,
The whooping blood-stain'd savage strays,
Or amid the fiend-like throng,
Drives the blasting ruin on,
Till (quite complete the bloody plan)
Sad Delosation sits, and mocks the works of man.

6

Soft-voic'd *Pity* from above,
Fairest daughter of the sky,
Bent with looks of grief and love,
To the chang'd earth her tearful eye,
She saw the smoking ruins round,
And all the arts of peace destroy'd,
The groves and walks were ruin'd found
Which she with peaceful power enjoy'd:
In each lov'd wood she hears faint Sorrow call,
Whilst o'er the hapless land her tears benignant fall.

7

But now see fair Succour flying,
O'er the wide Atlantick wave,
Our few remaining sires to save,
Every Indian foe defying,
Bringing comfort to the brave,
Ship after ship amain,
Men after men arrive
To drive
The savage to his woods again.
Whilst Industry of force divine
With Commerce, Peace, and Power combine
To seize the fleeting, flying *hours*,
And make them deck the fields with flow'rs,
And late where Desolation walk'd,
And late where glaring Ruin stalk'd,
The towns with loftier aspect rise,
And loftier domes salute the skies,
A million patriot sons are born,
A million fair the land adorn,
And here where erst the wild flowers rose
Alone and undesir'd,
See where the blushing beauty glows,
By ev'ry eye admir'd;
For you ye fair to arms we fly,
Or strike the sounding lyre;
For you the soldier dares to die,
And ye the bard inspire;
Your smiles alone can bless the strain,
Alone make it last
Till a new century shall have pass'd,
When friends, perhaps, may meet again,
And sound the high hung harp of love
At the great blest seraphick Jubilee above.

EPITAPHS.

On Mr. Munday who hanged himself.

Hallowed be the sabbath,
And farewell all worldly pelf,
The week begins on Tuesday
For Munday hath hang'd himself.

On a profligate Mathematician at Manchester.

Here lies *John Hill*,
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten:
He ne'er did good,
Nor ever would,
Had he liv'd as long again.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, July* 25, 1807. [No. 4.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

LETTER

From Ranieri de' Calsibigi to Victorio di Alfieri da Asti, on his first four Tragedies of Philip, Polinice, Antigone, and Virginia.

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow proves the substance true.
Pope's Essay on Criticism.

I KNOW not, esteemed Count, whether I ought to congratulate myself most with you, or with our Italy, on the four beautiful Tragedies which you have at last given to the press, leaving us farther, as you have already announced by the first volume, which you have deigned to send me, the flattering hope of seeing others ushered into light.

For us, Italians, hitherto so shamefully deficient in tragick composition you have indeed amassed a treasure; you have gathered it even for the English, almost as sterile as ourselves, if we except some sublime passages of the celebrated Shakspeare; it might be useful to even the French, who, did they at present want Crebillon and Voltaire, also are fallen into a low condition, whence probably they will not quickly rise again. If I dare assert it, revered friend,

Dixisti insigne, recens et adhuc
Indictum ore alio.

How many will hereafter provide themselves from you, with new and theatrick situations, with characters delineated to the life, by a bold and fiery pencil; and with expressions vigorous, energetick, laconick? How many will spin out one thought alone of yours to entire periods, and even to entire scenes? You teach us

Magnumque loqui nitique Cothurno;

Strip our tragick Muse of the rags with which, until now, she has been shamefully decked out; console us for our dramatick misery, and present us with a rich and decorous mantle, which may show us not inferiour to that nation, which has, with justice, until this day, regarded us with the eye of compassion, or of merited derision.

Could any one, esteemed friend, endowed with tranquil patience, compel himself to read the few tragedies we have, which, separated from an immense number of distorted sisters, are, nevertheless, printed with the pompous title of selected, and announced as models; if, doing violence to himself, he would dare to run over them from the beginning to the end: would he in truth find any thing to compensate his trouble? Plots confused, complicated, perplexed, impro-

bable; and arrangement of acting ill understood; useless personages; duplicity of action; improper characters; conceits either gigantick or puerile; languid verse; overstrained phrases; poetry without harmony and without nature; and the whole still further adorned with descriptions and comparisons misplaced, with idle tatters of philosophy and politicks; besprinkled with tiresome love scenes, with words full of effeminacy, and trivial tenderness, Of tragick force, of the whirl of the passions, of those theatrick revolutions which astonish, there is not even a trace; thatwhich

Pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

is sought in vain; that which interests, overpowers, rivets and enchants,

Delectando, pariterque monendo,

is no where to be found: the whole is reduced to a concatenation of often foolish verses, in which

Acer spiritus ac vis,
Nec verbis, nec rebus in est.

Here then, Signior Count, (perhaps with a little ill humour, but yet with truth) is a free description of what we have hitherto denominated Tragedy. The greatest merit we can give it, is its being composed according to the rules prescribed by Aristotle; for Tressino having given this model in his Sofonisba, no one has dared to depart from it.

But why, it may be asked, have we shut ourselves into these limits, so distant from tragick perfection? Why has no one among us, (when otherwise at every step we meet with poets, at least who are called such) to this day, produced a Tragedy which can be confronted with those of the Greeks, or at least with those of the French that are admired? Why, almost despairing to rival them, have we returned to that kind of musical drama, which, ridiculous as it was in the last age, has yet been rendered more supportable by Zeno, and perfected by Metastasio; leaving in the possession of our neighbours, the buskin and the tragick laurel, without a last effort to dispute it with them? I will answer separately these questions, figuring to myself that I have found their solution.

After the Sofonisba of Tressino abovementioned, which was first represented in Rome; after some other Tragedies (our first tragick throes) represented in Florence and Ferrara; it is true, there were not wanting poets to write new ones, and to obtain their performance on the stage.

But at this time, what was our stage? In some few cases belonging to the court, but mostly erected by noblemen either in their palaces or their villas. In these temporary scenes demanded by the prince from the courtiers, or from the voluntary association of gentlemen and ladies, acquaintances, those Tragedies which were chosen, were once, or a few times oftener, recited in private. Thus Italy, never possessing a permanent Theatre nor actors by profession these exhibitions could with propriety be only called transitory attempts, and of little or no profit to the art.

It was yet worse when the troops of strolling players, who, alone, have always lorded it on the Italian boards, became possessed of those more or less imperfect Tragedies made common through the press. It is notorious of what species of foolish and miserable buffoons these vagabond bands have mostly been composed. It is known to every one, that the greater part of these barbarous actors, drawn from the uncultivated and least learned part of the common people, are mostly natives of provinces, in which our language is neither spoken nor pronounced in its purity; who, yet stammering out a Tragedy, produce in the audience that repugnant sensation which the Tragedies of even Racine or Voltaire would call forth at Paris, were they recited by actors in the provincial jargons of Gascony or Picardy. We all know to what ridiculous, ungraceful, disgusting, and often deformed women, the sublime parts of Phedra, of Andromache, of Semiramis, of Zaire, have been ge-

rally allotted, as it were in plunder; to lacerate them in the bastard language of Bologna, of Lombardy, or of Genoa, and to recite and gesticulate them without sense or grace, as they would be done by the idle women of the publick squares; and in such guise, the absolute deficiency of a noble, a lasting, and a decent Theatre, and that yet more important want of capable actors, have deterred our poets from applying themselves to the composition of true Tragedy; our publick from assembling at the Theatre in crowds of studious and distinguished characters; and the whole of us from attaching to it importance, and making it an object of national glory.

Further, Italy divided into so many small states, never had a great and central point, where to create a general and lively spur to Italian ambition. The Roman, the Lombard, the Tuscan, the Piedmontese, the Venetian, the Neapolitan, regarded each other as separate in interests, and as enemies or at least rivals in the Sciences and Fine Arts. So were they in Painting: the different schools hooted at each other, tore each other to pieces; the Roman painter sought to depreciate that of Bologna, the latter those of Florence, and these in their turn the Venetian and Neapolitan. Each established a separate sect, to the general detriment of the nation.

The same precisely fell out with Poetry. There remain in proof of the feeble criticisms of the foolish Infarinati on the divine poem of Tasso. The trifling books of those gentlemen of the veil, (who may well be called Mountebanks) would fill a library. They all endeavoured to prove, under the banner of Signor Lionardo, not Leonardo Salviati, (for greater pretended elegance of language) that the *Jerusalem Delivered* was a heap of tiresome absurdity. They drove the too irritable authour to madness, discomposed and saddened as he then was by unsuccessful passion, they seduced the miserable praters who envied the laurel of the sublime crown obtained by Tasso; like troublesome and noxious insects, they had but a short existence, and sunk into merited oblivion.

Yet from that pedantick genius did the ridiculous parallels between the *Orlando Furioso* and *Jerusalem Delivered*, take their rise; ridiculous, because they confronted the *Iliad* with the *Arabian Knights*; the *Æneid* with the *Romance of the Paladins of France*. Thence arose the puerile predilection for speaking and writing in the style of Petrarch, and the senseless pretension of judging the already adult language of the seventeenth century, by the grammar of the fourteenth, scarcely risen from its cradle.

The Italians, separated, as I have observed, by interest and ambition, in Science and Belles Lettres; and (taking each part of Italy by itself) not sufficiently influential to establish and continue through the year a national tragick Theatre; they continued, it is true, to write Tragedies from time to time, but always on the model of the first; they also printed them, but could never expose them to the publick on the stage, the most essential situation to observe their effect. And could a Tragedy thus composed at hazard, be ever any thing without the practice of tragick effect? The poet, left to divine it, finds himself involved in that doubt wherein a painter or sculptor would be, from whom a large painting or a group of statues was required, without knowing whether it was destined to be placed on the ground, in a gallery, in a square, or as the frontispiece of a triumphal arch or temple. Thus deprived of the observation of that which might make the greatest impression on the mind of the spectator, interest or astonish him; the poet will still compose a Tragedy according to the rules prescribed, and even in cultivated style; but he will probably come forth without life, languid, weak, cold, and tedious.

Nor can this indispensable tragick effect be acquired without frequenting and studying the Theatre, without a foresight premeditatedly made of all the other combinations necessary in the dramatick art. This experience

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wanting, (and it can be attained though possessed of foreign languages, without difficulty, if the Theatres of other nations best provided with actors, cannot be seen nor studied with just and critical discernment) no great progress can be made in this noble part of poetry. That genius is rare, that, almost inspired, forms of itself and soars beyond obscurity; and, that, unassisted, cannot at once bring the art to perfection, but only open the road to others. Corneille, to whom Mairet, Rotrou, and other imperfect tragick writers served as guides, formed Racine: they two formed Voltaire and Crebillon. Thus among the Greeks, Sophocles was formed from Eschylus, and from him Euripides, but with the guidance of a permanent Theatre. Destitute of the practice of stage effect, a poet can strike no blow in his Tragedies, except what may be momentary in some scenes derived from his heated enthusiasm; or in some bursting forth of tender passion, which sometimes insinuates itself into the mind with greater facility, moving, and agitating it.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

The lover either of song or sentiment, doubtless, remembers the spirited and pathetick ballad of Campbell,

Alone on the banks of the dark rolling Danube.

Walter Scott, Esquire, a genuine bard of Caledonia, who has immortalized himself by "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and by certain original and translated ballads of uncommon beauty, has, in the following stanzas, caught the cadence of Campbell and displayed the noblest affections of the heart and many of the highest powers of poesy. Perhaps, with the exception of a passage in Goldsmith, the fidelity of the canine race was never more feelingly described. I compassionate the insensibility of that vulgar mortal, blind to nature, dead to feeling, and deaf to poetry, who can peruse the third stanza without keen sensations.

HELLVELLYN.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden edge round the red Tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot, where the wanderer had died!

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-lov'd remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start;
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh! was it meet that—no *requiem read o'er him*,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,
Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of a peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at dim midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred musick is streaming
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head, like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last breath by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch, by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

John Gilbert Cooper, Esq.

John Gilbert Cooper, Esquire, who has been honoured with the title of *The English Anacreon*, was the son of Gilbert Cooper, Esq. of Thugarton Priory, in Northamptonshire, and was born in 1723. The family estate which he inherited was granted at the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII, to William Cooper, one of his ancestors. He received his education at Westminster School, and in 1743, became a fellow commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he resided two or three years, at the end of which he married Susanna, daughter of William Wright, Esq. son of the lord keeper Wright, and some time recorder of Leicester, and settled at his family seat. In the year 1763, he served the office of high sheriff of the county of Nottingham, as his father had done in 1749. He was in the commission of the peace, and about this time constantly attended and frequently spoke at the meetings of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, and was for a short time one of the Committee of Polite Arts. It was an ambition with him to be chosen a vice president of that most respectable and useful society, but, not being elected, his dissatisfaction induced him to discontinue his attendance. He died at his father's house, in Mayfair, London, after a long and excruciating illness, arising from the stone, April 14th, 1769, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Cooper was a man of an agreeable appearance, polite address, and elegant manners; an active and useful magistrate; and a genteel and ingenious writer. He has left compositions both in prose and verse, of which the following is a catalogue:

1. The Life of Socrates, collected from the Memorabilia of Xenophon and the Dialogues of Plato, and illustrated further Aristotle, Diodorus Siculus, Cicero, Proclus, Apuleius, Maximus Tyrius, Boethius, Diogenes, Laertius, Aulus Gellius, and others. 1745.

2. The Power of Harmony, a poem, in two books.

3. Cursory Remarks on Mr. Warburton's new edition of Pope's Works, in a letter to a friend. 1751.

4. Letters on Taste. 1754.

5. The Tomb of Shakspeare, a Vision. 1755.

6. The Genius of Great Britain. 1756.

7. Epistles to the Great, from Aristippus in Retirement. 1758.

8. The Call of Aristippus, Epistle, &c. to Mark Akenside, M. D. 1758.

9. A Father's Advice to his Son.

10. Ver-Vert, or the Nunnery Parrot, an heroick poem, in two cantos, inscribed to the Abbess of D——. Translated from the French of M. Gresset.

Besides the above, he wrote several fugitive pieces; among which are essays and poems under the signature of Philalethes, in Dodsley's Museum; a few of the numbers of The

World, and a Translation of the King of Prussia's Epistle to Voltaire, which last was printed in the Annual Register for 1758.

In reviewing his Letters on Taste, a small volume which appears to contribute more peculiarly to his reputation, Dr. Johnson has drawn a picture of his powers: "Mr. Cooper's genius appears to shine more in description than in definition; he has more of imagery than of speculation; his imagination is the strongest talent of his mind; and if he have not attempted to offer any thing new on the subject of Taste, he is always so entertaining, spirited, and splendid in his diction, that the reader who is not instructed by him cannot fail of being pleased and diverted."

The Power of Harmony is the poem which demands our first attention, both on account of its earlier date of publication, and superiour pretensions to fame; but its merit is far from considerable. It is more satisfactory to read *The Design*, than the poem: It is observable that whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an instantaneous pleasure to the mind, exclusive of reflection. For the Great Creator of all things, infinitely wise and good, ordained a perpetual agreement between the faculties of moral perfection, the powers of fancy, and the organs of bodily sensation, when they are free and undistempered. Hence is deducible the most comfortable as well as the most true philosophy that ever adorned the world; namely, a constant admiration of the beauty of the creation, terminating in the adoration of the First Cause, which naturally leads mankind cheerfully to cooperate with his grand design for the promotion of universal happiness.

"Hence our authour was led to draw that analogy between natural and moral beauty; since the same faculties which render us susceptible of pleasure from the perfection of the creation, and the excellence of the Arts, afford us delight in the contemplation of dignity and justice in characters and manners. For what is virtue but a just regulation of our affections and appetites, to make them correspond to the peace and welfare of society? so that good and beauty are inseparable.

"From this true relish of the soul, this harmonious association of ideas, the ancient philosophers, and their disciples among the moderns, have enlivened their imaginations and writings in this amicable intercourse of adding moral epithets to natural objects, and illustrating their observations upon the conduct of life by metaphors drawn from the external scenes of the world: So we know, that by a beautiful action, a consonant behaviour, is meant the generous resignation of private advantage by some individual, to submit and adapt his single being to the whole community or some part of it. And, in like manner, when we read of a solemn grave, where horrour and melancholy reign, we entertain an idea of a place that creates such thoughts in the mind, by reason of its solitary situation, want of light, or any other circumstance analogous to those dispositions, so termed in human nature."

This then is the design of the poem, To show that a constant attention to what is perfect and beautiful in nature will by degrees harmonize the soul to responsive regularity and sympathetick order.

The same feebleness of touch which is manifest in the conception and language of this sketch, prevails throughout the poem, where, however, it is still more offensive. It is a very indifferent imitation of a great original, *The Pleasures of Imagination*. Its most poetical passage occurs in the description of the influence of painting, of which it is the poet's object to show, that, in common with the other Arts, it may be made subservient to the cause of virtue or to that of vice:

Is love the object of thy glowing thoughts?
Or dreamst thou of a bliss exceeding far
Elysian pleasures. Wouldst thou taste again
The heart-enfeebling transports, when the soul,
Big with celestial triumph, through the vales
Of am'rous fancy led the sportive hours,
To soft Idalian airs, whilst wanton loves

Strew'd round the roses of eternal bloom,
And fann'd the sultry breeze with golden plumes?
See, where beneath a myrtle bow'r reclin'd,
Which on the canvas casts its cooling shade,
Encircled in each other's arms, yon beauteous pair
In dulcet dalliance lie; the rigid frown
Of care ne'er low'rs, but ever cheerful smiles
Effuse, like vernal suns, their genial beams,
To warm their mutual hearts; whilst rapt'rous sighs
Sweeter than aromatick winds which blow
O'er spicy groves in intermingled gales,
Are wafted to th' impending queen of love.

But, burns thy heart with more refin'd delight?
And wouldst thou through the faithful colours view
Calm Chastity and Justice blend their charms
Like gleams from op'ning heav'n? Yon radiant throne
Presents great Cyrus, as the Magi fam'd
The snowy-vested Mythras, from the east
Descending, in effulgent rays of light,
To guide the virtuous to th' ethereal plains
Where joy forever dwells. Before him stands
A trembling captive, with dejected looks,
As conscious of her form: upon her cheeks
The rose of beauty fades, with paler hue
The lily sickens, and each flow'r declines
Its drooping head. But see! how he revives,
With unexpected hopes her tortur'd breast,
And Joy's soft blush appears! So the blest wings
Of western zephyrs, o'er the Arabian coast
Sprinkle their heavenly dew; the wither'd Plants
Incline their sun-parch'd bosoms to imbibe
The renovating moisture, till anon
The pristine bloom, through vegitative pores
Returning, smiles in ev'ry flow'ry vale,
And decks the neighb'ring hills with verdant pride.

In this passage, besides a general languor, in spite of the ornamental diction, we may observe the unclassical expression of *WESTERN zefhyrs*, and the poverty of invention which suffers a repetition of the same simile within so short a number of lines. But to do the utmost justice to the authour, let us make an extract from his second book:

The fields and woods, and silver-winding streams,
Ye lilied vallies and resounding rocks,
Where faithful echo dwells; ye mansions blest
Where Nature reigns throughout the wide expanse,
In majesty serene of op'ning heav'n;
Or, humbler seated, in the blushing rose;
The virgin vi'let, or the creeping moss,
Or winding round the mouldering ruin's top,
With no unpleasing horrour sits array'd,
In venerable ivy: hail, thrice hail,
Ye solitary seats! where wisdom seeks
Beauty and good, th' inseparable pair,
Sweet offspring of the sky, those emblems fair
Of the Celestial Cause, whose tuneful word
From discord and from chaos rais'd this globe,
And all the wide effulgence of the day.
From Him begins this beam of gay delight,
When aught harmonious strikes th'attentive mind;
In Him shall end: for He attun'd the frame
Of passive organs with internal sense,
To feel an instantaneous glow of joy,
When Beauty, from her native seat of heav'n,
Cloth'd in ethereal mildness, on our plains
Descends, e'er Reason, with her tardy eye,
Can view the form divine; and through the world
The heav'nly boon to every being flows.
Why, when the genial Spring, with chaplet's crown'd,
Of daisies, pinks, and vi'lets wakes the Morn
With placid whispers; do the turtles coo,
And call their consorts from the neighb'ring groves
With softer musick? Why exalts the lark
His matin warbling with redoubled lays?
Why stands th' admiring herds with joyful gaze
Facing the dawn of day, or frisking bound
O'er the soft surface of the verdant meads
With unaccustom'd transport? 'Tis the ray
Of beauty, beaming its benignant warmth
Through all the brute creation! hence arise
Spontaneous off'rings of unfeigned love
In silent praises. And shall man alone,
Shall man with blind ingratitude neglect
His Maker's bounty? Shall the lap of Sloth
With soft insensibility, compose
His useless soul, whilst unregarded blooms
The renovated lustre of the world?

See! how eternal Hebe onward leads
The blushing Morn, and o'er the smiling globe,
With Flora join'd, flies gladsome to the bow'r;
Where, with the Graces, and Idalian Loves,
Her sister, Beauty, dwells. The glades expand
The blossom'd fragrance of their new-blown pride
With gay profusion; and the flow'ry lawns
Breathe forth ambrosial odours; whilst, behind,

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The Muse, in never-dying hymns of praise
Pursues the triumph, and responsive airs,
Symphonious, warble through the vocal groves,
Till playful Echo, in each hill and dale
Joins the glad chorus, and improves the lay.

It were endless to point out all the defects observable in these verses; and yet, upon the whole, they possess a share of beauty. *Celestial Cause*, is not very happy; but, *eternal Hebe*, resembling Milton's *universal Pan*, is a pleasing image. The whole passage displays no great portion of taste. Groves, lays, echo, flowers, warble, warbling, and all the words that have a hold upon the fancy, are heaped together. We have *Echo* and the *Morn* twice over. *Blushing morn*, *brute creation*, are tamely employed; and, *beauty clothed in ethereal mildness*, and *pursue the triumph*, are mean and injudicious transcriptions. In concluding the second paragraph, the poet draws an inference truly common place, when his argument requires, and his examples inculcate, a valuable and less obvious truth. He means, or ought to mean, that if the sight of physical beauty fill the brutes with emotion, if it in reality ennoble their character, it is reasonable to suppose it capable of producing similar and more than equal effects upon man.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

We are not *too* partial to sonnets. Of Milton's we relish but few, and more than one third of Petrarch's are more tiresome to us than an August afternoon. Even Bowles himself is sometimes drawling, and as for Capel Loft his sonnets are satires upon the muse. In this walk of poetical composition, however mazy and difficult in the opinion of some, or dull and sterile in the estimation of others, there occasionally appears a brilliant flower, like the rose of Damascus. A better proof can scarcely be found than in the following, which we have culled from the garden of Charlotte Smith.

If on some balmy breathing night of spring,
The happy child, to whom the world is new,
Pursues the evening moth with mealy wing,
Or from the heath flower beats the sparkling dew,
He sees before his *inexperienced* eyes
The brilliant glow worm, like a meteor shine
On the turf bank; amazed and pleased, he cries,
"Star of the dewy grass I make thee mine!"
Then ere he sleeps, collects the moistened flower,
And bids soft leaves his glittering prize infold,
And dreams that *fairy lamps illume his bower*,
Yet, with the morning, *shudders* to behold
His lucid treasure *rayless as the dust.*
So turn the world's bright joys to cold and blank disgust.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 37.)

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Arch. Tillotson.

The being distinguished by the title of a Man of the World, differs very much from a truly wise man. The first has a general extensive knowledge, it is true; but the acquirement is but a dangerous experience, since he selects only, from the observations that he makes, a poison which he spreads among his fellow-creatures wherever he goes, and of which he sips largely himself whenever he presents the cup to others. Such a man, to obtain the advantages of fortune, abandons every noble sentiment of his youth, and treats as romantick every pure principle of virtue; like the intriguing Statesman, he studies all the maxims of crooked policy, and maintains that it is necessary to his success in life, that he should cheat and deceive his neighbours; the arts of flattery, hypocrisy, and dissimulation, constitute his stock in trade; and he builds his future hopes in proportion to the extent of his capital.

The experience of a truly wise man, on the other hand, is a talisman,

or magick ring, which preserves him from the enchantments of Errour and Temptation, but is never used to impose upon others: he is "wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove."

Were it easy to detect the man of the world, his power of doing mischief would be at an end; but, as he constantly wears the vizor best suited to his purpose, he still passes in the crowd, with other dominos, in the great masquerade of life.

It is, indeed, extremely difficult to discover the true sentiments and character of a man of the world: the lines of his face, blended and moulded to every circumstance and occasion, placid under vexation, and wearing even a smile under contempt or reproof, disturb the rules of physiognomy; modest, complacent, apparently ingenuous, and unstudied in every thing; flattering with the language of sincerity, and deceiving with all the eloquence of truth.

How much more difficult it is to guard against the insidious views of the man of the world, when we meet him possessed of the advantage of figure, education, and of all the agreeable accomplishments of a gentleman! Such a man is a first-rate actor in life; he is well acquainted with the stage, and makes his appearance accordingly; he *studies* the part; he even *dresses* for the scene, and is an adept at what is called *by-play*; he needs no prompter, but makes his *debut* with confidence of success: but he always appears to play second to the man he would deceive; he approaches him with courtesy; he listens to him with polite attention: he submits to his judgment with deference; and, conscious of his own powers, flatters, proposes, suggests, and flatters again and again, till he gains his point: Such a man misses no opportunity that he thinks he can improve; he turns the most trifling incident to advantage, and is constantly upon the look-out for something that may tend to *his* particular interest; he views every man as valuable to him, and the moment he is introduced to a stranger, makes it his whole study to consider how he may *make use* of him; he never quarrels with any one, because he says they may be wanted some day or other; and is always ready and willing, as it is vulgarly said, to hold a candle to the devil, or if a candle will not do, to hold a flambeau.

Mr. Plausible was a man of the most winning address, of a handsome figure, easy manners, a great deal of wit, and a thorough knowledge of life; but he was dissipated, extravagant, fond of play, and a courtier. Happening to pay a visit one morning to my friend Mr. Plausible, I was shown into his study; when, taking up an old masquerade ticket, I accidentally observed my own name among some memorandums on the back of it; which naturally enough excited my curiosity to read the contents: they were as follow, and pretty well express the sentiments of a man of the world:

Mem.—*My Wife*—keep her in the country—a bit of a scold.

Mem.—*My Grandmother*—5 per cent. annuities—aged 87—what's the odds for next winter?

Mem.—*Mr. Defuty Mushroom*—gives good dinners—at five precisely.

Mem.—*Jack Ready*—merchant—good natured fellow—do occasionally to discount a bill, or borrow cash—call pretty often.

Mem.—*Bill Greenhorn*—has a cottage near town—do in summer—good cake house.

Mem.—The authour of the Essays—get orders—Mrs. Plausible loves a play—amuses wife and children.

Mem.—*Bob Useful*—a good-natured fellow—rather soft—a good errand-boy.

Mem.—*Mr. Broadcloth*—the tailor—gives long credit—shall employ him—good bail upon an occasion.

Mem.—*Peter Punster*—ask him to dinner with the next party.

Mem.—*Bob Chorus*—sings a good song—will do when he's wanted.

Mem.—*Sam Quibble*—a lawyer—as little to do with him as possible.

Mem.—*Abram Spintext*—the parson—likes good living—not much use to any body.

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Mem.—Peter Galliput—employ him as seldom as possible, and always throw away his physick.

I had scarcely finished these entertaining and liberal memorandums, when the man of the world entered, as I was putting the card out of my hand: he did not appear at all confused at what he beheld, but very kindly relieved me from *my* embarrassment by taking up the tablet of *Mems.* that now lay on the table, and, putting it into my hand, "There," cried he, "look at this, 'twill amuse ye infinitely; you see I'm a bit of an authour; most of them family likenesses. My dear fellow, what would I give for your talents, that I might distinguish and honour the good, and ridicule and satirise the bad. I think you could write a most excellent lampoon. I venerate a man of letters. Will you dine with us?" This torrent of flattery and falsehood almost overcame me; and it was with some difficulty that I rose up to take my leave; which I managed to do, but not without the following reproof on my lips: "Sir, we are placed here, children of the same parent, tenants of the same soil, united by the same principles of society. Let our lot be cast where it may, high or low, rich or poor, we have certain duties to exercise and fulfil in life, which should be perfectly reciprocal. Nature and Reason enforce this reciprocity for the benefit of all; and it is only the bad man who attempts to make an undue or unfair use of the property of others, be it in talents or riches: the man who only *makes use* of his neighbour for his own advantage, convenience, or pleasure, is no better than a pickpocket, who amuses you in conversation while he steals your purse. You are at liberty, Sir, (continued I) to *make use* of these observations when and where you please."—"That I will, my dear fellow, (replied Mr. Plausible, with an audacious smile) the very first opportunity. Good morning, my dear Scribble; upon my soul I'm much obliged to you."

Such was the character of Mr. Plausible; and it will not, perhaps, be amiss to point out in this place, for the service of the inexperienced, the best means of guarding against the specious appearances and pretensions of a man so well qualified to deceive.

The only safe rule by which we may detect the impostor is, to appreciate his moral and religious character; not as he represents it himself, nor even as he is represented by others; but to watch carefully the tenor of his conduct, his every-day appearance, when he throws down the mask in moments of inadvertence, pride or passion; these accidental surprises will sometimes betray him, and lay open the true sentiments of his heart. Thus much is certain, that if no moral principles or precepts of religion direct his conduct to his neighbours, he is dangerous to society, and in no wise to be trusted.

Sir Roger L'Estrange observes, that there never was a hypocrite so disguised, but he had some mark or other yet to be known by: but it is not easy to discover the heart of a man who has power to suppress every feeling, and govern every passion.

Let, however, the accomplished hypocrite have the full powers of fascination, we have one sure method of avoiding the danger of his conversation; and that is, in all our dealings to separate the man, his manners, his talents, his persuasion, entirely from the argument, and consider the facts simply as they are, without reference to any thing incidental. Strip his discourse of the dress that it wears, and truth will come forward in an unquestionable shape.

Let us now take a view of the condition of the man of the world, and we shall find him in a state of the most wretched uneasiness, labouring under the painful task of continued restraint and caution, and subjected to repeated apprehensions and fears from the badness of his title to respect and esteem. If his expedients fail, he is without consolation; if his true character be discovered, he is without a friend.

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How different is the situation of the man of integrity! honest and sincere in his views and intentions, his countenance is the index of his heart, and his language a declaration of its dictates: he knows that truth has the strongest claims to regard, and trusts, for support, to the justness of his cause: such a man seldom suffers from the want of success, because he seldom raises his expectations, to undue heights. But, as he is unambitious, is seldom disappointed: ingenuous, and unreserved, he readily associates with his fellow-creatures without interested designs; and, like the good man described by the psalmist, performs his promise though to his loss. This man doubts not, hesitates not, what he ought to do: convinced that honesty is the best policy, he comes forward in open day-light; and, let him meet what obstacles he may, ultimately gains the victory over fraud and imposition; enjoying in this world the blessing of a self-approving heart, and looking forward with humble confidence to a better.

(*To be continued*)

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Lady Montague relates, in her sprightly manner, one mode of passing her time in the decline of life. The result of her literary labour, we believe, is almost unprecedented. To write historical pages, to be conscious that they were composed elegantly and accurately, and then to throw them habitually into the fire, is what the self-complacency of an authour would rarely permit.

You will confess my employment much more trifling than yours, when I own to you that my chief amusement is writing the history of my own time: It has been my fortune to have a more exact knowledge both of the persons and facts that have made the greatest figure in England in this age, than is common; and I take pleasure in putting together what I know, with an impartiality that is altogether unusual: distance of time and place has totally blotted from my mind all traces either of resentment or prejudice: and I speak with the same indifference of the Court of Great Britain as I should do of that of Augustus Cæsar. I hope you have not so ill opinion of me to think I am turning authour in my old age. I can assure you I regularly burn every quire, as soon as it is finished, and mean nothing more than to divert my solitary hours. I know mankind too well to think they are capable of receiving truth, much less of applauding it; or, were it otherwise, applause to me is as insignificant as garlands on the dead.

WOMAN.

The bashful lover sues in vain
The favours of the fair to gain;
He, that would feast upon the bliss
Of his mistress' honied kiss,
Must dare to hope, and cease to languish
With dull despair, the nurse of anguish;
Must bid adieu to bashfulness
And boldly learn his suit to press;
And if in vain his oft-urg'd pray'r
Impetuous clasp the struggling fair,
And gently force the joy denied,—
Nor think that she will ever chide.
For oh! how soft is woman framed!
How soon with Love's fierce fires enflamed!
She flies, yet flying hopes the swain
Quickly her footsteps will detain!
Denies, yet hopes while she denies
That he will boldly snatch the prize;
Struggles, yet struggling lets him see
She hopes to lose the victory.

TO LOVE.

Scarce can the sweets of love repay,
Though gathered in their freshest bloom,
His toil, who sighs the live-long day
Nor ceases with the midnight gloom.

And though more pleasing after pain
The long-expected bliss may be,
No wish have I, O Love, to gain
Such hardly-earn'd felicity.

Let others in delay find charms—
But may the nymph, whose chains I wear,
After short service bless my arms,
Nor doom me to a length of prayer.

And if with am'rous toil oppress'd
Our glutted appetites shall cloy,
To give our loves a higher zest
Not in fierce storms we'll seek alloy;

But with feign'd coyness, sweet disdain,
And playful wars we'll mix our blisses,
And then unite our hearts again
In a long truce of melting kisses.

—

Dr. JOHNSON has been blamed by all the snivelling retainers of the *faction*, for the spirit of the ensuing observations on the character of certain of the British Princes. No matter. To be blamed by the weak and malevolent, and hypocritical, is the highest praise. We subscribe fully to the truth of the following opinions, which are not less justly than forcibly expressed.

Charles II was licentious in his practice; but he always had *a reverence for what was good*. Charles II *knew his people* and *rewarded merit*. The *Church* was at no time better filled than in his reign. He was the best King we have had from his time till the reign of his present Majesty, except James II, who was a *very good King*, but unhappily believed that it was necessary for the salvation of his subjects that they should be Roman Catholicks. *He* had the merit of endeavouring to do what he thought was for the salvation of his subjects, till he lost a great empire. *We*, who thought that we should *not* be saved, if we were Roman Catholicks, had the merit of maintaining our religion at the expense of submitting ourselves to the government of King William, to the government of *one of the most worthless scoundrels that ever existed*. No, Charles II was not such a man as George I. He did not destroy his father's will. He did not betray those over whom he ruled. He did not let the French fleet pass ours. George I knew nothing, and desired to know nothing; did nothing and desired to do nothing; and the only good thing that is told of him is that "he wished to restore the crown to its hereditary successour."

He then roared with prodigious violence against George II.

—

TO IOLA.

Oh! let us love, my charming fair,
Oh, let us love! time hastes away—
Less swift the dart through liquid air
To pierce the panther cleaves its way.

Too soon, alas! that bloom will fade!
Soon droops the rose of youth and dies!
Soon will rude age those charms invade
And dim the lustre of those eyes!

Lovely at eve the sun declines,
While streaks of gold his vest adorn;
Yet lovelier in the East he shines,
With brighter radiance hails the morn:

The wintry storms' resistless power
Of spring's gay verdure robs the trees,
But soon returns the vernal hour,
And mid fresh foliage strays the breeze:

Not so returns our youthful bloom;
Beauty ne'er greets a second May;
Nor e'er to Death's cold cheerless gloom
Succeeds the blissful warmth of day.

Below in Pluto's dreary reign,
Oblivion quenches Love's bright fires;
And wanton Cupid's smiling train
From Stygian caverns far retires.

Oh! then while storms are far away;
Or e'er 'tis nipp'd by wintry sleets,
Oh! let us pluck, while yet we may,
The rose of love, and taste its sweets.

While Cupid's gentle wars we wage,
Our hearts with mutual warmth shall glow,
We'll scorn the tales of babbling Age,
That envies joys it cannot know.

Oh! let us love, my charming fair,
Oh, let us love! time hastes away—
Less swift the dart through liquid air
To pierce the panther cleaves its way.

—

The editors of the London Monthly Magazine, a work conducted in general upon principles opposed to those of a loyal university, thus speak of the Oxford Review: "The plan of the new Oxford Review is so far matured that its appearance was announced for the first of January last. At a time when Reviews have become the mere engines of personal calumny, and the ordinary vehicles for the most impudent libels, we cannot too emphatically congratulate the literary world on the publication of a new Cri-

tical Journal, which from *its locality* must be distinguished by independence, good manners, integrity, and sound learning. In justification of our eulogy on this Journal, we shall cite the sketch of its plan, as published by those concerned in its management. It will be orthodox and loyal.

The contents of the first number will best bespeak the *variety*, the *completeness*, the *novelty*, and the *promptitude* which it is intended shall supereminently characterize this new critical Journal.

Contents of No. I.

Theology. Van Mildert's Bolean Lectures; Vaughan's Address; Chateaubriand's Demonstration; Cambridge's Charge; Burgess's Posthumous Sermons; Proud's Unitarian Doctrine refuted; Cox's Address to Dissenters.

Jurisprudence. Lawes on Civil Actions; Abridgment of Nisi Prius; Plowden's Law of Tythings.

Medicine. Willan on Vaccine Inoculation; Arnold on Insanity.

Philology. Salmon's Evenings at Southill.

Biography. Life of Washington; Memoirs of Hutchinson; Napoleon and the French People.

Archæology. The Archæologia, Vol. XV.

Voyages and Travels. Helm's Travels.

Trade and Commerce. Young's West-India Common Place Book.

The Drama. The Vindictive Man; Dimond's Adrian and Orrila; Hook's Tekeli.

Novels and Romances. Lewis's Feudal Tyrants; Armstrong's Anglo-Saxons.

Poetry. Scott's Ballads; Herbert's Miscellaneous Poetry.

Political Economy. Jarrold's Dissertations on Man.

Rural Economy. Loudon's Treatise on Country Residences, &c.

Miscellanies. Maddocks's Letter; Waddington's Letter to Tierney; Styles's Essay on the Stage; The Farmer's Account Book; Coad's Plan of Taxation.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Turkey. Ahmed Vassiff Effendi on the Monuments and Truths of Historical Memoirs.

Spain. Curso di Quimaca general applicada a las Artes.

Germany. Statistischen Umriss der Sämmtlichen Europäischen Staaten.

Holland. Verhandeling over den Infloed, &c.; Bibliotheca Critica.

France. Lettres inedites de Mirabeau; Histoire des Guerres des Gaulois et des Francois en Italie; Lettres sur le Valais, &c.; La Columbe Messagère; Tableau Synoptique des Minéraux; Des Rapports de la Medicine avec la Politique; Voyage en Italie et en Sicile, &c.

THE POST CAPTAIN.

When Steerwell heard me first impart
Our brave commander's story,
With ardent zeal his youthful heart
Swell'd high for naval glory,
Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,
For bold adventures eager,
When first a little cabin boy, on board the Fame,
He would hold on the jigger,
When ten jolly tars, with musical Joe,
Hove the anchor a-peak, singing, yeo! heave, yeo! yeo!

To hand top-gallant sails next he learn'd
With quickness, care, and spirit,
Whose generous master then discern'd,
And priz'd his dawning merit.
He taught him soon to reef and steer,
When storms convuls'd the ocean:
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
Which mark'd him for promotion.
As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command, Hard a port! helm a lee!
Luff, boy, luff! keep her near!
Clear the buoy, make the pier!
None to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command in the port, or at sea! Hard a port! helm a lee!

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,
The foe he oft defeated;
And now, with fame and fortune crown'd,
Post Captain he is rated.
Who, should our injur'd country bleed,
Still bravely would defend her;
Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,
He'll prove his heart as tender.
Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,
To poor and wealthy, friend or foe;
Wounded tars share his wealth—
All the fleet drink his health—
Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
Which always are ready compassion to show
To a brave conquered foe.

Homer, as dressed out by Madame Dacier, has more of the Frenchman in his appearance than of the old Grecian. His beard is close shaved, his hair is powdered, and there is even a litte *rouge* on his cheek. To speak more intelligibly, his simple and nervous diction is often wire-drawn into a feeble and flashy paraphrase, and his imagery as well as harmony sometimes annihilated by abbreviation: nay, to make him the more modish, the

good lady is at pains to patch up his style with unnecessary phrases, and flourishes in the French taste, which have just such an effect in a translation of Homer as a bag-wig and snuff-box would have in a picture of Achilles.

—

A celebrated French translator of Demosthenes makes the orator address his countrymen not with the manly simplicity of *Ye men of Athens*, but by the Gothick title of *Gentlemen*, which is as real burlesque and almost as great an anachronism as that passage of Prior, where *Protogenes's maid* invites *Apelles* to *drink tea*.

MERRIMENT.

A gentleman, who was well known to be fond of his bottle or two, said, one day, after having drank pretty freely, "the wine is very thick."—"No, no," said a friend, "it is *you* are too thick with the wine."

—

As a pressgang, during last winter, were patroling round Smithfield, they laid hold of a man tolerably well dressed, who pleaded that being a gentleman, he was not liable to be impressed. "Haul him along!" cried one of the tars, "he is the very man we want. We press a great many blackguards, and we are much at a loss for some one to teach them good manners."

—

A certain smatterer in letters being one day at a coffee-house, took it into his head to abuse all the modern literati, observing, that there was very little wit, humour, or learning, in the present age. Some time after, Dr. Hays came into the room, when a gentleman told him how his neighbour had been abusing the *moderns*. "I have not the least doubt but he would have likewise abused the ancients," said he, "had he known their names."

—

A facetious canon of Windsor taking his evening's walk, as usual, into the town, met one of his vicars at the castle gate, returning home rather elevated by a glass too much of his neighbour's port. "So, sir, whence came you?" said the canon. "Why," said the vicar, "I have indeed been *spinning* it out with my friend." "Aye," returned the canon; "and now you are *reeling* it home, I see."

—

A nobleman, coming down in the summer to his country-seat, was talking familiarly with his butler: "And how have you been," said he, "since we left you?" Why, my lord," replied he, "I have been pretty well lately; but, for near two months in the winter, I had a very dreadful ague at your lordship's service."

—

An Irishman having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding the purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it, and ran away. "Now, my dear joy," said the Irishman, "what a fool you make of yourself! What use will it be to you, as you dont know how it is to be dressed?"

—

A poor labourer, having been obliged to undergo the operation of having his leg cut off, was charged sixteen-pence by the sexton for burying it. The poor fellow applied to the rector for redress, who told him, he could not relieve him at that time; but that he should certainly consider it in his fees, when the rest of his body came to be buried.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are perfectly well pleased with the politicks of S——e. His scope is utility, his reasoning candid and his objects generous, liberal and manly. The plan he has adopted will unquestionably terminate in the publick weal. In pursuing so laudable a design, the sole means he employs are those of argument and persuasion, the only lawful means TO ROUSE AN INDOLENT, TO INFORM A DECEIVED, TO RECLAIM A CORRUPT, OR TO RECONCILE A DIVIDED PEOPLE.

Any information will be gratefully received, respecting the authour of the

American versions from Anacreon, recently published in this paper.

We have often been so fortunate by obtaining, in this manner, for *ourselves*, curious books or pamphlets that we are confident we shall not be less successful, in thus soliciting literary aid for *others*. A liberal scholar, on the front list of our friends, who is dedicating his talents, a portion of his time, and all his zeal to the advancement of eloquence, in this country, is anxious to obtain the pleadings and speeches in the famous Ely and Anglesey causes. The gentlemen of the Bar, who are never tardy to oblige the Editor, will gratify him, and benefit his friend, by imparting the desired information.

Gentlemen, who are careful to preserve political papers and pamphlets, will confer an obligation on the Editor, by indicating or addressing to him such of the speeches of the late Earl of Sandwich as are copiously reported, together with the Younger Lyttleton's famous speech on the Quebec bill. This, it is believed, is extremely scarce, though the editor well remembers to have read it with vast delight many years ago. It is a quarto pamphlet, and we found it, by a sort of miracle, in the state of New-Hamshire! This accomplished nobleman, *of hereditary abilities*, delivered, with his wonted grace and energy, several speeches on the affairs of Ireland and America. In the decline of life, and, indeed, only two days before his death, Lord Lyttleton, though his body was afflicted and his mind depressed by one of the most excruciating maladies, that overpower the fortitude of man, pronounced in full Parliament one of the most brilliant, energetick, animated, and argumentative orations, that was ever hearkened to, with conviction and delight, in any deliberative assembly. All these speeches it is extremely desirable to obtain, as speedily as possible; and we anticipate that we shall be successful in the pursuit of them, by the aid of the literary virtuoso, the remembering politician, or the curious collector.

From a gentleman not a thousand miles from Boston, we were promised many moons ago, with communications for this paper. As we are fully conscious of the vigour of the bow, we hope the *archer* will take his *effectual aim* speedily.

Our correspondent "N," of the South, is thanked most cordially for the highly interesting and elegant letter from Dr. Beattie. This valuable *original* we shall be very careful to preserve in The Port Folio. Nothing can be more correct than the sentiments, nothing more curious than the character, and nothing more pure and perspicuous than the style.

Our new correspondent, whose initial is P, and who, in our third speculation, had the post of honour assigned him, is thanked for his proffer, and solicited to proceed. We were particularly pleased with his remarks on a Swiss visionary, and on the *supposed* warfare between Love and Literature.

Hours of Leisure are very agreeable hours to the lovers of GOLDSMITH.

"J. S." and "K. T." fight like literary gladiators. With them every sentence is "either to ward, or to strike." Our *arena* is open to them, and the publick must adjust the merits of the controversy. No preference or partiality must be felt by the editor. He must regard with an equal eye Mendoza and Humphries, Big Ben or the Chicken.

A war song by an Indian poet and warriour, published in No. 3, together with an Address to an aged Beechen Tree, are derived from a collection of poems just published by Mr. Croswell at Hudson in the state of New-York. The authour is the late Mr. William Lake, a native of Pennsylvania, who died at the early age of eighteen. Many of the articles in the poetical legacy he has bequeathed us are proofs of his genius and sensibility. We shall from time to time make further extracts from the posthumous writings of

"This youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

The Jubilee Ode for the 13th of May contains some striking images of sylvan life, and some faithful pictures of Indian manners. Like most dithyrambicks, it is sometimes too abrupt, and sometimes obscure.

The authour of the Pains of Memory, and of many minor poems, which have already appeared, or which shall appear in this Journal, is respectfully thanked for his confidence in the editor, who thinks favourably of the Muse of memory. The best poem that the late Mr. Merry ever published, was unquestionably that of a similar title to our correspondent's. But although a foreigner has preoccupied the ground, he does not exclusively maintain it, and Talent and Industry still find new spots for cultivation and improvement, for ornament and use.

From the caterers of SALMAGUNDI we have the promise of some choice viands for our ordinary. We shall be careful to serve them up punctually to the literary epicure, and we expect to have our reward in hearing each guest at the banquet exclaim "This Oldschool *now* gives us no *mock* Turtle on Saturdays."

"Y" has nicely adjusted the claims of criticism; but a royal Academician and admirable poet, as well as a most accomplished painter, has unfolded the whole doctrine:

Give me the critick bred in *Nature's* school,
Who neither talks by rote, nor thinks by rule;
Who Feeling's honest dictates still obeys,
And dares, without a precedent, to praise;
Whose hardy taste the bigot crowd disclaims,
That chorus catalogues, and worship names;
Unbiass'd still, to Merit fondly turns,
Regardless *where* the FLAME of GENIUS burns,
Whether through Time's long gloom transmitted bright,
Or pours a later lustre on the sight,
From Rome's proud dome it darts a beam divine
Or bursts spontaneous from a Cornish mine.

"Annius" is invited to write with frequency. The ladies are of opinion that his verses are soft, melodious, and pleasing, and the Editor, on this occasion, is not disposed to dissent from the ladies.

The slattern style of "Phebe" induces us to believe that she is a sister to

Corinna, pride of Drurylane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain.

The translation of a letter, written in the Italian language, and addressed to the celebrated Alfieri, who is described very favourably by Henry Mackenzie, will interest all who are partial to the genius of the first tragick writer of his country. Among our friends several read Italian with fluency and ease. We should be happy to obtain from B. in particular, a biographical memoir of this dramatick writer.

The authour of the elegant and instructive article of criticism published in this day's paper, in which certain productions of the late J. G. Cooper, Esq. are minutely analysed, is an English gentleman of good taste and various literature, to whom we have often been indebted for ingenious speculations. Our occasional violation of the laws of rigid method, and periodical punctuality in bringing forward his essays, is not voluntary, but is occasioned by the very nature of a work like The Port Folio. We have various claims of precedence to settle and numerous claimants to satisfy. Our foreign correspondent however may be assured, that however the publication of his works may be delayed, we always peruse them with pleasure, and whether he directs his attention to the Muses of the east or the west, whether he gives his days to politicks or his nights to sonnets and songs, we shall always accompany him with cheerfulness in his literary excursions.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, August* 1, 1807. [No. 5.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

EDUCATION.

With the most salutary effects, the Principal of the Philadelphia Academy annually pronounces a classical exhortation, which is highly honourable to himself, and signally serviceable to others. As in the plan and objects of this institution there is nothing narrow or local, and as the topicks of Knowledge and Piety, on which this judicious Instructor insists, are accommodated to all places and to all times, we have remarked, in former years, that his liberal sentiments and wholesome advice have been, by various editors in different parts of the country, thought worthy of a wide and general dissemination. The following elegant, instructive, and animated charge, the most elaborate of any with which we have been favoured, will convince every reader of taste and sensibility that the cause of sound learning and pure morals is much indebted to the indefatigable exertions of Dr. ABERCROMBIE; and we doubt not that an article of so much importance, both to parents and pupils, will gain that currency and celebrity to which moral and intellectual worth is always entitled.

A CHARGE

Delivered after a Publick Examination, on Thursday, July 30, 1807, to the Senior Class of the Philadelphia Academy: upon their having completed the Course of Study prescribed by that Institution. By JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D. one of the Assistant Ministers of Christ Church and St. Peter's, and Director of the Academy.

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer.
HOR.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.
OV. EP. 9, LIB. 2.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

The rapid, though silent, current of time, which hath hitherto borne you on its placid bosom, free from care, and apprehension of danger, is now about to commit you to the wide extended, perilous, and turbulent ocean of the world; where you will assuredly be sometimes assailed by tempests, and sometimes lulled into security by treacherous calms, while, surrounded on all sides by rocks, and shoals, you will be perpetually exposed to difficulty, to danger, and alarm. Before, therefore, the tie which hath so long connected you with me, as your instructor and guide, is loosened; and you lanch into this boisterous, this hazardous profound, receive my parting benediction, and with it, a few cautionary precepts, inspired by an affectionate solicitude for your welfare, and an ardent desire that you should accomplish the voyage of Human Life, with safety, with reputation, and consequently with merited reward.

Though you are just going to embark on a wide and untried expanse, you embark under happier auspices, and are provided with more solid and substantial aid, than the generality of young adventurers, who are committed to the same ocean, though they enter it by different channels.

The principles of *Religion* which have here been inculcated, will, if cherished, inspire you with fortitude to encounter difficulty, and with resignation to sustain disaster: while the rudiments of *Science* which you have also here acquired, will enable you to direct your course with considerable skill; and thus by rendering yourselves not only conspicuous for your attainments, but thereby singularly useful to others, you will naturally command that attention, respect, and esteem, which will ultimately lead to wealth, to honour, and to happiness.

I will not, however, any longer amuse your imaginations with metaphor; but, with an earnestness and gravity suited to the dignity of the subject, and the importance of the occasion, suggest to you a few sentiments which result from experience, and an attentive observation of men and manners.

In former addresses of this nature, I have either descanted upon and recommended the cultivation and expansion of that system of English education, which is peculiar to this Seminary, or, I have pointed out to your predecessours the path of moral and religious conduct which they ought to pursue.

As those addresses have been published, and probably have been perused by you, I shall in the present, in order to give variety to the form, chiefly confine myself to the recommendation of those branches of English literature which should most particularly engage your attention upon leaving this Institution; and also to the no less important subject of manners or external deportment.

The elementary principles of a *complete English education*, which you have here acquired, form the most solid foundation for the establishment of useful and estimable character.

Though some of you may continue to pursue scholastick studies, and, in the cultivation of the languages, and the various scientifick branches of a University education, prepare yourselves for one of the learned professions, yet the majority of you will, in all probability, immediately engage in the active scenes of life, by endeavouring to make yourselves acquainted with the operations of commerce, or the exercise of those professions which admit not of studious retirement, and allow but little leisure for attention to scientifick or Belles Lettres subjects. Some portion, however, though small, will always be found, and by an inquisitive and laudably ambitious mind eagerly embraced; under which circumstances, you cannot I think more agreeably or advantageously employ those golden moments of mental indulgence than by an alternate attention to the following subjects, which the knowledge you have now obtained of *Grammar*, of the principles of correct *Composition*, of *Elocution*, *Geography*, *Natural History*, and *Logick*, has particularly qualified you readily to investigate and ardently to admire. Let it however always be remembered by you, that though the elementary principles of the branches just mentioned, are now actively alive in your minds, yet that a collision with other subjects, and a short period of inaction, will, without some care and attention, soon enfeeble and finally perhaps extinguish them. I therefore earnestly recommend it to you frequently to review the course of study you have just completed, and accustom yourselves to apply the rules and principles of the various subjects, as often as opportunities occur. Examine, for instance, every sentence which you write, and when time will permit, every one you hear or read, by the laws of *Syntax*, with respect to its government, of *Orthography* with respect to its spelling, and division of syllables, of *Etymology* with respect to its formation and of *Prosody* with regard to its accentuation, emphasis, quantity, pause, and tone; and if it be poetry, by the established laws of versification. Let every species of *composition*, every

geographical description, every *production of nature*, according to its proper classification in the kingdom to which it belongs, every *act of reasoning*, every effort of *Elocution*, be respectively brought to the test of such rules, as you have been here taught to consider the criterion of perfection in those several branches of science. In fine, consider the elementary principles you have now acquired, as the seeds of their respective sciences, sown in your minds, which, without the most vigorous attention, and assiduous cultivation, will be choaked, and rendered abortive by the various avocations of the world: the deceitfulness of its pleasures, the corrosive anxieties awakened by its disappointments, and the flattering expectations excited by its promises, all tending to stimulate the operation of the passions, and thereby to retard the progress of scientifick or literary pursuits, by interrupting that composure and serenity of mind, and disturbing that leisure and retirement, which are indispensably necessary for their promotion. The first and most rational source, both of entertainment and improvement, during the hours of leisure, or relaxation from the peculiar avocations of that profession which you may be preparing yourselves to exercise, is *reading*. And of the various subjects which will offer themselves to your attention that of HISTORY is unquestionably the most useful, and therefore the most important. In that you see, as in a mirror, a correct delineation of the human mind, the operation of its most active principles, and the natural effects of that operation.

Hence you are taught and encouraged to improve and to imitate virtuous, and justly to detest and guard against the errours of unprincipled and vicious characters. You will be convinced of the indispensable necessity of strong and energetick *government* to restrain, and of pure and undefiled *religion* to regulate the passions of men, and to produce that real liberty which is calculated to promote and secure the peace, the prosperity and happiness, both of individuals and of society. And the unavoidable evils and misery resulting from that romantick and licentious species of political association, which would depend upon the strength and voluntary exertion of human virtue, without those powerful checks and obligations which always have and ever will be found necessary to enforce obedience to the dictates of right reason, securely to curb the frenzy of faction, and effectually to restrain the "madness of the people."

Rollin, Millot, Hume, Robertson, Ferguson, Rapin, Smollet, and Lord Clarendon, are among the most celebrated of our historians for importance of subject, perspicuity of narration, and elegance of diction.

"It is not, however," says Plutarch, "in the most distinguished achievements that men's virtues or vices may be best discerned, but very often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, will distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sieges or the most important battles."* Your attention, therefore, should often be directed to *Biography*, in which the minute details of private life, and the daily occurrences and familiar conversations of individuals, more justly portray the natural operations of the human mind, and mark with clearer discrimination the diversity of the human character, than that studied regulation of conduct which is to be expected in those transactions which are recorded by the pen of the historian.

Another species of composition to which I would recommend you frequently to direct your attention, is the *Epistolary*. Letters being substitutes for conversation, ease, simplicity, and colloquial gracefulness, are in them essential characters of excellence: and the perusal of such writings promotes facility of expression and rapidity of thought. By the reading of well-written letters, you will insensibly acquire a freedom of style both in writing and conversation, which will render your communications agreeable

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* Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

and satisfactory to yourselves, and pleasing and interesting to others.

"The writing of letters," says the celebrated Mr. Locke, "enters so much into all the occasions of life, that no gentleman can avoid showing himself in compositions of this kind. Occurrences will daily force him to make use of his pen, which lays open his breeding, his sense, and his abilities, to a severer examination than any oral discourse." The most perfect models of a correct and elegant epistolary style are those of Cicero, Pliny, the celebrated Howell, Lady Rachel Russel, of Pope, Gray, Sterne, Swift, Addison, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Mr. Cowper, and though last, not least, the attick and highly polished epistles of the late learned and accomplished Dr. Beattie. As these effusions of genius and good sense cannot fail to improve your taste, they will at the same time preserve and strengthen your morals, an assertion which cannot be applied to every production of this kind which has received the sanction of publick approbation.

Poetry forms a third branch of composition which will naturally claim, and ought certainly to obtain, a considerable share of your literary leisure; but here the field is so extensive, and its productions so various, that within the limits which propriety prescribes to this address, I cannot possibly descant upon the peculiar merits and defects of each species.

The *Epic Poem* constitutes the most dignified and consequently the most interesting. Such are the Iliad of Homer, the Æneid of Virgil, and the Paradise Lost of Milton. To which I may add a modern production of this kind, which has in no degree adequate to its merits, received the tribute of publick attention and applause. I mean the *Calvary of Cumberland*. In this finished performance, the essential properties of the epick poem are well preserved, and forcibly exemplified.

Of *Didactick* Poetry, the Georgicks of Virgil; Dr. Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health; Pope's Essay on Man; Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination; and that fervid effusion of genius and science, Dr. Darwin's Botanick Garden, are the most conspicuous. The beautiful and interesting episodes which ornament this latter work, and of which this species of poetry is peculiarly susceptible, are introduced and supported with singular propriety and elegance.

The simplicity and delicacy of *Pastoral* Poetry has been most successfully expressed by Pope, Addison, Phillips, and Shenstone who certainly bear the palm among the writers of English Pastoral. To these may be added the Idylls of Gesner, who, in this region of the Muses, "soared with no middle flight," and who is justly styled the German Theocritus.

Of *Lyrick* Poetry, Dryden, Collins, Gray, and Warton, afford the most polished specimens. *In the elegiack* department, Hammond, Gray, Collins, Lyttleton, and Mason, are conspicuous. To these I must add, with peculiar eulogy, the pious, the sententious, the energetick Dr. Young, whose *Night Thoughts*, are in my opinion, the next best book to the Bible to be found in any language; teaching in the most pathetick and impressive strains, the great art of living, and which is of infinitely more importance, the greater art of *dying* well. In them is depicted, though with a sombre pencil, an exact view of human life; and notwithstanding the loose, unconnected assemblage of ideas may afford to the fastidious critick some ground for censure and for cavil, yet they will ever communicate the highest degree of pleasure to a mind susceptible of devotional feelings, and possessed of genuine sensibility.

Dr. Young's Night Thoughts are an invaluable treasure, and so long as truth and undefiled religion are held in estimation, will be the inseparable companion of the serious and refined sentimentalist, the correct moralist, and the real Christian.

Of *Descriptive* and *Allegorical* Poetry, Thomson's Seasons, Denham's

Cooper's Hill, Pope's Windsor Forest, Cowper's Task, Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and the Allegro and Il Penseroso of Milton, form examples inferiour to none in our language.

Fontaine, Gray, Moore, and Langhorne, have given to the world the best *Poetical Fables.*

The foibles as well as the vices of mankind, are the proper objects of *Satire*; and in this department, Swift, Pope, Young, Dryden, Butler, Churchhill, and Gifford, lead the van.

Essays are a species of composition particularly adapted to short and occasional intervals of leisure. They are written upon all subjects, and can always be selected to suit the humour of the moment, whether gayety calls for amusement, contemplation for moral reflection, literary observation for criticism, or chagrin and vexation for ridicule and satire. "Thus," says Vicecimus Knox, a celebrated modern essayist, when speaking on this subject, "thus is Idleness rendered attentive, and the listless moments of leisure improved with the advantage of study, unmixed with the toil of formal application. The saunterer is deceived into employment, and the vicious, the dissipated, the busy, are insensibly allured to the indulgence of literary and philosophical contemplation."*

Beattie, Knox, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Mackenzie, Hawkesworth, and Aikin, are among the best essayists in our language.

While upon this topick, I recommend certain subjects and authours to your attention, I think it also my duty to caution you against those which may prove injurious. Beware of *modern novels.* Though some of them may afford innocent and refined entertainment, they are in general "full of deadly poison," intended to insinuate into the mind, under the mask of amusement, such principles as are utterly subversive of sound government, correct morals, and true religion; and at best, are but trifling apologies for the murder of time.

* Knox's Essays, No. I.

In this occupation of *reading*, as well as in every species of employment, let it be your constant endeavour to observe as much *method* as possible. This wonderfully facilitates and promotes both our progress and success in any pursuit, while it cherishes a lively consciousness of the rapid flight of time. In the course of your biographical reading, you will find, that some of the greatest men, and most eminent literary characters, were strict adherents to method, in the arrangement both of their studies and avocations of business, of whom Dr. Samuel Johnson and Sir William Jones, two of the brightest literary ornaments of modern days, exhibit exemplary proof in their diaries.

Let your *amusements* be regulated by the dictates of sound reason, inspired by just sensibility of the value of time, the importance of knowledge, and the dangerous influence of relaxation in the pursuit of it. The mind cannot indeed endure uninterrupted application to serious and important subjects; it becomes fatigued by action as well as the body; and, like it, must be soothed and invigorated by occasional repose. Objects, therefore, of a lighter nature, and such as tend to please the imagination and exhilerate the fancy, must be resorted to for that purpose: in doing which, the greatest danger is, that as amusements are generally calculated to operate upon the passions, they may be suffered to acquire undue influence, and divert the mind from such a degree of attention to the claims of duty, as is essentially necessary to give stability to resolution, efficacy to operation, and dignity to character. Let, therefore, all your amusements be of the most innocent and temperate kind. Avoid excessive indulgence in any pleasure, and vigilantly, firmly, guard against and reject all that may have the smallest tendency to levity or licentiousness. Remember that youth is the most favourable season for the acquisition of knowledge, for the obtrusive cares and corrosive anxieties awakened by an intercourse with society, will damp the ardour of pur-

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suit, and paralize the energies of thought.

With respect to your *External deportment* let ease, gracefulness, politeness, and affability, be carefully studied and supported by you towards all; uniformly observing towards your parents and superiours, the most affectionate and respectful demeanour; by which you will render yourselves admired and beloved. To the former your debt of gratitude can never be cancelled, even by your most active solicitude and attention. To them you are indebted for preservation, nourishment, and protection, during the helpless years of infancy, and childhood; and will ever in them find the truest friends and most disinterested counsellers: you are bound therefore to make every possible exertion for the promotion of their comfort, the gratification, nay, the anticipation, of their wishes.

To *Inferiours* let your behaviour be always mild, condescending, and amiable, that they may neither be discouraged by superciliousness, nor disgusted by austerity; and particularly endeavour by the gentleness of your manners, to conciliate the respect and attention of *servants*; always remembering, that the condition of servitude is, in its best estate, severe, and humiliating; and should therefore be alleviated as much as possible by the exercise of kindness, and all the "small sweet courtesies of life;" regulating your conduct by the golden rule of Christianity, to act towards them in the same manner, as under a change of circumstances you would wish them to observe towards you.

In your dress, study to avoid the extremes of foppery and slovenliness. Neatness of attire, and cleanliness of person, always designating the true gentleman, while the former are the invariable indications of a weak and frivolous mind. In all your communications, whether oral or written, observe the most scrupulous and inviolable attachment to truth. The propensity to embellish and exaggerate every representation, or to amuse by fictitious narratives, particularly where the narrator himself is introduced, is a contemptible ebullition of vanity, which the moralist, the scholar, and the gentleman, will ever despise and avoid. "Truth," says Dr. Johnson, "is the basis of all excellence; it has an intrinsick and unalterable value, and constitutes that intellectual gold which defies destruction." "Accustom your children," said that illustrious moralist one day to his friend Mrs. Thrale, "accustom your children invariably to observe the strictest attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars: if a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; for when once, though in an apparently trivial instance, truth is violated, it is impossible to know where deviation from truth will end." Let nothing, therefore, young gentlemen, ever tempt you to swerve from it in the smallest degree.

This scrupulous adherence to truth in narration, will induce, as intimately allied to that branch of moral honesty, an equal delicacy of attention with regard to the *fulfilment of engagements*, and the *keeping of appointments*. Punctuality should be ranked by moralists among the virtues. Its observance upon all occasions, prevents the prodigal waste of that inestimable talent time, and wonderfully facilitates and promotes the execution of business in every department of life. The celebrated Melancthon, one of the wisest and most amiable men of his age, informs us, that when he made an appointment, he insisted, "not only that the hour, but that the minute should be fixed"; that the day might not run out in the idleness of suspense, or be wasted in the criminal insipidity of doing nothing. To this scrupulous regard for truth, and this strict observance of punctuality, add *the most rigid and uninterrupted vigilance against indulgence in the use of profane or indecent expressions, or allusions*, for, independently of the impiety and immorality attached to them, they are the most unequivocal

indications of a vulgar and depraved mind, delicacy of sentiment and purity of expression being indispensable qualifications in a *gentleman*, and the natural effusions of a correct and well informed understanding. To a mind justly impressed with a sense of the immaculate purity and transcendent greatness of the Deity, and of the imperfection and responsibility of man, nothing can be more disgusting than the use of oaths and execrations in familiar discourse. It is recorded of the Hon. Mr. Boyle, a distinguished philosopher and exemplary Christian, that he never mentioned the name of God, without a solemn pause, indicative of the most profound and reverential awe.

Another principle which I am particularly anxious to awaken and establish in you, is, *tenderness to animals*. It is a proof of a cowardly and ignoble disposition, when, from a sense of superiority, we tyrannize over inferiour animals; more particularly when we exercise cruelty towards them by inflicting pain. True magnanimity and greatness of mind are shown in protecting and cherishing those who are subjected to our control. He who is possessed of sensibility of heart, without which no character can be truly amiable, will always consider that

"The poor insect which we tread upon,
In corp'ral suff'rance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

SHAKSPEARE.

"I would not," says Mr. Cowper,

"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the publick path,
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will turn aside and let the reptile live."

TASK, B. 6.

Of similar excellence is the thought expressed by a late celebrated Sentimentalist, who represents a benevolent character as gently putting away and thus addressing a fly, which buzzed about and disturbed him: "Go, poor insect, why should I hurt thee, this world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me."—*Sterne.*

These are the dictates of genuine benevolence, and that fundamental precept of the christian religion, given to regulate our conduct towards each other, applies with equal force to animals of an inferiour order.

As you value the correct formation of your character, and the acquisition of that knowledge which it will be necessary for you to obtain, in order to exercise with honour and advantage the profession you may wish to adopt, cherish I entreat you, a *spirit of subordination and patience of control*. You have now attained that period of life, and have acquired that degree of information, which will qualify you to commence the study of any profession you may have a predilection for, provided it does not require a previous knowledge of the learned languages. When therefore, you enter the counting-house, or the office of any professional character, remember that you are yet young, and must submit to be guided in order to learn how to govern. It was a spirit of pride and insubordination; a pestiferous idea of *equality*, which instigated the rebellion of the great seducer of our species; and has since, in human society, proved the bane of social and political happiness. None are better qualified to govern well, than those who have previously learned the nature of subordination, and a reluctance to comply with its peculiar duties, in those who are called upon to fulfil them, is an unequivocal indication of a weak and narrow mind, but a cheerful, assiduous, and even an anticipating performance of the wishes of those to whose care you are intrusted, will assuredly conciliate their esteem and affection, and by thus rendering yourselves useful to them, engage their *interest* on your side, which is one of the most powerful motives of operation, which exists in the human breast. As it is probable that many of you will attach yourselves to mercantile pursuits, I advise you to become *theoretical*, as well as *practical* merchants, that is, read judicious treatises upon commerce, and those subjects

which are immediately connected with it, that you may have correct and expanded views of the various branches of your profession, and not degrade, as it is too generally the case, the dignified character of a real merchant, into the merely mechanical one of a *trader*, or *pedler*, which is but another name for a merchant, without a mind.

Whatever your situation in society may be, *resolve never to be idle*, when not engaged in active pursuits, suffer not your attention to sleep, but direct the energies of your mind to intellectual improvement. "A taste for polite literature, and the works of nature and of art," says a sensible modern writer,* "is essentially necessary to form the gentleman, and will always distinguish him more completely from the vulgar than any advantage he can derive from wealth, dress, or titles. Those external decorations without those refined manners, which proceed from a proper study of books and men, serve only to render his ignorance more conspicuous." Let no hour, therefore, pass unimproved, consider the value of the passing hours, the uncertainty of life, and the consequent importance of activity and zeal. For

"What moment's granted man without account?"

Every thing around us, and in which we are engaged, gives striking intimation of our mortality. The ordinary course of nature, both in the animal and vegetable world, loudly proclaims it. Each rising and each setting sun calls on us to prepare for a descent into, and a resurrection from the tomb.

——"Each night we die,
"Each morn are born again! each day a life!
"And shall we kill each day? if trifling kills,
"Sure vice must butcher! Oh! what heaps of slain
"Cry out for vengeance!"
Night 2nd, 286.

A due degree of reflection on these points will not only render you attentive to the duties attached to that state of life in which it hath pleased God to place you, but will always lead you to see and consider the value of *religion*. And here, my beloved youths, I am inclined to wish for more than mortal powers, that I might convince you of its importance, and compel you to cherish it.

The occurrences of each succeeding day, must forcibly remind you of the rapid flight of time, and of the uncertainty of human life. The dictates of reason and the assurances of divine revelation teach you that there is a future and eternal state of existence, into which you *must* enter, after the present short period of trial is finished; and that the nature and condition of that existence will be happy or miserable, according to the tenour of your conduct here: or, in the language of Holy Writ "according to the deeds done in the body." What infinite importance does this reflection give to the span of human life? and how does every other object shrink into insignificance when compared with that one thing needful—a preparation for Eternity! Surely the great, the uninterrupted business of life should be, to qualify ourselves for death and judgment. Surely the pleasures, the interests of this world are "trifles light as air,"—are nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity, when compared with those awfully interesting and inevitable events.

"One eye on Death and one full fixed on Heaven,
Becomes a mortal and immortal man."
Night 5th, 838.

Be not deceived, then, by the delusive calls, which will assail you on every side, but, resolutely and wisely determine to pursue that course of conduct which will recommend you to Almighty God, and induce his blessing here, and his favourable reception of you hereafter. Let not the goading impulses of *Sensuality*, the seducing smiles and flattering blandishments of *Prosperity*, or the "iron scourge and torturing hour" of *Adversity* ever induce you to forget, for a moment, or relax in the pursuit

* Mr. Thomas Henry, F. R. S.

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of your real and eternal interests, but

"With wisdom mark the moment as it flies,
"Think, what a moment is to him who *dies*."

And, by a frequent perusal of the precepts contained in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, by a daily intercourse with your Heavenly Father, through the medium of prayer, by a constant and regular attendance upon publick worship, and an observance of the ordinances of that Church to which you belong, endeavour to establish those habits of Piety, and that uniform correctness and solidity of conduct, which will unquestionably procure the favour both of GOD and Man. Avail yourselves of the privileges of the Gospel Covenant. Be Christians, not in name only, but in deed and in truth.

Accustom yourselves daily to reflect upon your past conduct, and compare it with those fixt and eternal principles of rectitude, which Reason and Religion enjoin. Remember that

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
"To ask them what report they bore to Heaven,
"And how they might have borne more welcome news."

Night Thoughts, B. 1.

Let a conviction of the omnipresence and omnipotence of the Deity be unceasingly active in your minds, and also that you are rational, and, consequently accountable beings: that your thoughts, words and actions are registered in Heaven; and, awful reflection! that the issues of *Eternity* depend upon the actions of *Time*.

With the expression of these sentiments, I offer you my most ardent wishes for your prosperity and usefulness, accompanied with that publick attestation of your diligence, while students in this Institution, to which the exercises of this day have, I trust, sufficiently substantiated your claim.

The following is a copy of the Certificate given:

In TESTIMONY of the zeal and industry with which A. B. has pursued, and the honourable proficiency which he has attained in the studies of Grammar, Writing, Arithmetick, Composition, Elocution, Natural History, Geography, and Logick, in the Philadelphia Academy, under my tuition, of which he has given proof by a publick examination this day:

And also in testimony of my affectionate regard and sincere wishes for his future prosperity and usefulness, I have granted him these presents.

Dated at Philadelphia, the thirtieth day of July, A. D. 1807.

JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D.
Director of the Philadelphia Academy.

Each of the following young gentlemen received a certificate, viz.

JONAS BARNETT
CHRISTOPHER HARPER
THOMAS HOCKLEY
MICHAEL ISRAEL
EDWARD KING
WILLIAM KIRKHAM
JAMES LINEHAN
MAURICE LINEHAN
GEORGE RICHARDS
CHARLES TAWS
SAMUEL THOMAS
WILLIAM WAGER.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq.

Mr. Cooper's reputation as a poet arises from his translation of the *Vers Vert* of Gresset, and his original poems conceived in the spirit of that and some of the elegant poets of France. This part of his works shall form the subject of a separate paper. In concluding the present, the principal

poem that deserves our attention is his *Father's Advice to his Son.* In the *Tomb of Shakspeare*, &c. there appears nothing above mediocrity: Of two songs one is vulgar and the other vapid; but the *Father's Advice*, though the sentiments are sufficiently commonplace, deserves to stand in the highest reputation for the extraordinary sweetness of its numbers, and that tender cadence which is consistent with the design of the poem. This elegy is an imitation of the old song to Winifreda, with which Mr. Cooper brought the publick acquainted in his *Letters on Taste:*

Deep in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted Muse's moan,

A swain, tow'rd full-aged manhood wending,
Sat sorrowing at the close of day;
At whose fond side a boy attending
Lisp'd half his father's cares away:

The father's eyes no object wrested,
But on the smiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
These accents trembled from his tongue:

My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
My prattling innocent, attend!
Nor fear rebuke, nor sour displeasure!
A father's loveliest name is friend.

Some truths, from long experience flowing,
Worth more than royal grants receive:
For truths are wealth of heav'n's bestowing,
Which kings have seldom power to give.

Since from an ancient race descended,
You boast an unattainted blood,
By yours be their fair fame attended,
And claim by birthright to be good.

In love for ev'ry fellow creature,
Superiour rise above the crowd;
What most ennobles human nature
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

Be thine the generous heart that borrows
From others' joys a friendly glow,
And from each hapless neighbour's sorrows
Throbs with a sympathetick wo.

This is the temper most endearing,
Tho' wide proud pomp her banners spreads,
An heav'nlier pow'r good nature bearing,
Each part in willing thraldom leads.

Taste not from Fame's uncertain fountain
The peace-destroying streams that flow;
Nor from Ambition's dang'rous mountain
Look down upon the world below:

The princely pine, on hills exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
By winds, long brav'd, at last assaulted,
Is headlong whirl'd, in dust to lie.

Whilst the mild rose, more safely growing
Low in its unaspiring vale,
Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
Exchanges sweets with ev'ry gale.

Wish not for Beauty's darling features,
Moulded by Nature's fondling pow'r;
For fairest forms 'mong human creatures
Shine but the pageants of an hour:

I saw the pride of all the meadow,
At noon, a gay Narcissus blow
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloom'd in the silver waves below:

By noontide's heat its youth was wasted;
The waters, as they past, complain'd;
At eve, its glories all were wasted,
And not one former tint remain'd.

Nor let vain Wit's deceitful glory
Lead you from Wisdom's path astray;
What genius lives renown'd in story
To happiness who found the way.

In yonder mead behold that vapour
Whose vivid beams illusive play,
Far off, it seems a friendly taper,
To guide the trav'ller on his way;

But should some hapless wretch pursuing
Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
He'd find, too late his rashness rueing,
That fatal quicksands lurk below.

In life, such bubbles nought admiring
Gilt with false light, and fill'd with air,
Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
To Peace, in Virtue's cot, repair;

There seek the never-wasted treasure
Which mutual love and friendship give;
Domestick comfort, spotless pleasure,
And bless'd and blessing you shall live.

If Heav'n with children crown your dwelling,
As mine its bounty does with you,
In fondness fatherly excelling,
Th' example you have felt pursue.

He paused—for, tenderly caressing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expressing
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now, Night her sable mantle spreading,
Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,
And, dank dews from her tresses shedding,
With genial moisture bath'd the ground,

When back to city follies flying,
Midst Custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd;
His face, array'd in smiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind;

For seriously around surveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human stage,

(Peaceful himself, and undesigning)
He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,

And felt each secret wish inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.
Yet, to whate'er above was fated,
Obediently he bow'd his soul;
For what all-bounteous Heav'n created,
He thought Heav'n only should control.

This poem will not bear the ordeal of verbal criticism, which is what, however, every poem should. Its appeal is to the heart, and there it will always find a favourable judge. The construction of the sentences is sometimes awkward; as that beginning *Now, Night;* and there is one serious contempt of syntax:

I saw the pride of all the meadow,
At noon, a gay Narcissus blow
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloom'd in the silver waves below.

The poet means, that the shadow of the *Narcissus* bloomed in the silver waves below; but he says, that it was the shadow of the *river's bank.*

From the Boston Repertory we lately copied, with applause, an extract which we thought pertinently applied to the character of the man, whose pacifick polity has involved us in disgrace, and may occasion still more dishonour. In the works of my Lord BOLINGBROKE, we have just perused the following remarks on the private and publick character of James I. We think that he is revived in America.

While he neglected the affection and sought the reverence of the publick, he lost one, and was disappointed of the other. His private and his publick character both fell into contempt. *Learning* was the part on which he valued himself. This he affected more than became a king, and *broached in such a manner as would have misbecome a schoolmaster.* His pedantry was too much even for the age in which he lived. It would be tedious to quote the part he took in the conference at Hampton Court, and in the theological wrangles between the Gomarists and the Armenians; or to attempt to prove, by some instances, what appeared in all his words and actions. Let us only observe that the ridicule which he excited was just; because *the merit of a chief governour is wisely to superintend the whole and not to shine in any inferiour class;* because different, and in some cases, perhaps, opposite talents, both natural and acquired, are necessary to move, and to regulate the movements of the machine of government; in short, because as a good adjutant may make a very bad general, *so a very great reader and writer too may be a very ignorant chief magistrate.*

This monarch, moreover, was so fond of peace, *or rather so afraid of war, that he disarmed his subjects before he had provided for their security. He stopt them in the course of doing themselves justice, before he was sure of obtaining reparation for their past losses.* The impressions which such a proceeding must make *on the minds of a trading people,* are easily felt. What protection, therefore, and much less what encouragement to trade could be expected from a prince, who began his reign by *sacrificing the mercantile interests of his people to hostile nations, to the mean arts of false politicks, and even to his fears.* But *he was always afraid where no fear was, and bore dishonourably what he might have resented safely.* We are not to wonder if conduct, pusillanimous like this, soon brought the king into contempt, mingled with indignation, among a people, *eagerly bent on commerce,* and in whom *high notions of national honour* and *a gallant spirit* had been infused and encouraged.

When we consider *the multitude of his proclamations,* the nature of some, the object of others, and the style of all, we must of course conclude that he meant to cajole the nation. He was deceived. The spirit of liberty baffled all his designs. This spirit was not only alive, but vigorous and active. But the salutary exercise of this spirit, he, virtually, was always counteracting. By *foolish embassies* and *ridiculous negociations, he gave time and furnished advantages to his enemies.* In short, *not only the principles of his conduct were wrong, but the measures of his government composed such a series of blunders as we seldom find in history.*

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ELOQUENCE.

For The Port Folio.

Oration on the character of General Hamilton, delivered by Mr. Benjamin J. Bostock, at the late commencement in the University of Pennsylvania.

The Oration is here given as originally written, a few alterations were made in the delivery.

In reviewing the events of the times that have gone before us, and tracing o'er the pages of history, the revolutions of empires, the eye is wearied with a vast expanse of misery and depravity. The amiable and social qualities of man glide silently in sequestered streams, and, as they excite no wonder, and produce no important results, they attract no attention from the annalist. It has therefore, perhaps, been truly said that history is a narrative of the crimes and follies of mankind: not that man is really as destitute of virtue as he is there represented, but that he is only exhibited in his worst estate. Tales abound in every page, of bloody ambition, cruel oppression, corrupt faction, and base treachery; but the millions, who have enjoyed the noiseless blessings of domestick tranquillity and social benevolence, as they lived not for the world, were to the world unknown, and are, by the world, forgotten. But even in the boundless scene of human depravity presented by history, we here and there catch an object on which we may delight to rest. Thinly scattered indeed, but highly prominent, we behold men who shine the fair ornaments of our nature, the bright examples of intellect and virtue. Thus the sun-beaten traveller, as he wanders, exhausted, over a dreary desert of cheerless sands, where no blooming shrub relieves his burning eye-balls, no stream is found to cool his parched lips, suddenly beholds the stately columns of Palmyra rising in solemn magnificence "amidst the solitary waste." They remind him of the power and art of man, and give him a generous pride in his species. So stands an Aristides, a Socrates, a Cæsar.

As we have received from antiquity such excellent lessons of virtue, such stimulating proofs of the astonishing powers of the human faculties, it is our glory too, that we shall transmit to posterity names which find no superiour in ancient, no overbearing rivals in modern days. In the first rank, and matched only by our WASHINGTON, stands the name of HAMILTON. The commencement of the American Revolution found him little more than seventeen years of age. But it found him full of that generous sensibility and manly energy which are the sure presages of greatness, and peculiarly fitted him to act an important part in the approaching scene. When the liberty of a people was at stake, the genius and virtue of Hamilton could not slumber. His powers were quickened to an unusual growth by the ardour of his zeal, and his penetrating intuitive judgment gave him all the benefits of experience without the tardiness of its progress. Before the controversy had come to its extremity; before it was resolved to make the awful appeal to arms, and decide the conflict in blood, the talents of our patriots were amply employed in political argument, defending the principles of American resistance, and exposing the tyrannick pretensions of the parent country. Here Hamilton, stripling as he was, but born always to lead whenever he acted, shone most conspicuously. The experience of age wondered at his wisdom, and the ardour of youth was outstripped by his vigour. He was soon to be seen in a new character; to dismiss the pen for the sword, and to assert in fields of carnage the principles he had so ably taught. Here, while the warriour shone in the unblemished armour of dauntless courage, the man forgot not the tenderness of his nature, the sweet benevolence of his heart. Every danger was braved that he might conquer; but he was a protecting shield to the fallen foe. When at Yorktown he was foremost to leap into the intrenchments of the enemy, he was foremost too to stop the work of death and preserve the vanquished. Such rare endowments could not escape the immortal leader of the destinies of our country. *Spirit of Washington!* Can we pass thy sacred name without a tribute of heartfelt gratitude? A flourishing nation is the monument of thy glory, and Heaven the reward of thy virtue. The purity of thy fame turns aside the breath of calumny, and its firmness defies the tooth of time. The waters of oblivion cannot reach its summit or undermine its base.

In the variegated and important life of Hamilton never was he placed in a situation in which he did not surpass all competition, and leave it only to be questioned whether the splendid power of his genius or the amiable excellence of his heart, was most to be admired. To detail the various excellence of this extraordinary man; to enumerate the different stations he occupied, supreme in each; to paint the scenes of mighty moment which were directed by his powers, and ever happy in their issue; to relate the endless tale of his publick usefulness and private worth, would be but to speak of things familiar to the bosom of every American. When they are forgotten, when our hearts shall cease to swell at the recollection of them, justice and gratitude will be banished from the land, and the name of an American be detested by the good of every nation. Behold him at the head of your armies, and you believe he was made only to be a war-

honour. See him in the cabinet; he is the first of Statesmen. Listen to his eloquence, it is the soul of Cicero, warmed and purified with the virtue of Cato. Follow him to the desk of the Financier, amidst the difficulties of that intricate science; he makes the crooked way straight, and turns its darkness into light, combining the labour of Sully, with the genius of Chatham. At the bar, who was his equal in developing the mysteries of the Law, and displaying the dignity of Justice?

If in the bright assemblage of virtues which were collected in the character of Hamilton, any one could be distinguised, it was, perhaps, his Disinterestedness. This pervaded his whole life and gave a loftiness to every situation in which he was placed. No mean or sordid view ever visited that noble heart; no selfish attention to his own interest ever dictated a sentiment or influenced an act. His bosom was the mansion of purity and the channels which flowed from it, however they might wander and err in their course, were never tainted with corruption or poisoned at their source. The unfeigned belief he had in the Christian Religion, not from thoughtless habit, but from a sincere conviction, produced by a candid and laborious search into the evidences of its truth, is at once a testimony of his intelligence and purity, and of the excellence of our faith. He is a bold man who will call that false, which Hamilton pronounced true.

At the successful conclusion of the American Revolution, in every stage of which he had an important agency, when the fever of contest had subsided, we were found to be—an exhausted, distracted, and divided people. It seemed impossible to collect the resources of the country, to bring them into timely action or direct them into productive channels. Jealousies, rancorous jealousies, kept individuals asunder, and fearful rivalships separated the states, each part was afraid of the whole, and no common exertion could be excited for the common good. The eye of Hamilton surveyed this fermenting chaos of ruinous confusion, and he spoke it into energy and order. He raised the voice of wisdom, he dictated in the tones of superiority. He forced the American people to know that their safety was in union; and dispelled the misty doubts, the mean suspicions, which had brought them to the brink of ruin. Sometimes cutting out errour by the root, and sometimes yielding a little to prejudice, his magical influence conciliated interests that had seemed wholly incompatible; assuaged passions that had raged with fury; and brought hostile states into one great design of mutual aggrandizement. How instantly we rose, under his creative hand to a giant's size, the world has witnessed with astonishment.

But where is this man of wonder, this light of the world? Does he live the fairest example of virtue, the resistless teacher of wisdom? No. He has fallen in his course, in the mid-day of his glory has he fallen. Unwasted by the decay of years, untouched by the hand of disease, he has fallen the victim of misguided honour, of ruthless revenge.

Oh! what a rent the envious Casca made,
* * * * *
Seasons return, but not to him returns
Day or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine.

Seldom has the loss of an individual made such a chasm in a nation. The shock of his death was felt at every extremity of the Union. An awful gloom hung on the publick brow, and men looked fearfully on each other. The wrath of Heaven was seen in this calamity. Cease not, Americans, to mourn over the ashes of your Hamilton; cease not to deplore, in profound affliction, the sad hour that took him from you. God grant that the time may not come upon us, which the spirit of Hamilton foresaw, when his loss will be more justly appreciated, more deeply felt. When threatening storms shall rise in the distant horizon, and domestick whirlwinds sweep us as with "the besom of destruction," then we shall look for our protecting angel, and cry, in anguish, for the lost Hamilton. This commanding genius, which could have controlled the fury of maddening factions, and repelled the invading foe, will be sought in vain. A lifeless mouldering form is all that remains of the mighty man. But even this is no mean relick. Youth of America! visit his sacred tomb: it will speak lessons of instruction. Repair to his hallowed ashes: their presence will inspire your hearts with the noblest sentiments. There learn, that virtue, pure, exalted, disinterested virtue, makes the truly great man; and when aided by the powers of genius, places him on the summit of human perfection.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

It is impossible exactly to point out the commencement of such a period as that of the revival of literature. Several gradual steps led in succes-

sion to this desirable event; and the proportional advance towards it was much greater in some countries than in others. In Italy there existed elegant writers formed on the best models of the ancients, at a time when all the rest of Europe was sunk in barbarism. If any one circumstance however, may be pointed out as peculiarly instrumental in propagating liberal and useful learning throughout the western world, it is, perhaps, that of the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in the year 1453, which occasioned the dispersion of learned men, skilled in the Greek language, who carried their knowledge and their books to the places of refuge. Accordingly, we find, soon after this period, a number of translations of the Greek authours as well medical as others, undertaken by the literati of various countries. Medicine gained by this very essentially, as it was freed from the mischiefs of Arabian folly and extravagance by a direct application to the pure sources of the Greeks, and its professors were not less benefited by the acquisition of those ornamental parts of literature, which dispelled the barbarism of their language and formed that union of the character of the polite scholar with that of the physician, which they have ever since, so much to their credit, maintained.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to find that in the opinion of an elegant and judicious critick, Dr. AIKIN, the inferiority of modern poetry to that of what has been commonly called the Augustan age of letters in England is merely the gratuitous assumption of certain dabblers in literature. After the perusal of GOLDSMITH, Sotheby, Bowles, and many other recent poets, we have ever deemed it a stupid charge, which ought to be drowned by all the clarions of criticism. The basis being rotten, the whole superstructure of "X" tumbles to the ground.

All young men, who are disposed to indulge the editor, and *treat the town* with their *ingenious* essays, are most solemnly warned against the hackneyed topicks of envy, avarice, duelling, and seduction. All juvenile writers may be assured that no creature ever peruses speculations of this stamp. The passions of envy and avarice, with their adjuncts and consequences, have been so copiously, as well as beautifully described, by the ancient moralists, that even the learning and genius of Dr. JOHNSON were rebuked, when they superfluously expatiated over this exhausted field. As for duelling, all the wit, reasoning, and eloquence of man will never banish this custom from the creed of the cavalier and the camps of the valiant; and for a boy, a young man, or an old man, to write a single line on the subject of seduction, is a useless labour, nay, an impertinent task, when every day produces such a multitude of volunteers from the *female* world, who take infinite delight in describing the horrours, terrours, and errours of this vice. As love, in their truly accurate and judicious estimation, constitutes *the whole business of life*, whatever emanates from this passion makes a mighty figure in their lively imaginations; and it is a curious circumstance in the history of human nature, that it has always been next to impossible for a woman to write a book, unless a love story, assignations, elopements, the insidious arts of a libertine, or the brutal violence of a ravisher, constituted the important theme. From the immodest Afra Behn to the modest Mrs. Opie, from Lady Mary Montague to the last Lady Betty of the bedchamber, this is their inveterate habit. With them gallantry is a most imposing and showy figure. It is first and last and midst in their minds. While, therefore, they take so lively an interest in guarding themselves and their sisters against the consequences of illicit passion, both young boys and writers of *a certain age*, may leave seduction to be handled by the ladies.

Is "Peregrine" still a wanderer, or so much of *a Pickle* that frolick and fun will not give him time to write?

O. P. Q. has a talent for the *quizzical*, and is *most potent* in parody. He diverts the lounger; and in these yawning days of the dogstar, he who laughs is more welcoe than he who proses, *ever so wisely*.

The oriental poets have not ceased to charm us. After the stimulants we have found in the works of Sir William Jones, we should be ashamed not to relish the productions of Hafiz. We have recently had access to many other Persian bards, by the aid of a Poetry Professor at Oxford, and have the promise of a new glimpse of scenery in Asia Minor. Whatever contributes to enlarge our acquaintance with that quarter of the globe, contributes essentially to use and pleasure.

A very near relation of the late regretted Dr. Nisbet, has afforded us some reason to hope that we shall obtain for publication in this paper a course of lectures on Rhetorick

and the Belles Lettres. Though Blair and Barron have written very copiously on these themes, yet we are perfectly well satisfied that Dr. Nisbet's performance will not prove a work of supererogation. No man understood better than he whatever the ancients have invented, or the moderns have compiled on the subject of eloquence, none was more conversant with every part of the Belles Lettres, and none could impart knowledge with more depth and originality of thinking.

Zimmermann on the tranquillizing effect of Tobaco, writes like one who knows the situation of the *King's stores* at the Havanna, and who can point out with connoisseurship the mighty difference between James's River and Brazil. We doubt not that he consumes at least four boxes of cigarrs within twelve calender months, and is a sort of high priest at the burning altars of the goddess *Fumosa*.

From K. we shall be happy to hear often. In his tour to the east has he seen the wise men? At this season, though he may not be gratified with the society of N. E. yet its solitude is sure to please. A description either of the peculiarities of man, or the beauties of nature, will be interesting to us and our readers.

We wish that the English gentleman, who some time since favoured us with his remarks on the manners and habits of the Robin-red-breast of his native country, will write habitually for The Port Folio. We think well of him and *his associates*. Communications from such sources may be certain of a favourable reception.

We have just received the last number of Salmagundi. We hope we shall find room for The Stranger *at Home*. This same stranger in his ramble through Broadway sees many strange sights, and very facetiously describes his emotions.

FALKLAND from professional and private engagements has been obliged to suspend his speculations on the causes which have retarded the progress of literature in the United States. This interesting disquisition will be resumed as soon as possible.

Our friend D. has faithfully observed his engagement. We regularly receive the papers, and shall take occasion to comment upon their contents in due season.

Mr. BREWER, the sprightly authour of the periodical paper which he calls Hours of Leisure, is very respectfully thanked for the entertainment he affords our readers and ourselves.

During these midsummer days, when people can scarcely keep themselves awake with Rabelais, Sterne, Fielding, and Smollet, we hope that all juvenile scribblers will be mindful not to send us any trash. An essay, at this time, must be very witty and very elegant, to gain even the chance of perusal.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

We send you a few fragments, which are entirely at your disposal. It is probable that those who wrote them, thought them good: and that they were interesting to those whom they celebrate—whether they may be pleasing to the readers of The Port Folio, is for you to determine.

DACTYLE & COMMA.

Exeter, N. H. June 8, 1807.

IMPROMPTU,

On hearing that a young lady painted.

Eliza paints you say?—That fine complexion,
Those cherry lips, those cheeks, that charm the rose,
Were not by Nature form'd so fair and blooming?
The symmetry we see in every feature
In such perfection, even those eyes, that beam
Such melting glances, are improv'd by art?
That fleeting blush, perhaps, that lights her face
With such expression, is but painted there?

But should you hint that those were borrowed charms,
The blush, that rose to tell you of your errour,
Would prove her beauties needed no improvement.
True, she is painted, but "the red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."
She's painted by the hand that paints the rose,
And gives its melting colours to the rainbow.
By Heavens! 'twould be a compliment to say
That she could imitate a face so lovely,
But it would be impiety, to think
Herself a better artist than her Maker,
And strive to mend what he has made so perfect.
Eliza paints! 'twould be "to paint the lily,
To add fresh perfume to the violet."

C.

For The Port Folio.

TO MISS MARY G.

An apology for a Birthday Ode.

You claim a promised ode, your natal day
Deserves from abler pens their noblest lay.

Could I believe you serious, to require
From feeble hands, that seldom strike the lyre,
A task, which abler hands would strive in vain
To execute in a deserving strain?
Should I attempt our happy lot to show,
Should I presume to tell how much we owe,
Who share your sweet society on earth,
To that propitious day which gave you birth?
Though by your smiles inspired, my hand would fail,
To paint the charms that o'er our hearts prevail.
In rural walks, by every charm endear'd,
In social circles too, you oft have cheer'd
With sprightly conversation, or a song,
The happy few, who will remember long
Their present joys, and oft these scenes review,
Where midst the charming, they've been charm'd by you.

Could I bestow the praise your virtues claim,
I'd gladly be your laureat, and the name
Of Mary should awake the trembling lyre,
In concert with the lays her charms inspire.
How far inferiour were the task, to sing
The purchas'd birthday honours of a king!
Compell'd, when noise and pomp announce the day,
The labour'd strain of eulogy to pay,
Repeat the former flattery, newly dress'd,
And still to praise for virtues not posses'd.
How different here! your laureat would impart
The warm congratulations of his heart,
And every charm conspires the strain to raise,
And every virtue justifies the praise.
To tell you this, would be to say no more,
Than you have heard a thousand times before—
For who, while sensibility endures,
Can be insensible to worth like yours—
But should I strive, while inspiration glow'd,
To tell your merit in a birthday ode,
Even those who knew your excellence before,
Would call it flattery from the dress it wore.

Forgive me then that I the task decline,
Which would require an abler pen than mine.
'Tis true I promis'd; who can e'er refuse,
When you demand a tribute from the muse?
But oft a promise bids us hope for joys,
Which the performance instantly destroys;
From expectation often we receive
The pleasure which fruition fails to give.
Since then to promises so much we owe,
I would not by performance overthrow
Anticipated joys, but leave you still
To cherish hopes my strains can ne'er fulfil.
In fancy you this merit may commend,
But once possess'd, their value has an end.

C.

For The Port Folio.

PORTRAIT OF THE MISER.

Buried within their sockets' safe retreat;
Two glimmering orbs maintain their ancient seat;
Long watchful nights, suspicion, care and dread,
Compress'd their size and curtain'd them with red:
Large guardian brows, in aged tufts descend
And o'er the cumbrous, watery eyelids bend:
The bony bulwark front, projected hence,
Short, narrow, wrinkled—emblem of his sense!
Swell'd by no culture ere it harden'd thro',
Now binds the shriveling brain as narrow too:
From the deep brow the crooked nose takes birth,
Pointing with plodding love tow'rd mother earth;
While the small nostrils take an upward course,
By avarice urg'd with unresisted force.
Deep cunning marks this never-failing trait,
Companion of the miser's sordid fate—
O hateful feature in an infant face!
The type of future misery and disgrace;
For with thy growth the subjugated soul
None of the milder virtues can control,
A firmness (had it but a better cause!)
Projects one lip and both compactly draws;
Yet silent habits force the corners down,
To aid the expression of a kindred frown:
Small, pointed, narrow, and projecting thin,
A skin-clad bone completes the feeble chin—
How far remov'd from that enormous jaw
Whose sensual pleasure is the only law!
His plodding head, which oft to fortune stoop'd,
Submissive still, beyond his shoulders droop'd
And, tho' with age it nodded o'er the grave,
Still urg'd its plans some farthings more to save.
Behold the miser's portrait, which at best
Is but a feeble copy and undrest!

R. P.

Epitaph on John Flint.

Beneath this stone lies *John Flint*,
If he gets up the devil's in't.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, August* 8, 1807. [No. 6.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Should you be of opinion that the following remarks on *Travel* merit a place in your instructive and interesting repertory, the authour will be sensible of the honour; if the contrary, he can feel no mortification at their refusal.

Your constant reader and admirer,

POUSSIN.

TRAVEL.

THE ancient Stoicks had an idea which has been revived and beautifully illustrated by the virtuous Fenelon, that mankind, in the eye of their creator, form one republick, in which the various nations are by him esteemed as so many families, differing in happiness as they have cultivated or neglected those talents which he has given them. Viewing us, therefore, as one grand republick, how evidently is it the duty of nations to preserve an amicable and social intercourse; and the individuals of every state to consider one another in the light of friends and citizens of the world?

An acquaintance with the various modifications assumed by the human character in different nations, and under different governments, tends in a greater degree to inspire a liberality of sentiment and generosity of disposition, than perhaps any other species of human knowledge. The bigoted and illiberal prejudices of nations or individuals who have had but little or no intercourse with the world, are such as almost to draw a tear from the eye of Philanthropy, and strongly to prompt us to lend our vigorous endeavours to the dispersion of that mist of prejudice which still hovers over a large portion of the human race. The partial intercourse of the Chinese with the world, is the only ascribable cause of the little progress which they have made in refinement, literature, and science; so entirely abstracted and insulated have these people been from the rest of the world, that superstition, ignorance, and the most illiberal prejudices, characterize them both nationally and individually. Hence it is an apothegm with them, that "the Chinese themselves *only* have two eyes, the Europeans one, and all the rest of the world are stone blind." Such opinions are the offspring of ignorance, and prevail in every country which has had little or no intercourse with the rest of the globe.

To avoid such contracted notions, and in order to cultivate a proper estimation for the human character, we should visit foreign countries, make ourselves acquainted with their laws, polity, customs, their institutions, *civil*

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and *military*, mark the different traits of character, the proportion of talent and genius displayed under the different governments, and the physical operation of climate, customs, and manners, on the constitution and mind of the people we visit. These are subjects, which, to an intelligent traveller are highly interesting, both as they afford information and pleasure.

We find that travelling, as a method of acquiring valuable and ornamental knowledge, was considerably practised by the ancients. Many of the philosophers and statesmen of Greece travelled into Egypt, Persia, and other countries, with a view of gaining a knowledge of their institutions, policy, and literature. The sage Pythagoras, the philosopher Thales, the amiable Solon, and many other great men of antiquity, though they possessed all the Grecian patriotism, were too liberal to think Grecian products *alone* valuable. They sensibly thought that if foreign laws and customs were really better than their own, it would be absurd to despise them, and to reject them, because foreign, would be preposterous. The conquest of Greece gave the Romans a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the science and literature of that country. From this period, we may establish the era of Roman refinement: Athens and Rhodes became the fashionable schools for the Roman youth of fortune; and philosophy and eloquence, laws and manners, in time, almost entirely suppressed that military ardour and enthusiasm which for so many centuries had so strongly characterized them.

One of the strongest duties of humanity among the Grecians was the kind and hospitable reception of travellers. The peculiar care of Jupiter, says Homer, are the poor and strangers, and so far was this idea extended, that the inhospitable treatment of strangers is enumerated as one of the crimes which induced Deucalion's flood. To be sure we find by a law of the great Spartan legislator, all intercourse with foreign nations was absolutely inhibited, but the very nature and constitution of that policy, which aimed at the formation of the physical rather than the moral character, was such as to require the adoption of such an inhospitable measure. The Achian decree which prohibited the Macedonians from a free egress and ingress into their territories, was so unpopular among the rest of the Grecians, that it was called "*execrabilis, velut desertio juris humani*," a detestable dereliction of the laws of humanity.

This courteous entertainment to strangers tended in no small degree to humanize and meliorate the mind. A fellow feeling and philanthropy were induced as nations became better acquainted with each other, and science and learning were diffused as national jealousies and prejudices were dissipated.

As a branch of education, travel has one grand object in view, viz. the refining and correcting our store of ideas gained at home, by an actual inspection of those things which were the objects of our investigation through the medium of books. It may be considered impossible to perfect ourselves in various branches of science, unless we unite our observation with study; from books we may acquire the theory, from travel the practice. "I am fully convinced," says Rousseau, "that with regard to observation of every kind, it is not enough to read those of others, but we must make observations of our own." Rousseau was a faithful observer of nature, he possessed a soul delicately formed, and a sensibility which intuitively felt the impressions of beauty both natural and artificial; he was fully persuaded that though books afford materials for a strong and permanent superstructure, yet the "*monumentum ære perennius*" is only to be raised by a vigorous exercise of our judgment, by a diligent observance of men and things, and a constant application of rules and principles, to subjects as they present themselves.

This can only be effectually done by travel. The great volume of nature is then opened to our view: men,

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manners, customs, laws, nature, art, are all displayed, under the most happy circumstances, for our investigation. We may then learn, not only to apply the principles of taste and science, but in time may so far accomplish ourselves as even

To snatch a grace beyond the rules of art,

and, ascending on the wings of genius and imagination, feel a triumphant independence over our books, the instruction of preceptors, or the dogmatical rules of the schools. A useful and pleasurable end of travel, is the satisfaction and improvement which are received from the *picturesque* beauties of nature. This species of travel, to a mind naturally fond of contemplating nature, and one richly cultivated with a knowledge of this species of beauty, affords a perennial source of delight and satisfaction, whilst it expands the mind and accustoms it to view things through a philosophical medium, which amplifies all their beauties, and shows them to the greatest possible advantage.

A mind insensible to the picturesque beauties of nature is devoid of one of the grandest sources of pleasure. The blind man has presented to him the happiest colouring of Titian, the air resounds with the harmonious notes of the most able musicians, but the blind is insensible to the finest tints, the most exquisite *chiaro scuro*, and the deaf is perfectly unconscious of the melody of sound. How great their privations! for they

Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his the relish of their souls.

But this insensibility proceeding from organick defect, excites our most tender commiseration; but when this is not the case, it ought to raise our lively indignation, since it very generally proceeds from a want of that intellectual melioration which tunes the cords of sensibility, and makes them vibrate in the sweetest unison at the contemplation of what is beautiful or grand in nature.

The *object* of picturesque travel is that species of beauty which is mostly confined to the works of nature, and consists rather of the grotesque than the simplicity and regularity so constantly to be found in the works of art. A craggy rock covered with moss and shrubs, a ruffled lake, a massy oak extending its rough herculean limbs over the rolling waters of a river, a distant view of mountains, contrasted with those immediately under the eye, are objects peculiarly attractive to the picturesque observer. So also are the works of art in *certain positions;* and provided they be grand and massy, and the polish of the artist be worn off by the keen edge of time. But artificial objects become particularly picturesque, when in a ruinous and shattered state; the cities of Rome or Paris cannot be said to present picturesque beauty, but the ruined relicks of Balbeck or Palmyra afford, no doubt, the finest specimens of the picturesque, that the world produces. The *objects* of picturesque travel are not more numerous than the sources of *amusement* which it affords us.

In viewing objects from a distance, a pleasing anticipation accompanies us as we gradually approximate to them. Those gained, new ones are constantly rising, as we change our horizon: so that we are always in the pleasing state of actual fruition, and delightful anticipation.

But the effect is inexpressibly fine, when a grand and beautiful scene *unexpectedly* opens to our view. I remember once to have been particularly gratified in this way. The effect was so strong as still to leave on my mind the most sensible impressions of my feelings. The road over the Green Mountain is rough and through a wood almost impervious to the sun. The road was entirely intercepted and the eye confined within a narrow passage formed by the trees on each side. Suddenly, an extensive and beautiful valley, where

" Fair handed Spring unbosoms ev'ry grace,
" The Seasons lead in sprightly dance
" Harmonious knit, the rosy fingered hours,"

burst upon the view. The meadows were luxuriantly green, its fertile plains are watered by bounteous streams, which issue from the surrounding mountains. The yellow harvest, the bounteous orchard, the rich tufts of trees, the neat cottages, the browsing cattle, all united to form the most pleasing variety: the sun was occasionally obscured by dark passing clouds, which cast a gloomy, but sublime shade on the distant mountains: a general tranquillity prevailed, and the very trees and air seemed to say, that this is the vale of content, in which its happy children "wander in the gardens of fragrance, and sleep in the fortresses of security." The sudden transition from a narrow and confined view, to one presenting such united beauties filled my soul with enthusiastick sensations of delight, the pleasures of retirement crowded upon my mind; solitude with all her charms were before me, and, in the language of the great Shakspeare, I could scarce refrain from exclaiming

"Has not old Custom made this life more sweet
"Than painted Pomp? are not these woods
"More free from peril than the anxious court,
"And this our life exempt from publick haunt
"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
"*Sermons* in stones, and *good* in every thing."

These are by no means the only sources of amusement derived from picturesque travel. By the aid of memory we can clearly delineate to the "mind's eye" the beautiful and sublime scenes of nature, with such additions and combinations as a fertile imagination may form. So we may also derive considerable pleasure from embodying on canvas such ideas and impressions as nature has inspired. This species of travel also frequently affords us scenes peculiarly calculated to raise in our minds a useful train of moral reflections as to the wisdom and perfection displayed in their formation, so also, forcibly to point out the mutations effected by time on the face of nature, and strongly to prompt us to reflect that we ourselves are mortal and must inevitably submit to that monarch, to whom the proudest works of nature and art will at one day yield. What is better suited to the inspiration of serious thoughts han the contemplation of the mouldering battlements of an ancient castle, the ivy-covered collonade, musty and black with age, tottering on its once solid base, a vast expanse of country once the scene of busy action, now desolate and forsaken, the venerable walls of a richly decorated temple, now the haunt of savage beasts and reptiles. These are the scenes which fill the soul with awful, sublime, and useful reflections. Viewing these we naturally ask after those busy beings who once inhabited them. Where are the great and mighty nations—the Persian, the Grecian, Roman, and Carthagenian? Where is the irresistible fire of Grecian, the mellifluous strains of Roman eloquence? Where are the lordly cities of Rome, Athens, Thebes, and Palmyra? swallowed up in the vast ocean of time, scarcely leaving a vestige of their former existence. The same train of reflections leads us to inquire, what has become of the fine spun theories, the proud philosophy, and subtle opinions of Aristotle, Plato, Ocellus Lucarnus, Diogenes of Appolonia, and even the sage Pythagoras! they have met with that destiny to which all human systems are liable. These are the pleasures and these the advantages which present themselves to the intelligent and reflecting picturesque traveller. But the beauties of nature are far from being the sole object of travel. The *Virtuoso*, another species of traveller, finds innumerable objects to improve and delight, which, perhaps, to the picturesque traveller would afford but few charms. The museums, galleries, and libraries of different nations are the *Elysia* of the *Virtuoso*.

The musty piles of ancient manuscripts, the curious productions of nature and art, the valuable specimens of modern and ancient painting successively claim his attention. The rusty coins and medals of former times both agreeably and usefully em-

ploy him in decyphering their obscure inscriptions. But a painter secures the most of his attention. The master pieces of the celebrated painters, both of ancient and modern times, the wretched imitations of which he had so frequently contemplated with great satisfaction, are now before his raptured eye. That which he has learnt in theory, may now be reduced to practice, and he may then, with pleasure, judge of those distinguishing characteristicks of the schools, which, before, he was under the necessity of taking for granted from those who before had contemplated these with the same degree of pleasure. The sublimity of conception which marks the pieces of Michael Angelo, the pathos, character, and design which point out Raphael, the richness of colouring which peculiarly belongs to Titian, and the grace and harmony which dwell on the pencil of Corregio, are all at one view presented to his delighted eye; he now judges and thinks for himself, and is enabled to correct those mistaken ideas which necessarily result from mere reading or the contemplation of such copies as are in general circulation. From the Gallery of Paintings our virtuoso may proceed to admire those exquisite specimens of statuary left us by Agathias, Polydorus, Agesander, &c. The Venus, the Apollo, the Borghese Gladiator, the group of Laocoon, the Germanicus, are all before him; not the miserable imitations which we find anywhere and everywhere, but the originals themselves, conceived and executed by those *Atlantean* geniuses of antiquity.

We may consume the midnight oil in studying the best works in sculpture, we may with the most inquisitive eye, examine the most celebrated copies of the productions of the ancient statuaries, yet a refined and correct taste for the exquisiteness of the originals, cannot, in this way, be acquired. The only way of correcting our mistaken ideas, of improving our taste, and giving us a true relish for the genuine beauties of sculpture is, to examine the originals, and attentively to observe, how far our ideas, gained from books, &c. approximate to those which arise from the contemplation of these valuable relicks of ancient genius.

Another subject which solicits the attention of the traveller is the admirable specimens of civil architecture both ancient and modern, to be found in the different cities of Europe. By the assistance of books and proper plates, there can be no doubt but that a considerable progress can be made in this pleasing and useful science. The antique, ancient, gothick, and modern architecture, are all handsomely illustrated by the various authours who have treated on this subject. But yet no one will pretend to deny, but that a survey of these fine specimens of architecture, from which the plates are drawn, would give us many ideas which never could have been gained from books. It is with architecture as painting; the only way of becoming a correct judge is by studying the originals: for though the conception of the Roman, the colouring of the Venetian, and the harmony of the Lombard schools, be as correctly copied as the nature of a copy, by an inferiour artist, will admit, yet there is beyond question, a certain something which the *tout ensemble* of the original expresses which cannot be transfused into a copy: so with Architecture, the admirable proportions and harmony of the originals can never be delineated on paper. Scamozzi and Vitruvius may expatiate on the firmness and strength which characterize the *Dorick*, the beauty and delicacy of the *Ionick*, and the magnificence and exquisite proportions of the *Corinthian* and *Composite*, but these authours can never give us that *correctness* of taste, which, with an eagle eye discovers every minor fault, and gives us a true sensibility to all the beauties of proportion and design. This correctness of taste is only to be acquired by studying most of the finest specimens both ancient and modern: therefore such as are desirous of being more than mere amateurs of the fine arts, must travel, for books

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will never accomplish them any more than *theory* will make a great chymist or physician. A foundation is to be laid by reading; the superstructure, ornaments, and polish, can only be the result of travelling.

Among the different species of travellers, none perhaps are more conspicuous than the *incurious*. These insensible beings, led at first by an ephemeral curiosity, to visit foreign countries, or sent by their too fond parents with a view of acquiring those graces which Nature had denied them, find themselves in one of the large cities of Europe as much at a loss and as completely out of their element as if they were among a class of beings essentially differing in nature from themselves. The *curiosities* of the city afford them no pleasure; they occasionally excite their amazement, but the impression is so slight as to offer them no inducement to seek for others. This state of listlessness, this *tedium vitæ*, leads them on to other cities. The same unhappy disposition accompanies them; for wanting resources in their own minds, and incapable of affording pleasure or instruction to the people through whose country they pass, they meet with that neglect which mortifies self love, humbles their pride, (an offspring of their ignorance) and is a constant source of the most unpleasant disquietude; for we find that foreigners but seldom extend their hospitality to others than such as can benefit them in some pecuniary way, or such as having accumulated a rich store of diversified knowledge, can render themselves interesting and instructive companions. Thus it is, that in the space of a couple of years, many of our young gentlemen who ought to have been employed in the solution of Euclid's Problems at home, or making themselves acquainted with the geography of their own country, visit foreign ones, pass through their *post roads*, and *principal* cities, and return as great dunces as they went. Others, inclined to dissolute company, become soon initiated into the destructive but fascinating gayety of Paris and London. Every species of dissipation is courted with avidity, and having wasted their constitution, debased their minds, and disqualified themselves for every generous and noble sentiment, they return to their country, most unworthy citizens of it, and to their father's house useless members. It is certainly a gloomy reflection that parents too generally, instead of considering travel as a mean of acquiring the ornament and polish of a valuable education, send their sons abroad with a bare smattering of knowledge, and sometimes scarcely this, ignorant of their own country, and still more so of the laws and polity of others. They are then only fit to learn the vices and fopperies of Europe, while every valuable end of travel is sure to be neglected, and instead of deriving benefit, they are often completely disqualified for any future occupation.

The impropriety of sending a youth upon his travels till he be well acquainted with his own country is obvious. A curious anecdote is related of Lord Burlington, who, if a man of sensibility and ingenuousness, would, no doubt, after this occurrence, have willingly acknowledged the impolicy of sending young men abroad before their minds are well stored with useful ideas which they may give in exchange for those received from foreigners. My Lord, upon his travels in Italy, was in company with a gentleman to whom he had recommendatory letters. Examining the architecture of a church, he warmly expressed his admiration of the beauty and elegance of the structure, and was desirous of taking a sketch of it. His friend informed him that this trouble would be unnecessary, since the model from which it was taken was in London. My Lord not a little surprised at this information, was still more so on being informed that it was St. Stephen's Church, near the Royal Exchange, and the acknowledged master-piece of Sir Christopher Wren. My Lord no doubt had passed this Church a thousand times, but unaccustomed to observation, the

gant proportions of this structure had never excited his attention. Thus it is that

Abroad to see wonders the traveller goes
And neglects the fine things which lie under his nose.

Lest our young men in their travels, should meet with a similar mortifying evolution of their real ignorance, I would strongly urge them to become acquainted with the geography of their own country, its laws and constitution, its population, manners, customs, &c. This, together with a rich fund of other valuable ideas, will be their best recommendation to polite and refined society; and though they should not meet with those imaginary Princes, Dukes, and Lords with whom many of our travelled foplings boast of associating, though perhaps they had seldom been out of Grub-street or St. Giles, yet they will be sure to be courted by such sensible, virtuous, and polished society as the nature and genius of our government point out to us as more suitable than that of Princes, Lords, or Dukes.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page 59.*)

The man who joins to the happy talent of observation the art of drawing useful inferences and deductions from what passes before him, derives instruction from every circumstance, and information from every incident: he resembles a skilful navigator, who becomes able, from the experience that he acquires, to construct a chart of the bearings and distances of the land, the rocks and shoals, tides and currents, in the channel of human life.

This experience is, however, valuable only as it serves to direct us in our pursuits, and guard us against the mischiefs and dangers of errour and vice; it will, properly employed, point out to us wherein our true interests consist, and establish in our minds the beautiful consistency and perfect harmony of truth; a principle that pervades all creation, and is to be traced through all the various modifications of nature; the true talisman of Oromanes, that bestows the only real happiness; an effect constantly perceived, and acknowledged, when truth directs, and which instantly abates when we become slaves to errour; a test of its existence and excellence established in every page of the changeful history of man.

The knowledge of truth is not confined to any description or condition of men; it is alike open to the peasant and to the scholar; it has so plain and simple a character, that it is tacitly understood and assented to by all. The philosopher will find the same rules of moral conduct apply in every diversity of situation, and the same parity of reasoning established: he may trace an analogy in all the appearances of nature, and in the works of art: he will everywhere find truth, the great principle of the universe, like the glorious sun, darting its rays into obscurity, and filling every space with its benign influence.

In humble life the happy peasant draws his morality from nature, and finds a few simple rules sufficient to instruct him in his duty, and to preserve his contentment.

But in the busy and complicated scenes of life a more enlarged experience is required; we must call in to our assistance the judgment of those who have safely gone the same passage before us, and from their observations shape our intended course.

Let our lot in life be cast where it may, we shall still find certain principles that will not fail, and that will guide us safely through all the changes of circumstance, clime, and country.

If we take a view of the great scale wherein Kings, Princes, Statesmen, and Warriours, are in action, we shall find, that truth alone is estimable; and that, after all the blazon of victory, the parade of pomp, and the intrigue of courts, the happiness of man is the best philosophy, and to give and continue that happiness to society the truest policy.

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In the less exalted walks of life, nothing more is wanting to create a degree of rational happiness than the establishment of those truths which, by their value, keep man to man, family to family, and country to country, till the whole become united in a general and beautiful harmony, which little interests and designs could scarcely disturb, and would never be able to destroy.

Every man has an opportunity to establish right principles in his mind; neither profession nor accident can exclude him; he cannot be shut out from the truth. Chuse our metaphor where we may, we shall find a lesson to profit by. Truth and falsehood are so distinctly marked by the gracious Creator, that we cannot easily, though we may wilfully, mistake one for the other.

The inimitable Gay makes his shepherd moralist derive his knowledge from simple nature; but I am about to introduce two moralists of a different description, who each of them derived their experience of life from its analogy to their particular professions; and as I was much entertained by the arguments they used, I shall present them at once to the reader.

They were seated in the parlour of a country ale-house, near a sea-port town, into which I had accidentally entered to take a glass of ale. The principal of these philosophers was in a jacket and trowsers, and named, as I afterwards found, Tom Binnacle: the other was a scene-painter, scene-shifter, and candle-snuffer, to a strolling company. I found each of these philosophers warmly contending for a superiority of what is called a knowledge of life. "As for the matter of that," cried the sailor (as I entered the room), I believes as how I knows as much of life as any lubber on shore. Why, an't life like a trip to sea? and an't a man just for all the world like a ship? an't we lanched into the world, and an't the Doctor the Master Attendant, as you may say? and then larning, what is't but so much ballast? When the masts are in, and the rigging's over head, and the sails bent, don't we get ready for sea, without knowing whether we should cast to port or to starboard? All hands up anchor a-hoy. Fresh breezes and fair, away we go before the wind, eleven knots an hour; To be sure, not knowing how to steer, we yaw about now and then. Steady as ye go now! Port a little! Starboard. Then an't we fond of spreading too much canvas? Stand by the top-gallant-haul-yards and jib-sheet; ruh! let go. What of that? we'll carry sail till all's blue again: hand the top-gallant sails, my boys; now the wind comes right a-head, and a rough sea; come my hearts, never mind, 'tis only working to windward a little; tack and half tack; helm's a-lee; fore-sheet, fore-top-bow-line, jib, and stay-sail-sheets let go; to be sure, sometimes, in light winds, we miss stays, and then away we go to leeward, like a bag of sand against tide; or mayhap we may work well up, weather the point of Distress, and get into smooth water. Many hard gales we must encounter; but if we know how to hand, reef, and steer, we needn't care a jeffy about the matter. The chief thing, you see, is to keep the vessel in trim, that she mayn't be too crank, and upset, or carry too much ballast, and turn out a heavy sailer. Then we should know how to take in a reef, when occasion requires it, and even lay-to under a balance mizen. What's the rudder, but Truth? and Reason's the compass; and happy's the honest tar who knows the true course to Happiness, and lays as near it as he can. To be sure, there will always be a little variation and lee-way. For my part, I don't see any great difference between your sea-matters and land-matters. Who has not been aground in his life-time? Who is it that has not mistook the channel? and how many have got into the straits of Poverty and could not warp out? There was poor Jack Stunsail was working off a lee shore all his days, and at last got land-locked in a spunging-house, where he went all to pieces; but you see as how he didn't know the soundings, and the rocks were close under his lee before he saw the breakers; so you know

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the world was a stage, and all the men that was for want of a good look out." —I don't know how long the honest seaman would have continued his strain of metaphor if the scene-shifter hadn't interrupted him. "I'll allow," cried he, "all you say to be just; but the great Shakspeare"—"I can't say I know him," returned the sailor; "but I'll venture to lay a dollar, he don't tell me the main-sheet from the fore-top bow-line." "Ay," cried the stroller, "if you was but to hear his description of a sailor's sleeping at the tip-top of the mast in a storm, you'd be delighted."—"Sleeping where!" (cried the sailor, starting up)—"I'll repeat the lines, with your permission," returned the scene-shifter; which he did with a degree of theatrical effect of voice and action that showed he had occasionally filled higher parts than his modesty had presumed to mention:

"Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
In deafening clamours on the slippery shrouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes."

"It may be all very fine, (cried the sailor, opening his eyes and mouth as wide as he could) but I can't say I understand a syllable of the lingo, though to be sure it puts me in mind of a Master Jemmy of a Midshipman we had on board the Arethusa, who once called out in his watch, "Maintop there, extinguish that nocturnal illumination!" (meaning the top-light); but the devil a Jack understood him, till Bill Clewline hallooed out in our way, "Douse the glim." As for sleeping upon the top of the mast, I can't say; though I have laid my head many a watch upon a dry swab on the forecastle, and slept like a porpoise. But I suppose he meant the fore-top, of which I have been captain many a time."—"Well," cried the scene-shifter, "let's return to our argument. I was only going to remark, that Shakspeare said, that "all and women in it merely players;" for the truth of which I will vouch: for I leave you to judge, Mr. Binnacle, whether, having filled the different situations of call-boy, property-man, scene-painter, scene-shifter, candle-snuffer, &c. &c. I ought not to know a good deal of the machinery of life; enough at least to convince me, that the world is nothing but a grand pantomime, or a farce, at best; where every one has a trial-part, and but few get a good engagement, though all aim at being in the *front* of the stage, and to *under-study* each other, to come into their places when occasion offers. Malice, Envy, Detraction, are always at the *wings*, and many side-speeches are made without the help of the prompter. Your great statesmen, don't they understand stage-trick as well as we do? though to be sure they are out sometimes as to the *effect;* and an't there always plenty ready to do *all sorts of business* to get in with the manager? There, too, a great deal is done behind the curtain, and pieces got up at great expense, to amuse the publick. Who would succeed in the world, if they didn't *dress* for the part they are to act? and what would merit avail, without scenery and decorations? How many gags do your tradesman publish in their bills, to bring full houses? and what is not done in all situations, to get the approbation of the publick?"—"Mayhap (cried the sailor) all this may be very true, but plain-sailing's best after all. You see, your knowledge of life is nothing but to curry favour with the officers, and to turn honesty and merit before the mast. Now give me the knowledge that teaches a man the right course, as our chaplain says, who is a devilish good fellow for a parson, to be sure. But come, the grog's out; here, landlord!"—I took this opportunity to retire, impressed with the most lively ideas of the honest seaman's just and proper notions of life, and convinced, that entire ignorance, as to this great article of human happiness, is rarely found in any situation.

(To be continued.)

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ELOQUENCE.

For The Port Folio.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

The following Ironical Oration will be perused with delight, by that correct description of scholars and gentlemen, who are the disciples of experience and practical wisdom, and who deride the absurdities of licentious innovation. The ingenious authour, it will be perceived, is an ardent friend to that system of education, so successfully taught in all the great schools of England, and which has made her Oxford and Cambridge famous among the nations. That truly classical mode of teaching youth, which prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth, "produced," says Dr. Knox, "a MANLINESS OF MIND which caused the English character more nearly to resemble the Roman than at any subsequent period of British history."

For this useful and witty sarcasm, which has none of the vulgar features of most of our American harangues, particularly those of the *July* stamp, we are indebted to the politeness and friendship of Dr. Andrews, the learned and liberal vice provost of the University of Pennsylvania, whom we mention with honour, because *we know* that he is a most judicious instructor of the youth who are entrusted to his parental care, and because to the judgment of a logician, he adds the correct taste of a classical scholar, the sound principles of an orthodox clergyman, and the urbanity and social qualities of a man of the world.

Having incidently mentioned the University of Pennsylvania, we should be indifferent to the charms of profound and polite literature, if we did not commend this seminary. We have not the honour of an acquaintance with Dr. Mc Dowell the provost, but "report speaks goldenly of his profit" and we believe him to be "a scholar, and a ripe and good one." As far as we can learn he is a very accomplished instructor. Some of the junior preceptors, we understand, are excellent classical scholars, and while the guardians of this temple of learning persevere in directing much of the attention of their youthful wards to the brilliant models of ancient Perfection we shall cordially wish that such judicious preceptors may have all that Fame and Liberality can bestow.

The Natural History of a Batchelor of Arts, an Ironical Oration, delivered at the Commencement, by John Somers.

It has been frequently lamented, that men who have made the greatest noise and figure in the world, have seldom left any memorial of their early years; whence it has happened that we can scarcely tell who were their fathers or mothers, to the great detriment of literature and honest fame. As it is impossible to foresee in what sphere I may hereafter distinguish myself, it has been thought proper that I should embrace the present favourable opportunity of communicating to the publick as much of my past life as they are interested to know. In doing this, I hope to escape the odious imputation of *egotism;* for you must have observed that egotism is disgusting only when it occurs in small quantities and on improper occasions, while a work from end to end egotistical, may be innocent and amusing. Expecting, therefore, your kind indulgence, I proceed with my history. The happiness of being born towards the close of the 18th century, so celebrated for illustrious and learned men, I enjoyed in common with thousands. But I had the additional advantage of being the son of a very great philosopher, who bent the whole force of his genius to render my education as complete as possible. The plan of my studies was projected by himself, and filled up under his inspection.

In the 6th year of my age I was sent to school to a famous Abecedarian, who had acquired great celebrity by a new method of teaching the Alphabet, the secret of which was this, that he made his pupils great scholars, without once exciting in their minds a suspicion of his purpose. As the merits of his plan was beyond the comprehension of ordinary minds, his pupils were all the children of the better sort of people. On going to school I found them divided into several classes according to their respective talents. One class were learning the Alphabet by casting dice; another by playing cards; a third by lottery. Whether it was in compliment to my father's philosophy or my own genius, he instituted a new class for my sake, and taught us the letter through the delightful medium of natural history. I cannot recount the whole of his system; but *B* was the ox's letter and introduced me to the natural history of that quadruped; *R* was the dog

letter; and *S* the snake's, which it exactly resembled in shape and sound. Our whole school came on surprisingly, and I am persuaded that for cards, dice, lottery, and natural history, few scholars would compare with us; even at a time when, had we clubbed our literature, we could not have made the twenty-four letters among us. In about six months we had learned the alphabet, and although several others had learned it in less time, none had ever learned it more perfectly.

As soon as I had learned to read, my father and my teacher seemed to vie in their care that nothing but the most sublime sentiments and eloquent language should meet my eye. The Spectator, the Rambler, and such books were never out of my hand. Yet to whatever cause it was owing, I could neither relish nor understand these works. There happened to be in the neighbourhood a school of a lower gradation, I mean the scholars were notthe children of wealthy parents, and this master had not distinguished himself by any extraordinary discovery in the art of teaching. Yet as the lads were excellent playmates, I frequently mingled in their sports, and soon found that their school was a magazine of curious literature. From them I borrowed successively and read the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, Robinson Crusoe, the Pilgrim's Progress, and several other books of similar character.

And from the moment I began to read them, I improved surprisingly, while the honour of my progress was ascribed to the genius of my teacher, and my father's judgment in selecting suitable books for me.

Having mastered prose, I entered on a regular course of poetical reading. Young's Night Thoughts, Milton's Paradise Lost, Addison's Cato, and Shakspeare's Plays, books which all who visited our family declared to be standards of style and sentiment, were now furnished to me. The reading of them, however, proved the most irksome of all our literary drudgeries, and created in my mind a nauseating disgust of poetry and poets, for I was too young to be charmed with what I did not understand.

One evening in our sports, a playmate from the other school asked me what I was reading. Something said I they call poetry. O that is fine, cried he! Fine! it is all nonsense, exclaimed I, and they threaten to set me to something they call heroick poetry. I am sure it will kill me. Ho! cried he, with rapture, if you had my little hero Jack Horner, you would never tire of him. Darling fellow, (plunging his hand into his pocket and pulling out a little tattered volume). Here he is.—I opened it at a venture, and the first lines that struck me were these. I shall never forget them:

Jack Horner, he a giant killed, one Gillitantes stout,
As great as ever man beheld in all the world through-out,
His lips they opened like two gates, his beard hung down like wire,
His eyes were like two pewter plates, he breathed like smoke and fire.

Never did poetry so inflame my fancy. I begged and prayed and obtained the book for the night, and read it over and over. Gay's Fables, and whole bundles of tales and ballads I in like manner borrowed and read, and in a short time was not only able to read any poetry which came in my way, but had begun to write verses myself.

It was some time after this, as my father was reading the newspaper at breakfast, that he fell upon an advertisement of a new school by a teacher from some place far away, who engaged to communicate the knowledge of arithmetick to young lads of genius in six weeks. Six weeks! exclaimed my father aloud, I spent a year at arithmetick, but I always thought that there must be some more compendious road to science. This is certainly a man of genius. So prepare yourself, said he, turning to me, for a new school. If you learn arithmetick in six weeks, you may be as great a philosopher as Newton before twenty.—To school I went; and must this day declare, that arithmetick was, if not the most difficult, at least the most absurd study I was ever engaged in; for I learned to *do* every thing, but *knew* nothing. Of the thousand perplexities I got involved in, I shall mention only two, because they were the first that occurred. One day having summed up a column in addition it amounted to 109. What shall I do master? said I. Set down the 9, said he, beneath the column. And what shall I do with the 100? Carry 10 to the next column. And what shall I do with the 90 that are left. Give yourself no trouble about them. But I cannot afford to lose 90 out of 109. Go on sir, said he; Sir Isaac Newton would have done just so; I warrant the question will prove. The next case was in subtraction, where I was directed to borrow 10 and pay but 1. But master, said I, is that honest, to borrow 10 and pay only 1? Every merchant does so, said he. (Not all, I hope, replied I; bankrupts may do so). It is done in every counting-house; all the banks keep their accounts in that way. But is it honest? cried I, a little warm. Go on sir, was the reply: if you must be satisfied on such points, your six weeks will become more than as many months.—You may be sure I was glad to be done with arithmetick. I rode post, and was well content to be done with the jolting.

A new era now commenced in my life, which involved a deeper interest than any preceding period. I therefore bespeak your indulgence, at least your pardon, for treating it more in detail. The case is simply

this: My father, who was determined that I should be a scholar at all points, was engaged most profoundly in projecting the plan of a classical education for me: Not, said he, that I think it of any real use; but when every gentleman struts with a sword by his side, it is necessary that one who would keep their company should at least show a good hilt; for if he be prudent enough never to draw, it is no great matter whether the blade be lath or steel. There was a singularly unfortunate fatality that attended all my father's projects, and I verily believe, had a comet been necessary to ripen his cabbages, he would scarcely have sowed the seed till it had appeared. Just at this conjuncture there hove into our horizon a most prodigious classical professor, who advertised to teach active young men as much Latin and Greek as was necessary, in 12 months, and should they continue six months longer, a great deal more. This was just what we wanted. For why, (my father would say, why should not a brave genius scale Parnassus like a fortification, right forward. I hate your saps and slow approaches. The teacher was accordingly sent for, that my father might examine his plan, when the following dialogue took place:

You profess, sir, to teach as much Latin and Greek as is necessary, in 12 months: Now I wish to know how much you really think is necessary; for, to tell the truth, I do not imagine it can be a great deal. Why sir, replied the teacher, it depends entirely on the future station of your son. I will, therefore, with your permission, run over all the learned professions, and show what is necessary for each. Should your son pursue literature as a scientifick gentleman, it is necessary that he should be able to translate a Latin motto. Should he become a physician, he must be able to read or write a Latin recipe. Make him a lawyer, and he must know the Latin names of certain legal instruments, such for instance as *fi. fa.* and *capias*. But should you devote him to the church, I cannot exactly say how much he will need. I presume, however, less will do.—I have another question, said my father, What is the new system of education of which you profess to have the secret? It is, said the professor, and I wonder it should be reserved for my discovery at this late age of the world, I teach the languages on Nature's plan, without the incumbrance of grammar. Nature, sir, (continued he, raising his voice) Nature has taught all her children all that they need. She has taught the lion to *roar*, the ass to *bray*, the nightingale to *sing*, and to man she has taught articulate speech. But when did she ever teach a grammar school? Your son has learned English without grammar; I propose to teach him Latin and Greek in the same way. He will thus escape that mass of subtleties and rules which break the back of Memory, blind Judgment, cripple Fancy, and throw all the nicer wheels and springs of the brain into such inextricable confusion.—I am satisfied, cried my father, hastily. The perfection of language consists in speaking fluently without attention to grammar rules. So you propose to begin where others end, and when people must meet in one point, the shortest road is unquestionably the best.

To the new classical school, therefore, I went, and commencing with Virgil for the purpose of securing a pure and elegant Latin style. For six months I laboured away; but Nature had cast me in an unhappy mould; for every plan laid for my education was, in proportion to its wisdom and profundity, unsuited to my genius. I absolutely despaired of ever learning the Latin; and all from the revolutionary state in which I found the words, and the disorderly manner in which they were sowed up and down in sentences; for if I found my knife at one end of the table, I was almost sure to be sent to the other to search for my fork; and so mutable were the words, that you might meet them twenty times a day in as many different dresses: they had no less than 36 ways of calling a thing, white or black, or good or bad.

I perceived that all this arose from certain mutable tails which they set on and took off at pleasure, and like a clown in a country dance at every step and turn I was foul of somebody's train. Master, said I, I have found it out at last; if you will give me some rules by which I may manage those tails, I will soon learn the language. Rules, cried the master, amazed, rules! would you have me to teach you grammar? that is not my plan, sir. Then, cried I, despondingly, I know as much Latin this day as I shall ever do in my life. Oh! cried, he, if you find it so difficult to learn the language on the simple plan of Nature, what would you do in schools where your memory would be burdened by a thousand rules of grammar.

Fortune, they say, is blind, but she always directed me better than Philosophy. Playing one day in the streets (of Philadelphia), before a large bow window, in which stood a great many bottles filled with red and green liquors, I picked up a little square bit of paper, which seemed to have been perforated through the middle with a rusty nail. The oddity of the characters excited my curiosity to read it. It ran thus:

Recip. Pulv. Sal. Rad.
Mann. Opt.
Aq. Font. quant. lib.

I instantly saw it must be Latin; but I dared not to risk a conjecture farther, but carried it to my father—He read it over and over—At length, lifting up his eyes, my son, he

claimed, what is this? Had this manuscript been dug up out of Herculaneum, or found among the ruins of Palmyra or Persepolis, had it been found at Egypt or in a Catacomb at Rome, it would have been adored as one of the most precious relicks of antiquity. It is nothing less than a manuscript written in the true original Latin, without the more modern terminations. And I have no doubt that this discovery will constitute a new era in literature. I hope the day will come when nothing but this original Latin shall be taught in the schools: when those sonorous terminations, the clumsy contrivance of vain and noisy orators, will be forgotten—Grammar will then be as unknown as it is useless—An authour will write Latin as easily as English; and should any one fancy to dress up his productions in the costume of the Augustan age, he will only have to send them to a workshop, one of which may be kept for the purpose in each of the principal cities, and have the proper terminations, or, as you call them, tails set on by paying for them by the dozen: One advantage accrued from this discourse, that by learning to venerate the Augustan Latin less than I had done, I soon acquired as much skill in it as I judged requisite.

The old outline of education was, in several important points, abridged in my favour. My father would never hear of logick. If you want man to reason, he would say, let him alone: the worst pair of legs ever Nature formed are better than wooden ones. Of moral philosophy he held an equally diminutive sentiment; if to do unto others as we would they should do unto us, be sufficient in practice, he contended that it must be sufficient in speculation. Metaphysicks provoked his contempt; the whole system will become obsolete, he would cry, as soon as chymistry shall have convinced the world that man has no soul. But of all subjects the laws of nations put him mad. Laws of nations! he would exclaim; nations, no doubt, will have laws as soon as they shall love themselves well enough to be just to others. Nations will have laws when they cease to have fleets and armies. Till that day comes, let the student of the laws of nations enter a military academy. There my clue runs out. After all the expense of thought laid out on my private education it was determined to send me to some famous college or university. He must have a degree, said my father. It is the fashion. Besides the truth and modesty of the title is exemplary—For batchelor, implies courtship, but by no means infers marriage. I therefore entered the University of Pennsylvania: here I found every advantage I could wish. A superb edifice, spacious and airy rooms, learned professors, and a board of trustees to superintend my progress. Of my literary proficiency the best evidence is my present appearance before you.

But I must bid you adieu—Farewell Trustees, farewell Professors, farewell fellow-students, farewell friends and well-wishers: As soon as dubbed I must go forth in quest of adventures. Should splendid achievements, or virtuous endurance emblazon my future name, the historian will find in this speech the first chapter of my history. But should unpropitious circumstances refuse to make me the man of future ages, your love and favour will console me while I live; and at death I shall repose in silence among those mute and inglorious sons of Genius whose situations did not correspond with their intentions——Adieu.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

There is room to fear, that the race of those perfect beings incapable of weakness and invulnerable to vice, who are armed at all points, and cased in virtues, as the knights of chivalry were in mail, has entirely failed, as well as that of those tremendous giants, void of every virtue, and replete with every vice, who lived in the same ages;—till these opposite extremes, men entirely good or completely wicked, appear again, we must be contented with that mediocrity of character which prevails, and draw mankind as we find them, the best subject to weaknesses, the worst imbued with some good quality.

Nothing is more unfeeling than a fop, nor any animal more selfish. A ball, a horserace, a new dancer, the latest fashion, interests him more than any thing of real importance. The mind of a fop, regardless of what is valuable, attaches itself to those trifling objects only which the vortex of fashion whirls within its reach. Nothing of moment can adhere to what is so essentially flimsy. Like rubbed amber, the fop without influencing any

substance of weight, attracts all the straws and chaffs that are near it.

Andrew Borde, a physician who flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century, published, in 1547, a medical work, entitled *The Breviarie of Health*. It has a prologue addressed to physicians, which begins in this curious style: "Egregious doctors and masters of the eximious and arcane science of physick, of your urbanity exasperate not yourselves against me for making this little volume."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot resolve the doubts of P. The object is dimly seen through the shade. It is a question which has long divided the wise and perplexed the good.

"Poussin" paints with a lucky pencil. He and "Apelles," who, by the by, has not the industry of his namesake, might if they please, furnish many pleasing sketches for The Port Folio.

The Oration, in which the lamented Hamilton has been so pathetically and so elegantly apostrophized, is another proof of the genius of its authour. We regret that we could not assign it a more conspicuous place, and print it with a bolder character. But the elegant eulogist of such a person as HAMILTON need be under no apprehension of neglect. Our friend will be always listened to with pleasure when he raises his forensick voice, and his compositions will be perused with attention whether the type be minute or large.

We have perused the manuscript of CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq. and declare distinctly that it is strongly indicative of the literary talents and ambition of its authour. It exhibits more proofs of learning and research than one could reasonably expect to discover in a young man whose mind is frequently distracted by worldly care. We advise him to hearken very attentively to the suggestion of his foreign friend, and for the present restrain at home the impatience of an authour. The *time is out of joint;* and it imports both his love of profit and applause to wait for halcyon days.

The authour of the poetical article entitled the Oath, the ladies will pronounce an affectionate lover, and we pronounce him a bard of promise. Unless we be greatly deceived, he belongs to a family of genius.

To our great joy we have at length obtained what we have long anxiously desired, when casting a longing eye at the rich hoards of literature. By the kindness of one of the executors, we have been favoured with some of the precious manuscripts of the late Dr. CHARLES NESBIT, formerly a clergyman of Montrose in Scotland, and for many years Principal of Carlisle College, Pennsylvania. With this most amiable man, and excellent scholar, we were in habits of intimacy, and the Editor never found a more instructive and entertaining companion, or a more faithful and judicious counseller. In the various departments of the Belles Lettres, he was not less skilled than Dr. BEATTIE, and in wit and humour, might challenge a comparison with ARBURTHNOT. He was an excellent classical scholar, and to his retentive memory all the brilliant passages of the finished writers of Greece and Rome were safely entrusted. His political principles were admirable. He reverenced the laws, literature, and constitution of England. He most cordially detested the revolution and the philosophy of France, and he cherished a sovereign contempt for the sovereign people. In all the agreeable arts of conversation he was a great proficient, and he could narrate elegantly, argue strenuously, or rally jocundly, as the occasion required. Nor was his Piety inferiour to his learning or his wit. Though he was a Dissenter, there was not one drop of the sourness of a sectary in his whole composition. He was not an enemy to the Episcopal Faith; and such was the benignity of his heart, the frankness of his manners, and the catholicism of his candour, that when the editor has exclaimed "*utinam* NOSTER *esses,*" the liberality of Dr. Nesbit met the wish with no disdainful smile.

Among the valuable papers with which, in a very obliging manner we have been favoured, are, a course of admirable Lectures on the *Study of the Ancient Languages*, and the UTILITY OF CLASSICAL LEARNING. These

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elegant speculations on topicks so vital to the improvement of that liberal portion of the juvenile scholars and gentlemen of the country, who are aspirants at a nobler distinction than vulgar literature can confer, we shall publish regularly in The Port Folio; and it is almost unnecessary for the editor to add that, in the whole range of polite learning nothing, in his opinion, can be found which ministers more to Delight and Utility, than such classical disquisitions. Much of *science* is vain, and much is mutable. But classical taste is eternal, like the languages with which it is delighted. The Greek and Latin languages are by Prejudice, Ignorance, and Absurdity, called the *dead* languages, but they are not dead in the law of literature, nor buried in the tombs of the monks. They *live* in the memory of every judicious student, and they will *flourish* IN IMMORTAL YOUTH, when many modern dialects, and half of the sciences are covered with all the cobwebs of oblivion. An astronomer peering at remote stars, a mathematician buried among the dry bones of diagrams, and a metaphysician engaged in the fantastick chace of things unsearchable, are all insulated beings, with nothing of Splendour, and little of Use: but a CLASSICAL SCHOLAR is a publick, a shining, and a conspicuous character. To him belong, exclusively, the tongue of an eloquent orator, and the pen of a ready writer. He alone is read with rapture, he alone is listened to with attention and applause. By classical discipline, Pitt and Bolingbroke, Murray and Burke, Lyttleton and Windham, attained their glorious preeminence, and at the desk or at the toilet, in conversation, or in council, were able to convince, to persuade, to dazzle and to delight.

We insist with the more earnestness on this topick, because, though the ancients, those tutelary powers of learning, are reverently worshipped at Oxford and Cambridge, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, they have been considered as so many false gods in more than one vast country. The neglect of them has been the sure portent of a degenerate and declining state. In France, many years before the Revolution, and during the whole of that execrable epoch, the study of Greek was openly derided by a swarm of sciolists, who infested the schools and poisoned the people; and in those sections of America, where the most savage manners, the most licentious theories, and the most infamous principles are prevalent, men speak nothing but a barbarous dialect of their mother tongue. But the rising geniuses of Columbia, the gentlemen and the cavaliers, all the ambitious, all the aspiring, will *unfold Plato* and Tully by the bright reflection of the CLASSICAL LAMP; and, leaving the vile trash of literature to be devoured by the *swinish multitude*, will fervently echo our wish that the enchanting writers of antiquity may be studied in every age by the side of the gentle Thames and the romantick Schuylkill, on the banks of the Neva and the shores of the Propontis.

To "P," who is anxious to be instructed in the discipline of poetry, we cannot give better advice than what was long since offered by one who was himself a poet of eminence: Let him range mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and picture upon his mind every tree of the forest and every flower of the valley. Let him observe, with equal care, the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Let him wander along the mazes of the rivulet, and mark the vicissitude of summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind.

The beauty to which "D." alludes is not much to the taste of our readers.

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It is an ignoble beauty which may subsist without sprightliness, or sublimity, without energy of thought, or dignity of virtue.

"SALADIN" has again made his appearance among the choir of essayists. They receive him as a brother; and it is the general wish that he visit them frequently.

That portion of history, to which "R" proposes to devote his attention, demands a comprehension vast, a memory capacious and retentive, and an expression fluent and clear.

The "Ode to Drought" is the offspring of genuine inspiration. The invalid authour, who seems to suffer under our *Syrian* sky, must implore that Power, which governs both worlds, to cause the clouds to pour their waters "to restrain the rage of the dogstar, and mitigate the fervours of noon."

The Ironical Oration, which our readers will peruse today not without glee and approbation, is very honourable to the genius of the authour, and is a fine satire upon those visionary systems of instruction, which are taught in the *new* school. Let the presumption of France and of *the worst portion* of Great Britain and America arrogate to itself ever so much, in consequence of the promulgation of pernicious novelty, it is most certain and fully confirmed by that Sage, Experience, that in education, as in politicks and morals the *innovators* have made neither a discovery nor an improvement. The mode of instructing and disciplining boys was better understood in the reign of Queen Elizabeth than it is now. Of that system we want no alterations. It formed wise, gallant, generous, and great men. It formed Sir Philip Sydney.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

THE OATH.

By the charms of Eliza—her red pouting lip,
Where bees sweeter juice than from rosebuds might sip;
By the Cupids that sport round that dwelling of bliss,
Where you hazard your heart if you dare steal a kiss;

By her blooming red cheek, by her heart-piercing eye,
Which no gem of Golconda can ever outvie;
By the ringlets of silk o'er her bosom that flow
Luxuriantly shading that bosom of snow;

By the blush that vermilion'd her soft dimpled cheek,
When first of my passion I ventured to speak;
By the rapture I felt, when I saw 'twas approv'd,
And in accents of musick, she whisper'd she lov'd!

By the first kiss of love, when enraptur'd I prest
Her half-yielding, angelick form to my breast;
By the frown of resentment, which then cross'd her brow;
By the blushes which then ting'd her bosom of snow;

By the pardon she gave, when she saw me in pain,
(And so sweetly she pardon'd I trespass'd again;)
By each embelm of love—by the sigh, by the tear,
By the smile, by the languishing look, let me swear,
I love my Eliza!

NUPTIAL.

Married, on Monday the 3d inst., by the Right Rev. Dr. White, Mr. JOHN ANDREWS, Merchant, to Miss MARGARET ABERCROMBIE, daughter of the Rev. James Abercrombie, D. D. one of the Assistant Ministers of Christ Church and St. Peter's.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, August* 15, 1807. [No. 7.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

ALTHOUGH perhaps it would be too bold to assert that nothing is arduous to mortals, yet reason and experience evince that there are few objects which labour and assiduity may not attain. There are indeed impossibilities to intelligences the most exalted; but among the undertakings that appear at first view beyond the reach of human effort, and yet that do not bear in their essence the character of absurdity, none exist whose iron bars the force of man may not burst asunder. It is true he cannot "loose the bands of Orion," nor "control the influence of Pleiades," but he may improve, and direct, and expand his faculties to a degree that will almost rival supernatural power.

Men are too apt, says Montaigne, to be ignorant of their own abilities. Not that we are deficient in vanity nor that in a general estimate, we underrate our powers; but we perpetually shrink from their application to particular objects, and, lost in the immensity of our desires, we forget that our efforts are enfeebled by their want of concentration. Never has a single mind arrived at its acmé of perfection: on the contrary, the rapidity of its improvement increases in proportion with its advance towards excellence. It is endowed with talents of immeasurable extent, whose efforts nothing in the universe can resist.

Let the lights of history or tradition conduct the view back to the earliest periods of the world, and they will faintly display the first feeble attempts of industry in ignorant and savage ages. Let them advance towards the present era, and everywhere they discover monuments of genius and labour that would once have been considered without the scope of mortal power. They will exhibit those immense fabricks from whose summit the modern Ammon contemplated his glory through the darkness of fourteen centuries; they will show the hero of Macedon bestriding the world and embracing in his gigantick arms the east and the west at the same time; they will display the philosopher of Syracuse defying the feeble efforts of a mighty enemy, and holding in his hands the lightning and the thunders of Olympus; and they will illumine the path of Newton, dividing and directing the Heavens with his magick *liruus*, and pursuing the comet through its eccentrick maze.

If such have been the powers of the human soul, if they have already soared through every limit of creation, and dared to rend the veil that

once obscured their ambitious view, how far may they not extend? What can circumscribe their desires, or arrest their rapid course? Who does not wish to penetrate the inmost recesses of Nature, and explore the treasures she conceals? Who would not acquire knowledge if it were only necessary to move the body or to raise the eye? and yet little greater are the difficulties when familiarized by use. It is but to remember that the wisest and the brightest of mankind have acquired their eminence only by their own efforts, to inspire us with a spirit of emulation, and to convince us that labour justly directed was never lost. In the moral, as well as in the physical world, industry can level the mountain, or force the river from its native bed; but without industry the smallest obstacle forms an insuperable bar. The Travels of Anacharsis were the offspring of twenty years' perpetual care, and the immortal effusions that commemorate the genius and the learning of Gibbon, derived their excellence from the unwearied toils, the lengthened labours, and the unconquerable assiduity of their elegant authour. Even the works of fancy that must appear to flow spontaneously from their inspired writers, require the calm correction of time, and the revision of after study.

——— Si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Maeti descendat judicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras; nonumque prematur in annum,
Membranis intus positis: delere licebit,
Quod non ediderís; nescit vox missa reverti.

It has been often questioned whether, to enrich the mind, it were better to improve its native faculties by close and continued meditation, or by taking advantage of the labour of others, and building chiefly on the basis they have laid. Rousseau approves of little reading and constant thought;* but the mind unstored with borrowed wealth is not a never-failing source, and is soon exhausted if not replenished with perpetual aids. Air-built castles seduce the attention from its proper objects, and visionary dreams usurp the place of calm reflection, until the imagination falls into pursuits ridiculous as those of Leonardo, who wasted his hours in decorating lizards with artificial wings; while, by a neglect of thought, the breast becomes like the mountains of Heloctia, the depositary of treasures, which their owners dare not explore. Genius is an emanation from the Divinity that will be idolized wherever it may be found; but genius is of little avail unless seconded by the advantages of learning and the honourable fruits of unwearied study.

There is no period of life at which we are not capable of great undertakings. The flexibility and ardour of youth enables it to acquire, the maturity and vigour of manhood are calculated for action, and solid judgment and experience characterize the hours of declining age. We are never too young to commence our career, nor can the hand of time alone arrest the progress of the mind: for infancy will often exhibit the energy of manhood, and years prolonged nearly to their utmost extent afford frequent instances of the pliancy of youth. Every period then is adapted to exertion, and the hour to begin is always the present hour.

SALADIN.

* Peu lire et penser beaucoup à nos lectures est le moyen de les bien digérer.

For The Port Folio.

The votaries of gaping Credulity, old women, fanaticks, *et id genus omne*, propagated at the time of the demise of the younger Lyttleton, a ridiculous story about a *warning* and a *ghost*, a lady *all in white*, and a fluttering bird with the raven croak of Death and Despair. The legitimate facts were, that this dissipated Nobleman, whose ardent impulses hurried him to every excess, whose fervid genius incited him to a *debauch* with Literature in the morn, and whose violent passions goaded him to a debauch with *Lais* at eve, had, many years before his death, greatly impaired the vigour of his constitution, and deeply clouded the serenity of his mind. He was harassed with hypochondria, he was tormented by the stings of conscience, and his overlaboured and exhausted day was succeeded

by a night of horrible dreams. In such circumstances his moody melancholy would be but too conspicuous, and he would himself sometimes talk of his sufferings in the tone of Superstition. The ignorance and impertinence of footmen, the cackle of chambermaids, and the gossiping of old crones and nurses, would magnify his lordship's dreams into ghosts and demons of the most tremendous size. But the man of the world and the medical philosopher know that the laborious mornings of an ambitious statesman, and the jovial evening of a mad rake, debilitated by the caresses of half the courtezans of Italy, are sufficiently operative upon the Imagination, at those hours, when volition is suspended. Such an Imagination will see "more devils than vast hell can hold." But the return of Morn and of Reason will convince the dreamer that the phantoms of the nocturnal hour are merely the mockeries of the mind.

As publick Curiosity is always eager to peruse stories of this class; and as in that respectable Journal, The Gentleman's Magazine, the tale of terrour is succeeded by a very philosophical refutation, we copy the article, which was the town talk of the day.

Anecdotes and Remarks respecting the Sudden Death of the late Lord Lyttleton.

The very extraordinary circumstances that preceded the dissolution of the young, the gay, the dissipated Lord Lyttleton, when they first appeared in print, soon after his death, were generally considered as the productions of some enthusiastick brain, ever ready to construe all striking impressions on the minds of men, who have led a life of vice or folly, into extraordinary interpositions of Providence to promote the reformation of the hardened sinner; and to alarm a volatile, unthinking, giddy race of people, who, following the tide of luxury and sensuality, are easily seduced into a denial of the existence of a superintending Providence, or, if not so far advanced on the road of infidelity, at least forget that there is a God. Considered in this point of view, it is no wonder, in an age like this, when Philosophy, instead of being the handmaid to Truth, is the prostituted mistress of Atheism and Impiety, that every report concerning the previous warning, given to his lordship in a dream, of his approaching end, was received by the publick as an idle tale, and made the standing jest of all the polite assemblies in town.

At length, however, the following anecdote, so well attested that not a shadow of doubt remains of its authenticity, has given birth to a variety of speculative opinions on the nature of that impression on his lordship's mind, which, from the time of his communicating his dream to within an hour of his death, certainly was too strong to be subdued either by the strength of a fine natural genius, the force of reason improved by a liberal education, or the surrounding pleasures which affluence and elevated rank can always command, when their aid is wanting to dispel the gloom of melancholy reflections.

Having given the fact, as it now stands confirmed by the evidence of persons of character, we shall submit to our readers some free thoughts upon the subject, and shall esteem it as a favour if our correspondents will take up this interesting theme, and communicate their opinions, illustrated by any similar anecdotes within the compass of their own knowledge.

On Thursday morning, the 25th November last, his lordship mentioned at breakfast to Mrs. Flood (a widow lady who lived with him as companion to the Miss Amphlets, his nieces,) that he had passed a very restless night; that he thought he had heard a fluttering noise in the room; and that immediately after he fancied he saw a beautiful lady, dressed in white, with a bird on her hand, who desired he would settle his affairs, for that he had but a short time to live. On his inquiring how long, the vision answered, "*Not three days.*" His lordship mentioned this dream frequently, but with an affected air of careless indifference, which only showed that it had made a stronger impression on his mind, than he chose to acknowledge. On Saturday evening he pulled out his watch, observed that it was half past ten, and that he had still an hour and a half longer to live, and jocosely chucking under the chin

one of the young ladies, (his nieces) danced about the room, and asked her if she did not think he should get over it, and live beyond the time predicted for his death. Soon afterwards, however, he went to bed, complained of an uneasiness in his stomach, and while his servant was mixing a cup of rhubarb and peppermint-water, a medicine which he frequently took, expired. It was remarkable, likewise, that his lordship endeavoured to account for his having dreamed of the bird, by saying that a few days before, being in his greenhouse, at Pitt place, with Mrs. D——, he had taken some pains to catch a robin, which had been shut in, and which he had set at liberty.

The Methodists and the Quakers look upon the dream in this case, together with its effect on his lordship's mind and the accomplishment of the prediction, as one of those singular manifestations of his power over men, which God is pleased to make from time to time, in order to strike conviction home to the hearts of infidels and voluptuaries. Proper subjects, say they, are likewise chosen for these supernatural exertions of Providence; persons whose exalted station in life, universal acquaintance, and known dissipation make the example more awful and alarming to the gay world. Sermons have been already preached to enforce this doctrine on the strength of this recent instance, and the celebrated female speaker, Mrs. K——, is expected to deliver an excellent oration to the brethren and sisterhood in Grace-church-street, upon this subject, wherein she will take occasion to demonstrate the divine intercourse between the Supreme Being and the spirit of man, from which will be deduced the favourite doctrine of the operations of the spirit, the chief tenet of the Quakers.

Others, who are inclined to think seriously upon the subject, but at the same time cannot subscribe to the opinion that there is any thing miraculous in the circumstance of the dream, or of his lordship's subsequent death; account for the whole from physical causes. They maintain, that his lordship having been in a bad state of health for nine months past, and labouring under an inward complaint which weakened his nerves, it is no wonder that he was subject to restless nights and uneasy dreams. His general complaint was a pain in his stomach, and his usual medicine, a dose of rhubarb in mint-water. His real disorder was a *polypus* on the heart, described to be a quantity of coagulated blood, contained in a *cyst* or bag, on the bursting of which, immediate death, the natural consequence, ensued.

Let us now reason candidly upon all these circumstances: is it not well known that frequent return of pains in the stomach bring on great dejection of mind, or what is called low spirits? It is natural to suppose, that the gayest man upon earth, in such a situation, will turn his thoughts upon the past disagreeable events of his life, and that if any *crime*, of which he is conscious, occurs to his recollection, it will serve only to increase the melancholy frame of his mind; the generous design of making retribution, the impossibility of doing this, in some cases, reflections upon death, which break in upon every valetudinarian, (whatever may be his religious opinions) all contribute to stir up the war within. Thus distempered in mind and body, accustomed to palliative relief, the voluptuary, upon the first interval of pain, repairs to the banquet, and indulges to excess. Repletion causes a return of the disorder, perhaps in a lesser degree, permitting exhausted nature to seek for recruiting strength from that universal restorative, balmy sleep; but this relief being interrupted by indigestion, perturbating dreams are the consequence—dreadful struggles between the active spirit, imagination, mind, or whatever you are pleased to call it, and the encumbered body, prevail—more horrid to sensation than words can describe: few there are, young or old, who have not laboured under these horrours, vulgarly called

the *night-mare*, after eating hearty suppers. What are the subjects that distract the man in these dreadful conflicts? Are they not familiar occurrences of his life? The horseman is flung from his seat, dashed on the pavement, the blood gushes from every vein, the struggle to recover awakens the terrified dreamer: he doubts for a few minutes whether the scene was not real, and dreads to close his eyes again, lest the imaginary vision should return. Another is attacked by a favourite dog or cat, and seems to feel the teeth or talons of these furious animals. In short, not to dwell upon the variety of shapes which this midnight disorder assumes, let us only add, that the seducer of women will in his turn be visited by the imaginary appearance of the injured female: the agitated mind and the diseased body may work this up, in one of these nocturnal phrenzies, into confused combinations of occurrences. Mrs. D ——, representing the green-house occurrence, and the bird, the confined fluttering robin—with these might be intermixed (for the person in these dreams often changes in the instant, sometimes we fancy it one, and then another) some other female form, unhappily ruined, which assails the dreamer, and intimates what is most likely to strike the seducer with terrour, at his speedy dissolution. Awakened at this scene of terrour, the idea of some fixed time easily intrudes itself on the disturbed imagination, and leaves a lasting impression; just the same, and no more than that which has urged a man to give a premium for a particular lottery-ticket which he has dreamed of so perfect as to remember the number, and that it was drawn a capital prize.

The very evening after the dream, Lord Lyttleton in his weak state exerted himself in two speeches in the House of Lords, and returned home quite exhausted: what other fatiguing voluntary exertions he imposed upon himself the next day we know not; but it is a fact, that he ate a very hearty supper on the Saturday evening, that the impression upon his mind of his approaching death still affected him, that in this situation the pain in his stomach returned, too violent to permit him to take his usual medicine, or to go off in a confused dream. The pressure of the burthened stomach bore too heavy on the *polypus*, and the discharge killed him almost instantaneously.

We see nothing supernatural in all this, and could we possibly admit that the Supreme Being occasionally steps out of the line of the ordinary operations of his providence in the regular course of nature, we should suppose it would be to furnish more general examples of his omnipotence and mercy, which must inevitably have an effect on whole bodies of people; on the conduct of nations; and produce general, not particular changes.

Montezuma and his subjects, by such an interposition, would have avoided those horrid cruelties under which they slowly expired, when the Christian Spaniards conquered Mexico: or the innocent victims of a bloody inquisition would have been saved, while the pretended holy inquisitors had been destroyed by fire from heaven. But as we have no right to expect miracles of this nature, it is miserable superstition to believe that they exist for less important purposes.

Finally, let it be remembered that men of apparently vigorous constitutions and sound judgments have been killed by the force of imagination; and in Lord Lyttleton's case, if imagination had any force, disease of body cooperated at the same time to hasten his dissolution.

In an obituary for 1779, written by Edmund Burke, is the following brief notice of the titles, family connexions, and death of this nobleman.

Died in November, 1779, the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Lyttleton, Baron of Frankley; a Privy Counseller; Chief Justice in Eyer of His Majesty's forests north of Trent, and High Steward of Bewdley in Worcestershire. His Lordship was born January 30, 1744, and succeeded his

father George Lord Lyttleton, August 22, 1773. He took his seat in Parliament the succeeding session, and *has been distinguished as a very eloquent speaker.* He married June 24, 1772, Apphia, daughter of Broome Witts, Esq. of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, and widow of Joseph Peach, Esq. late Governour of Calcutta in the East-Indies, but, dying without issue, the title is extinct.

For The Port Folio.

COMMUNICATION.

Augusta, Georgia, July 6, 1807.

Saturday last, the anniversary of American Independence, and era of our national existence, was ushered in by a discharge of canon from the Augusta Volunteer Artillery. The company of Rangers paraded at an early hour, and marched to the house of Isaac Herbert, Esq. where they drew up, and under presented arms received from the hands of his amiable daughter, an elegant stand of colours, with a suitable address. This, with the answer of Captain Neilson, is annexed. The field is of white lustring, with the accustomed devices; the stripes formed alternately of green and white afford a charming contrast; the letters composing the words, "*E Pluribus Unum,*" above, and "*Augusta Volunteer Rangers*" below the Eagle, which is incomparably finished, as well as the Stars, emblematick of the number of States in the Union, are admirably executed. In short, the whole does as much honour to the taste and talents, as the gift itself declares the patriotism of the fair donors. The company, after receiving them, countermarched under carried arms, the officers saluting the ladies as they passed. They proceeded with the other volunteer companies, whom they joined on their respective parades, to St. Paul's Church, where an appropriate prayer expressive of our gratitude to the Authour of all good for the blessings this day once conferred on us, and for the happiness which we enjoy under a virtuous, wise, and prudent administration, was most feelingly delivered by the Revd. Mr. Thompson, after which the Declaration of Independence (that eloquent and admirable production of our revered President) was distinctly read by Edmund Bacon, Esq. An oration, breathing the sentiments of genuine liberty, such as animated our forefathers in their arduous, but glorious, struggle for Independence, was then delivered, in a manner impassioned, energetick, and graceful, by Doctor Casey. Several gentlemen contributed more than a little by their musical talents, and judicious selection of appropriate pieces, to this "feast of reason and flow of soul." When "Hail Columbia, happy land" was played, every person stood up, and some gentlemen then sang; the chorus was joined by every person present, and had a charming effect. After the oration, the Rev. Mr. Thompson, consecrated the colours of the Rangers, and delivered on the occasion a short, but feeling, and pathetick address. The Church was uncommonly crowded, and many were disappointed of places.

On presenting the Stand of Colours to the Augusta Volunteer Rangers, Miss Sarah Herbert thus addressed Captain Neilson:

SIR,

Having prepared a set of colours with suitable emblems for a military company, permit us to offer them to your acceptance, as a testimony of our respect for the Augusta Volunteer Rangers.

Though the female part of the community are but little concerned in the civil or military arrangements of their country, yet we trust that *all our sex* hold in just estimation and respect, those characters, on whose wisdom and prudence they can rely for security, and on whose honour and bravery they could at all times depend for protection.

While doing ourselves the pleasure to present this standard, you will permit us to express our earnest hope, that you may never have occasion to unfurl it, but in a time of

peace; but should the situation of our country require your exertions in the "tented field," we are confident that it will be defended with a bravery becoming yourselves, and worthy the cause in which you engage.

For the prosperity and the happiness of yourself and of the company you command, please to accept our best wishes.

At the close of the address, a band of musick played a short and pleasing air, after which Captain Neilson replied in the following words:

LADIES,

Allow me, in behalf of the Augusta Volunteer Rangers, to thank you for the colours you have done them the honour to present: this elegant and patriotick gift, bearing the arms of our country, the watchful bird of liberty, so admirably wrought, we receive with sentiments of the most perfect esteem and the highest respect. It will add, if possible, to that glow of patriotism with which our breasts are animated. The estimation and respect in which you hold those on whom you can rely for security and protection, with whom, through your partiality, we are ranked, shall never be forfeited.

Should the amiable female wish which accompanies these Colours, that the peaceful olive may ever render it unnecessary to display them in the hostile field, prove vain, and should we at the call of our country be summoned thereto, we will endeavour by rallying round them unfurled, as they shall ever be in the cause of liberty, to defend her rights, and to justify the confidence you are pleased to repose in us. I pray you to accept of the ardent wishes of the Augusta Volunteer Rangers for your happiness and welfare, and to receive the assurances of my high respect and esteem.

For The Port Folio

The following old ballad from an uncertain authour was probably written at that fortunate era, when the House of Lords was voted useless, when human learning was decried as dross, when an Archbishop was but another name for antichrist, and when a King was buffeted, spit upon, and *murdered*. The sentiments in the following ditty of Dissenters, are so entirely to the taste of the majority of our loving countrymen, that we cannot render a more acceptable service to the republican faction than to favour them with a copy. The exulting burden of this precious ballad is the honest triumph of gross Ignorance and stupid Malignity over Genius, Virtue, Rank, and Consideration. It is the exultation of a Pym over Laud, of Vane over Strafford, of a fanatick Cromwell over the churchman CHARLES.

SONG OF ANARCHUS.

Know then, my brethren, Heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The *righteous* now shall flourish, and
Good days are coming on:
Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and *rochets shall go down*,
And hey! then up go we.

* * * *

We'll down with all the *'Varsites*
Where *learning* is profess'd,
Because they practice and maintain
The language of the beast.
We'll *drive the doctors out of doors*,
And *arts*, whatever they be;
We'll *cry both arts and learning down*,
And hey! then up go we.

If once that antichristian creed
Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the *Nobles how to crouch*
And *keep the gentry down*.
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride we see,
We'll therefore *cry good manners down*,
And hey! then up go we.

The *name of Lord* shall *be abhorr'd*,
For *every man's a brother*,*

* Why this is admirable. This, as a modern philosopher might say, is the very *germe* of the French Revolution. The same principle is fully laid down and vigorously enforced in that admirable production, the American Bill of Rights, a production which, whether we regard its sublime morality, its spotless justice, and its consummate wisdom, can never be sufficiently admired.

No reason *why in church or state*
One man should rule another;
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make the wanton sisters stoop,
And hey! then up go we.

Our coblers shall translate their *souls*
From caves obscure and shady;
We'll make Tom J—— as good as my Lord,
And Joan as good as my Lady.
We'll crush and fling the marriage ring
Into the Roman *See*.
We'll ask no bands, but e'en clap hands,
And hey! then up go we.

For The Port Folio.

Mrs. C. Smith, who, to the grief of every lover of moral and intellectual worth, has lately deceased, amused the tedious hours of her last sickness by composing what she modestly termed poetry for young persons. We know not exactly her standard for poetical maturity, but these verses, written under circumstances thus unpropitious, will please manhood and age as much as youth.

To a Geranium which flowered during the Winter, written in Autumn.

Native of Afric's arid lands,
Thou, and thy many-tinctur'd bands,
Unheeded and unvalued grew,
While Caffres crush'd beneath the sands
Thy pencil'd flowers of roseate hue.

But our old northern sky beneath
For thee attemper'd zephyrs breathe,
And art supplies the tepid dew,
That feeds in many a glowing wreath,
Thy lovely flowers of roseate hue.

Thy race that spring uncultur'd here,
Decline with the declining year,
While in successive beauty new,
Thine own light bouquets fresh appear
And marbled leaves of cheerful hue.

Now buds and bells of every shade
By Summer's ardent eye survey'd,
No more their gorgeous colours show;
And e'en the lingering asters fade,
With drooping heads of purple hue.

But naturaliz'd in foreign earth,
'Tis thine, with many a beauteous birth
As if in gratitude they blew,
To hang like blushing trophies forth,
Thy pencil'd flowers of roseate hue.

Oh then, amidst the wintry gloom,
Those flowers shall dress my cottage room
Like friends in adverse fortune true,
And sooth me with their roseate bloom,
And downy leaves of vernal hue.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 89.)

Imagination is another fruitful spring of false judgments. Dr. WATTS.

A stranger, well mounted, and attended by a servant in a rich livery, one morning in the month of July, entered a market-town in Somersetshire, where the assizes were then held; and having put up at one of the principal inns, inquired of the landlord as to the curiosities and amusements of the place. Boniface, who was extremely well qualified to answer these inquiries, assured him, with a low bow, that there was no want of entertainment, as the players were in the town, and moreover that it was *sizetime*; accompanying his remarks with a recommendation, that the gentleman should by all means go to hear the trials that morning, as a highwayman was to be brought up. The stranger made some objections to this invitation, upon the ground of his being unknown, and the little chance he stood of meeting with proper accommodation. This difficulty was, however, removed, by the loquacious landlord assuring him, that a gentleman of his appearance would be readily admitted. Indeed, to make it more certain, he attended him to the Court-house, and represented him in such a way to his friends, the judge's clerks, that he obtained a seat at a little distance from the judge, just as the poor highwayman was about to make his defence. The appearance of the stranger, who was of elegant person and polished manners, arrested, for a moment, the attention of the court, till the prisoner was asked, if he had any thing to say. The poor culprit assured the judge, that he was not guilty of the robbery, and that, if he knew where to find them, there

were people who could prove a clear alibi. At this moment the poor wretch happened to catch sight of the stranger, when he exclaimed, with a degree of frantick joy, "Can it be possible!" and fell backwards on the floor. He was, however, with some difficulty, recovered. When the judge humanely inquired into the cause of his extravagant behaviour, the poor wretch answered, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, my lord, how providential! that gentleman, on your left hand, can prove my alibi." "How!" replied the judge; "is this true? or is it merely a vain pretext to procrastinate the just sentence of the law? pray, sir, let me ask you (continued his lordship, addressing himself to the stranger), do you know any thing of this man?" Upon this the traveller surveyed the criminal with the most scrupulous attention; and then said, "I am sorry to assure your lordship, that I do not know the prisoner."—"I thought as much," replied the judge; "it is mere trifling with justice." The prisoner, however, still insisted, that the stranger knew him; and the stranger again as positively denied the assertion; till the judge, displeased at his presumption, was about to receive the verdict of the jury. The culprit now, on his knees, entreated permission to say one word. "Indeed, my lord," cried he "the gentleman does know me, though he may have forgotten my person. Only give me leave to ask him three questions, and it will save my life." The judge humanely consented, and the curiosity of the whole court was excited. "Pray, sir," cried the prisoner, addressing himself to the stranger, "did you not land at Dover about a twelvemonth since?" "I believe I might," replied the gentleman. "And pray, sir, do you not recollect that a man, in a sailor's jacket, carried your trunk from the beach to the tavern?" "I can't say that I remember it," returned the stranger, "but it might possibly be so." At these words the prisoner, not disheartened at the difficulties he had met with, pulled off his wig, and again interrogated the stranger: "Do you not, sir, remember, that the man who carried your trunk on that day, showed you a scar he had got on his head in fighting for his King and country; and that he related the particulars of the action in which he was wounded? This is the same scar; look at it." "Good God!" exclaimed the stranger; "I do, indeed, perfectly remember the circumstance, and have every reason to believe this to be the man, though I had entirely forgotten his face: but, my lord," added the stranger, "I can put it to a certainty, for I have a memorandum of the day I arrived at Dover from Calais." The date was compared with the day laid in the indictment, and found to be the same. The whole court felt the impression, and joy was visible in every face; when, after swearing and examining the gentleman as to his name and place of abode, the foreman of the jury pronounced, Not Guilty.

A few evenings only had elapsed, when the prisoner, the stranger, and his livery-servant, were taken upon the road in their original capacities of experienced highwaymen.

The above story may serve as a useful lesson, to show the power of deception, when it presents to the imagination a natural association of ideas, and connects a probable chain of circumstances together.

Thus much, however, is certain, that a man has never so much reason to be satisfied with the deception practised upon him, as when humanity has misled his judgment. Though rigid justice may frown at the fraud, mercy will rejoice at the event of the life of a fellow-creature being saved.

Credulity is seldom unamiable, though frequently imprudent: and perhaps, after all, there is as much danger in being incredulous, as in credulity: the dogmatist and the skeptick are alike wide from the truth. A reasonable man views a thing on all sides before he determines, and searches for truth with care and attention, separating from the consideration the prejudices of sense and passion.

It not unfrequently happens, that the credulous and incredulous man

change characters. Without any established principle of true reason they fly off from one prejudice to another; the enthusiast becomes a free-thinker, and the infidel a superstitious bigot.

These extraordinary changes of opinion are generally produced by a new and casual association of ideas, connected strongly by the imagination, and in which reason has little share.

Thus we become dupes to fancy, and slaves to nonsense.

Another of the strongest sources of false judgment proceeds from the melancholy impression of fear. Thus the belief of supernatural appearances, engendered by some old nurse, and fostered by fancy, becomes a fruitful spring of misery.

Though the narratives of ghosts and apparitions, spirits and supernatural appearances, all want proof, yet frequently the circumstances attending them are so wrapped up in mystery, that the yet-unravelled story is sufficient evidence to a weak mind.

Perhaps a more remarkable instance cannot be easily produced than the following, authenticated by several respectable persons now alive.

Some few years since, before ghosts and spectres were properly introduced among us by means of the pantomimes and novels of the day, a gentleman of a philosophical turn of mind, who was hardy enough to deny the existence of any thing supernatural, happened to pay a visit to an old house in Gloucestershire, whose unfortunate owner had just become a bankrupt, with a view to offer such assistance and consolation as he could bestow; when, on one rainy dull evening in the month of March, the family being seated by the kitchen fireside, the conversation turned on supernatural appearances. The philosopher was endeavouring to convince his auditors of the folly and absurdity of such opinions, with rather an unbecoming levity, when the wife left the party and went up stairs; but had hardly quitted the kitchen three minutes, before a dreadful noise was heard mingled with the most horrid screams. The poor maid changed countenance, and her red hair stood erect in every direction; the husband trembled in his chair, and the philosopher began to look serious. At last the husband rose from his seat, and ascended the stairs in search of his wife, when a second dreadful scream was heard; the maid mustered resolution to follow her master, and a third scream ensued. The philosopher, who was not quite at ease, now thought it high time for him to set out in search of a cause; when, arriving at the landing place, he found the maid in a fit; the master lying flat with his face upon the floor, which was stained with blood; and, on advancing a little further, the mistress in nearly the same condition. To her the philosopher paid immediate attention; and, finding she had only swooned away, brought her in his arms down stairs, and placed her on the floor of the kitchen; the pump was at hand, and he had the presence of mind to run to it, to get some water in a glass; but what was his astonishment when he found that he pumped only copious streams of blood! which extraordinary appearance, joined to the other circumstances, made the unbeliever tremble in every limb; a sudden perspiration overspread the surface of his skin; and the supernatural possessed his imagination in all its true colours of dread and horrour. Again and again he repeated his efforts, and again and again threw away the loathsome contents of the glass.

Had the story stopped here, what would not superstition have made of it! But the philosopher, who was still pumping, now found the colour grow paler, and at last pure water filled the vessel. Overjoyed at this observation, he threw the limpid stream in the face of the mistress, whose recovery was assisted by the appearance of her husband and Betty.

The mystery, when explained, turned out to be simply this: the good housewife, when she knew that a docket had been struck against her husband, had taken care to conceal

some of her choice cherry-brandy from the rapacious gripe of the messenger to the commissioners of bankrupts, on some shelves in a closet up stairs; which also contained, agreeable to the ancient architecture of the building, the trunk of the pump below; and, in trying to move the jars to get a drop for the party at the kitchen fire, the shelf gave way with a tremendous crash, the jars were broken into a hundred pieces, the rich juice descended in torrents down the trunk of the pump, and filled, with its ruby current, the sucker beneath; and this was the self-same fluid which the philosopher, in his fright, had so madly thrown away. The wife had swooned at the accident; the husband in his haste had fallen on his nose, which ran with blood; and the maid's legs, in her hurry, coming in contact with her fallen master's ribs, she, like "vaulting ambition," overleapt herself, and fell on the other side.

Often has the story been told, by one who knew the philosopher, with *great effect*, till the last act, or *denouement*; when disappointment was mostly visible in the looks of his auditors, at finding that there was actually nothing supernatural in the affair, and *no ghost*.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

You have, doubtless, seen a Digest of the Laws of Pennsylvania, by C. Read, Esq. and I know you are acquainted with the authour and his waggery. But would you have supposed that, in so grave a work as the abridgment of a code of laws, he would, or could have introduced his love of sarcasm and fun? Yet such is the fact; and the mode he has chosen to gratify his mischievous disposition, is in the construction of the index to his work; from which I give you a few *literal* extracts:

Administration,	see	*Frauds and Perjuries.*
Age,	see	*Vice and Immorality.*
Aldermen,	see	*Poor.*
Assault,	see	*Justices.*
Attorney Gen.	see	*Fees.*
Bail,	see	*Horse Stealing.*
Battery,	see	*Justice.*
Biscuit,	see	*Beef and Pork.*
Bribery,	see	*Elections.*
Children,	see	*Negroes and Mulattoes.*
Commissioners,	see	*Insolvent Debtors.*
Common Pleas,	see	*Lunaticks.*
Compounding of Felony,	see	*Administration of Justice*, alluding to the frequent pardons.
Contempt,	see	*Courts.*
Crimes,	see	*Administration of Justice.*
Debtors,	see	*Publick Accounts*, Randolph, Livingston, &c. &c.
Disobedience of Orders,	see	*Militia*
Drunkenness,	see	*Militia.*
Errour,	see	*Courts and Publick Accounts.*
Fraud,	see	*Elections.*
Gaming,	see	*Publick Houses.*
Importer,	see	*Convicts.*
Leaden *Spouts*,	see	*Administration of Justice*, a hit at the Judges.
Married Women,	see	*Adultery.*
Merchants,	see	*Convicts, Negroes, and Mulattoes.*
Notes,	see	*Vice and Immorality*, a touch at the *shavers.*
Overseers of the Poor,	see	*Rock fish and oysters.*
Relations,	see	*Negroes and Mulattoes.*
Security,	see	*Militia*, a *quiz.*
Subornation of Perjury,	see	*Administration of Justice.*

CUM MULTIS ALIIS.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

RICHARD PETERS, Junr. Esq. of this city, has recently published a very valuable professional work, entitled *Admiralty Decisions in the District Court of the United States, for the Pennsylvania District, by the Honourable Richard Peters, comprising also some Decisions in the same Court, by the late Francis Hopkinson, Esqr. to which are added Cases determined in other Districts of the United States, with an Appendix, containing the Laws of Oleron—the Laws of Wisbuy—the*

Laws of the Hanse Towns—the Marine Ordinances of Louis XIV—a Treatise on the Rights and Duties of Owners, Freighters, and Masters of Ships, and of Mariners: and the Laws of the United States relative to Mariners. In Two Volumes.

In all our great towns that numerous description of persons interested in maritime and mercantile transactions, will find their account in perusing these Decisions. The great body of city lawyers will add these volumes to their library of course; and law students who are destined for commercial practice will be guilty of culpable neglect, if they omit the perusal of this publication.

We think the plan and arrangement of this work very creditable to Mr. Peters. This gentleman who is the son of the learned Judge to whom we are indebted for these useful reports, observes, in a very modest and well-written preface

The following Cases are considered worthy of publication as additions to the limited stock of knowledge, on the important subjects of them, to be found in the library of the lawyer. The Decisions in the District Court of Pennsylvania, will, it is hoped, be highly useful to the Bar, and to the members of the commercial community. In a Court of extensive and multifarious business, many Cases of the same kind have been decided; but the Editor has included none in this work save those which are considered necessary to establish, impress, or elucidate general principles. Many of the Cases are taken from the Records of the Court, and others are copied verbatim from the Judge's notes, to which he has added annotations. Originally intended only to refresh his memory, and to preserve uniformity of decision, and not for publication, in these notes the names of the Counsel engaged in the Causes, as well as many of the authorities on which part of the decisions are founded, and the periods when they were given, have been omitted; but every circumstance necessary in the statement of each Case is detailed with careful attention.

The Decisions are confined to the admiralty side of the Court with few exceptions. Those in the *exchequer* or *revenue*, *criminal* and *common law* sides are omitted, as not comprised in the objects of this publication. The Cases of *Salvage* and *Mariners' Contracts* will be found particularly useful as containing more extended views of the principles which regulate and expound them, than will be found in any work in our possession. To the Counsel who practice in the Court they are essentially necessary, as they are the established law of the Court, and will so continue until altered on appeal. From some of them, and the most important, appeals have been entered, and the Decrees appealed from have been confirmed by the superiour Court. The greater part of the others have been acquiesced in through a course of fifteen years, during which the present District Judge has presided in the Court. To merchants they will be useful guides to conduct them in many intricate, and too often vexatious, parts of their daily business and general affairs. From them they will receive information on points which have been passed over in silence by the laws of the United States for the regulation of seamen, and which consequently have been left for their determination to the usages of commercial nations, and to the principles of general maritime law. Inferiour magistrates, in whom, in the absence of the District Judge, authority by the laws of the United States is vested, to examine into the complaints of seamen, will find in this selection the information necessary to assist them in these preliminary inquiries.

Throughout the United States the Editor trusts this work will be held in some estimation. The Courts of the different Districts, deriving their authority from the same sources and subjected in their determinations to the same laws, should preserve if possible, a uniformity of decision. It has afforded to him much satisfaction to find from the few Cases decided in other States, which have come into his possession, that this uniformity does in a great measure prevail, and he hopes the present publication will increase it.

He confidently trusts that the Cases from the notes of the late Judge Hopkinson will be highly estimated by all who read them; and he thus publickly tenders his acknowledgments to Mr. J. Hopkinson for these valuable additions to his collections. The principles on which these Cases were decided, are those which have been uniformly adopted by the present Judge of the Pennsylvania District, and which claim as authority the best writers on civil and admiralty law.

While the Editor does an act of justice to his much respected parent, by acknowledging that to him he is indebted for almost every one of the notes on the Admiralty Decisions, he also claims the right to express his gratitude for the frequent and useful assistance he has received from him in other parts of his undertaking. Indeed for himself he expects no other merit from the work, than that which he may derive from the labour of collecting the materials and preparing them for the press.

In the appendix to each volume, the Editor has judiciously introduced most of the maritime code, and has collected and arranged so much useful matter that the legislator, the lawyer, the magistrate, the merchant, and the mariner will thank Mr. Peters for so laudable a service. My Lord COKE asserts, that a lawyer constantly owes something to his profession, and seems to think that he is bound to some task which will enlarge the bounds of Jurisprudence. The Editor of this work, though a young man, has wisely abstracted himself from minor cares or pleasures, and usefully devoted his leisure to the construction of a book which acquits him of the above obligation.

LITERARY NOTICE.

A translation of Pothier's celebrated Treatises on Insurance, on Bottomry and Respondentia, and on the Hiring of Sailors is now preparing for the press, and will be speedily published. Each Treatise will be accompanied by Notes from the pen of a professional Gentleman, referring to English and American cases on the different points, treated by Pothier. An appendix of useful forms will be subjoined, and the whole adapted to the use of the COUNTING HOUSE, as well as to the LIBRARY OF THE LAWYER.

A Translation of the Treatises of the same Authour on Averages and Charter Parties is in a state of forwardness.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

PLAINTIVE.

He is a stout, healthy man, of a robust complexion. But his mind is not so vigorous as his body. His chief, indeed his only care, is that of his health; and according to his own account, no man ever bestowed his care to less purpose: for he always declares himself to be in bad health, and nothing provokes him so much as hinting that he is in good health, or likely ever to be so.

As he keeps much within doors, he is obliged sometimes, to have recourse to books as an amusement, and takes some delight in reading history and romance. Yet the narrative of no battle however obstinate, or no adventure, however surprising, delights him so much as that of some severe distemper, in which the symptoms are faithfully delineated, and the sufferings of the patient forcibly recorded.

Mr. Plaintive, continually consults practitioners in physick of every denomination, though he never admits that any of them hath ever done him any permanent service. Those of the profession, who advise him to give over swallowing drugs, and to look for a cure in exercise, amusement, and temperance, he dismisses as theorists, and men unacquainted with the common practice of medicine

Mr. Plaintive is fond of telling long stories; he is generally the hero of his own tale; and being of the opinion of those who think that great men shine most in adversity, his hero was always as miserable as he could make him. His heroism being of a passive nature, however, and his sufferings always in the superlative degree, which admits of little variation of phraseology the incidents of the narrative are seldom entertaining.

His complaints, no doubt, are often imaginary; but it is equally certain that he seldom imagined them to be so bad as he wishes his friend to imagine them. For though no man ever had less sympathy to bestow, none was ever more fond of receiving it.

ENNUI.

Of all the contrivances to exclude this intruding demon from the mind of man, the most debasing and destructive is the use of intoxicating liquors: that pernicious habit blunts all desire of improvement, deadens

emulation, obscures the understanding, sinks the soul into sluggishness, renders men insensible to the love of reputation, familiarizes them with the idea of contempt, and extinguishes every enjoyment but that maudlin delirium, excited by spirituous liquors, which soon carries them to their graves.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are decidedly of opinion that "E" is fully competent to the historical task he alludes to. He has acted abroad nobly; let him now usefully speculate at home. Let him now exchange the soldier for the historian. In the eloquent words of my Lord Bolingbroke—Let him imitate Thucydides in Thracia, or Xenophon at his farm in Scillus. In such a retreat, he may sit down, like one of the inhabitants of Elis, who judged of the Olympick games without taking any part in them. Far from the hurry of the world, and almost an unconcerned spectator of what passes in it, having paid in a publick life what he owed to the present age, let him pay in a private life what he owes to posterity.

The "Communication" from the young ladies of Augusta, we may not refuse to insert, without violating the *sweet courtesies of life*, and forfeiting all character for gallantry. If, in the opinion of certain grumblers, the President and his administration are too lavishly commended, let it be remembered, that the Fancy and Invention of the Fair are naturally warm and romantick. Hence, the charming girls of Augusta, who, with equal skill, can embroider the American standard, and embellish paragraphs of patriotism, have an *unalienable right* to decorate the Fourth of July, the divine Declaration and its immortal authour with the beautiful Iris of Imagination, and the captivating colours of *Poetry*.

R. P. resembles the academician he celebrates. He is a poet as well as a painter. We hope that he will always maintain an alliance between the pencil and the lyre.

The Essay from the pen of Mr. Brewer will be read with great interest.

We greet the ingenious Essayists who have just furnished us with three speculations, written in a very sprightly strain. We wish them to prepare a series and pursue a regular plan, like the Spectator. With respect to the title of a periodical paper, we are not very fastidious. But we do not altogether approve of that which ou correspondents have chosen.

We cordially agree with our friend M, respecting the merits of the UNITED STATES' GAZETTE. It is undoubtedly a judicious Journal. The editor is a very correct politician, and since the commencement of the present unhappy dispute between Great Britain and the United States, he has not dictated a paragraph but what is perfectly pertinent to the issue. This paper has been, from the first, consecrated to the information of the Americans; and it is believed it may justly boast of the merit of never speaking to the passions, without appealing to the reason of the country.

The article entitled *Levity* will provoke laughter during the dull dog-days. The authour is a wag, and we hope he will furnish us with many articles of this description.

In the publick library of this city, no species of literary inquisitiveness need be ungratified. Learning exclaims, "*Ho! every one that thirsteth.*" Let X obey the call, and hasten to the spring. Let him drink at all the fountains of knowledge, and quench his thirst of curiosity.

The picture which S has drawn of the President's proclamation is an admirable likeness. There is a passage somewhere in my Lord Bolingbroke's Works, which happily describes that sort of elevation which grows out of vulgar popularity: It fares with his ambition as with a lofty tree, which cannot shoot its branches into the clouds, unless its root *work* into the

dirt, from which it rose, *on which it stands*, and *by which it is nourished*.

The political essays and paragraphs of S, in the Boston Gazette, remind us of a passage in a favourite authour: His reasons are sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, bold without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.

The prudent secrecy of V is very commendable.

To himself so secret and so close
So far from sounding and discovery
As is the bud, bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.

The character and writings of C may be described in a couplet which POPE applies to the most brilliant nobleman of his time:

Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.

We wish that our fair correspondent would turn to a beautiful song of honest MATTHEW PRIOR, and meditate on the following stanzas:

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is between nature and art;
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose,
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse men, you know, child, the Sun,
How after his journey he sets up his rest,
If at morn over earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So, when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come,
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were *but my visits*, but THOU ART MY HOME.

The sentiments of "Saladin" are very salutary. They will invigorate the industry of aspiring youth. But let him pay no attention to the paradoxes of Rousseau. They are a madman's dreams. The Swiss is eloquent, but we must never expect to find in his works either morality or truth. He was a foolish politician and a corrupt teacher.

The theme which B has suggested is so copious that it would demand an everlasting pen, and an inexhaustible inkstand.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the first productions of an infant muse can so far meet your approbation as to secure them a place in your valuable Repository of Literature, they may certainly boast of possessing some degree of merit.

ODE

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Oh, thou whose power to sooth the heart,
When bleeding in distress,
To pour in Sorrow's wounds a balm,
The grief-worn troubled breast to calm,
And dull the point of Care's corroding dart,
With rapture all confess;
Hail lovely Friendship, source of social joy,
A youthful Muse this tribute pays
To thee, in humble, artless lays,
Daughter of Heav'n, whose pleasures never cloy!

Blest with thy smiles to soften Misery's frown,
The rustick tenant of the lowly shed,
At eve with thee, to chase fatigue away,
And in thy joys forget the busy day,
Lies far more happy in his rush-strew'd bed
Than scepter'd majesty who rests on down,
Whose flattered will obsequious wait
The sycophants of pomp and state,
But not one faithful friend!
For on the crown and purple robe alone
And not on brilliant pain that fills the throne
The venal crowd of parasites attend.

If doomed the stings of adverse fate to feel,
And all the pangs of each concordant ill,
Which they who tread the vale of life must bear;
If Health affrighted flies my bed of care,
Give one sweet maid, I ask no more,

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A friend to cheer life's dreary hour,
And when oppressed with poignant grief,
To give my woes a sweet relief
And soothe my anguished breast;
Give me to whom I can impart
The smiles and sorrows of my heart;
Let others be more blest.
And when no power my fleeting life can save,
Give me one friend to mourn me in the grave.

S.

—

For The Port Folio.

On reading Shee's Rhymes on Art.

When KNELLER had portrayed the fair,
With Gothick taste, yet noble air,
Pope wove a garland round his head,
And crowned him with th' illustrious dead;
And he to whom ten monarchs sat,
Rose less in fame by this than that.
JERVAS, from Friendship's partial heart,
Received the meed unwon by art;
Yet shall his praise remain as long
As matchless Pope's immortal song!
More justly valued REYNOLDS knew
Mason, a friend and poet too;
Yet he, whose polished numbers, fraught
With Fresnoy's close instructive thought,
Borrowed new glory from his track,
And every ray came coloured back.
What painters now their poet's fire?
The colours glow, but wake no lyre;
Alas! no kindred bards rehearse
The pencil's praise, in raptured verse—
Dull may the painter plod, nor hear
Soft musick's soothing cadence near;
'Till rapt, inspired, he seize the lyre,
And painting, breathe poetick fire!
Then, mounting on congenial wing,
Thus taught to feel, he dares to sing—
Hence Fresnoy gained from willing Fame,
A double wreath—another name.

Whence swells that strain sublime on art,
That guides the mind and fills the heart?
Yon sky-light room the Echo flings——
'Tis SHEE so well that paints and sings!
Ye fond, which shall we most admire,
His pencils, harmony or lyre?
In which discover more of grace,
The polished verse or magick face?
The air of elegance that reigns
'Mid social hues or feeling strains;
The soul transfused in verse, or, warm
With mimick life, fair Nature's form?
The sister arts more fond unite,
Grow brighter in their mutual light,
And Beauty with new charms invest;
So well he sings who paints her best.

R. P.

—

For The Port Folio.

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

This is a summer's eve—the mellow wind
Sighs o'er the bosom of the dewy rose,
As if to woo it from the sweet repose
In which it slumbers—while it bears along
Upon its fragrant pinions, lover-like,
The perfume of its tributary flowers—
The restless humming-bird has ceased his flight,
And on the honeysuckle's velvet breast,
His nightly couch, amid the trembling dews
Awaits the breaking of the morning dawn—
The quiet brook, whose polished surface bears
The clear impress of over-arching oaks,
Steals by the meadow, fearful, as it were,
To break upon the stillness of the night!
The breath of love is everywhere abroad!
The yellow moonlight sleeps upon the grass
And softens all the scene, while all around
The gaudy fire-fly streams its meteor light,
And now evanishes—now gleams again!—
Poor idle insect, canst not thou discern
The wanton schoolboy, with extended arms,
Breathless, and wand'ring eye, on tiptoe fixed,
Tracing thy devious flight, 'till on the leaf
In some unguarded moment, resting there,
Thou gleam'st, and findst his hand thy grave!—
Alas! the fev'rish dream of passion's hour
Is often thus, and when repose is sought
The light returns,—but oh the heart is wrecked!—

JACQUES.

—

For The Port Folio.

ACROSTICK.

Saw ye yonder nymph so gay,
As she wander'd o'er the plain;
Love and Beauty led the way,
Love, bewitching every swain:
Youth and Innocence delighted,
(Fancy's fairest angel forms,)
On the maiden blushing waited,
Unconscious of their heavenly charms.
Love at that moment seized my throbbing breast,
Kindling affection not to be expressed,
Endearing, ardent,—ne'er to be suppressed.

E. S.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, August* 22, 1807. [No. 8.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sketch of the Life and writings of Abraham Tucker, Esq. authour of "The Light of Nature Pursued."

The life of a scholar, says Goldsmith, seldom abounds with adventure. His fame is acquired in solitude. The Historian, who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions, by which he is scarcely distinguished from the rest of mankind. But we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure; not that we have any thing important to say but because the subject is pleasing. In the following narrative of the life of a *self sequestered man*, though the reader can discern no martial achievements, or cabinet policy, yet may be seen the rise, progress, and completion of one of the most original, ingenious, instructive, and entertaining works that ever was composed on topicks of Ethicks, Metaphysicks, and Theology. This admirable system of Morality and Religion, which has furnished Archdeacon PALEY with almost the whole of his materials for his Treatise on Moral Philosophy, was first published in 1768, and very favourably received by the criticks and the philosophers. In the year 1777 it was completed; and although, from the abstruseness of some parts, the prolixity of others, and the liberality of all, it was not for many years a *popular* work, in the *vulgar* sense of the expression, yet it was always a favourite with the contemplative and sacred few.

At present it is rising fast into celebrity The splendid authorities of Sir James M'Intosh, Dr. Parr, and Dr. Knox have been successfully quoted in its favour. The author's grandson, the Honourable Sir Henry Paulet, † *St. John* Mildmay, M. P. has just published a new and beautiful edition, carefully revised and corrected. This is now lying before us, enriched by the Biography which we have transcribed for The Port Folio, and ornamented by a spirited engraving of the authour. This fine print is labelled ABRAHAM TUCKER, ESQ. of *Betchworth Castle*. It is engraved by Say, and characteristically represents the authour of the Light of Nature, in his library surrounded with books. He is richly dressed in the style of an *ancient and independent English gentleman;* and his highly interesting countenance exhibits all the genius of an accomplished scholar, all the penetration of an acute philosopher, and all the benevolence of a good man.

By an advertisement in one of our latest London papers, we perceive, with pleasure, that some friend to the memory of the writer, and to the dissemination of his original opinions, has just published, in one volume, large octavo, an abridgment of this great work. This is rendering a truly valuable service to the cause of Religion and Literature. For, it must be confessed, that though Mr. Tucker never *draws out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument*, yet that his work is very voluminous, and from the abstractions with which he is obliged to be conversant, is not a little terrifying to the mere literary lounger, whose vagrant attention will wander even from the page of CERVANTES himself. It is therefore fortunate for letters that the more popular

†We presume, from one of the christian names of this Baronet that the family of Tucker, by descent or marriage, is connected with the house of Bolingbroke, one of the oldest and noblest families in the kingdom.

parts of this curious treatise are presented in a *tangible form* to the bulk of readers. Hence, perhaps, many will be induced to study the original, and become intimately acquainted with the speculations and character of the PROFOUNDEST PHILOSOPHER OF HIS AGE. Nor is he a mere metaphysician. His literary character was as various as that of Aristippus. What Dr. Rush, the Bishop of Dromore, said in his funeral sermon upon Jeremy Taylor, may be applied without a particle of exaggeration to ABRAHAM TUCKER. He has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint.

Not only a sincere admiration of the works of this great genius has dictated this encomium, but gratitude to† a dear and venerable friend, who, at a very early period of the Editor's life, directed his attention to the playful sallies of this authour's imagination, and to those golden rules of practical science which even a boy might comprehend. At a maturer age, as it is the settled habit of the writer of this article to shun vulgar people and vulgar books, and to study diligently *original* characters and *original* writers, he has, to use Gibbon's strong phrase, *meditated* this original work, and we are at a loss which most to admire, the fertility of the authour's imagination, the correctness of his sentiments, or the profoundness of his views. Though he was often careless of polishing his periods to perfection, and though a fastidious critick will sometimes be offended at a harsh construction or a prolix sentence, yet the work abounds with examples of very beautiful composition; and we have acquired the right to say, that in many a page, the orator might discover all the charm of eloquence, the poet all the brightness of fancy, and the wit all the varieties of ludicrous combination.

To support this very favourable opinion of a favourite authour, we will refer to the authority of three of the best scholars of the age.

The Lectures of Sir JAMES M'INTOSH are, at present, not at our command. We, therefore, can only rely upon memory for his testimonial of Mr. Tucker's merit. But the reader may be assured that the learned Baronet speaks in the highest terms of the profound metaphysician.

Dr. Parr, in his celebrated Spital Sermon, after fortifying with the authority of Mr. Tucker many of the positions in that admirable discourse, observes "I hear *with concern* that the works of this *admirable* writer are *scarce*, and therefore, I shall not apologize for ample and frequent quotations. In another place the Dr. says "Philosophy is *brought within the reach of common sense*, and is *more skilfully applied to the duties of common life* by this authour, than by any of the writers on universal benevolence with whom it has been my fortune to meet.

The three or four last volumes of Search's Light of Nature, says Dr. Vicesimus Knox, certainly abound in excellent thoughts and *original illustrations*. The whole work abounds with new ideas and valuable doctrine.

I HAVE often heard it lamented by admirers of Mr. Tucker's writings, that no account has been hitherto given to the world of his private life: and it has been suggested to me that in offering a new edition of "The Light of Nature" to the publick, some biographical sketch would be expected at my hands.

I regret my inability to comply with these suggestions so fully as my inclination and the unfeigned respect, veneration, and gratitude which I feel towards the memory of Mr. Tucker, would dispose me to do.

The life of a man, devoted to study and retirement, to the investigation of metaphysical truth, and the practice of religious duties, can indeed hardly be expected to afford much in the detail to amuse or interest the publick. And the uniform regularity of the life of the authour of "The Light of Nature," was certainly interrupted by few extraordinary occurrences. But instruction might possibly be afforded, and example held out to future excellence, by tracing the several incidents which may be supposed to have influenced the mind and genius of such an authour, to have given the original bent to his course of study, and turned his thoughts into that channel in which they continued to flow. I am, however, enabled to add nothing upon these points to the short history which Mr. Tucker has given of the disposi-

† The gentleman alluded to, who is a *very near* relation of the Editor, found time and inclination amid the cares of business not only for the study of Polite Literature, but the most laborious and successful researches in abstruse science. To metaphysical and philosophical investigations, in particular, he bent the whole force of his ardent mind, and conversed on these topicks with great clearness, acuteness, and ability.

tion and progress of his own mind in the following words:

"My thoughts," he says, "have taken a turn from my earliest youth towards searching into the foundations and measures of right and wrong; my love for retirement has furnished me with continual leisure, and the exercise of my reason has been my daily employment."

The account which I am about to give of the most important events of his life, (if any events can be said to be important of a life so retired and undiversified) is necessarily rendered more imperfect by the loss of a near relation, Mrs. Judith Tucker, by whom alone I could have been furnished with materials for a fuller statement.

All that I now offer to the publick is collected from what I can remember to have heard from her when alive, from some biographical notes, which she left behind her, and from some scattered hints and notices which Mr. Tucker's own papers supply; and, however otherwise unimportant or uninteresting the narrative may be, I have preferred to leave it so rather than to embellish it with any thing for which I had not the most indisputable authority, and am contented that it should pretend to no other merit than that which would have been esteemed its greatest recommendation by him whose life it is intended to commemorate, a strict and faithful adherence to the truth.

The family of Mr. Tucker is of Somersetshire extraction, but he was himself born in London on the 2d of September, 1705. His father, who appears to have been a merchant of some eminence in the city, married Judith, daughter of Abraham Tillard, Esq. and died in his son's infancy, leaving him to the guardianship of his uncle, Sir Isaac Tillard, a man remarkable for the purity of his morals and the austere integrity of his character. Of the memory of this relation, Mr. Tucker, to the latest hour of his life, never failed to speak with extreme affection and gratitude, frequently observing, that he was indebted for every principle of honour, benevolence, and liberality, which he possessed, to the indefatigable pains and bright example of his uncle. It appears, however, that although Mr. Tucker might be greatly obliged to Sir Isaac Tillard for the early seeds of those moral principles with which his conduct and writings were afterwards so eminently tinctured; he did not probably receive much assistance from him in the usual accomplishments of modern education: I have frequently heard him say, that when called on, as a boy, to pay a periodical compliment to some distant relations, he was invariably referred by his guardian to St. Paul's Epistles, as the most complete model of epistolary correspondence.

Mr. Tucker was educated in a school at Bishop's Stortford, which he quitted in 1721, and, at the age of sixteen, was entered a gentleman commoner at Merton College, where it appears that he devoted the principal part of his time to metaphysical and mathematical pursuits. During his residence in the University, he found means in the intervals of leisure from more serious application, to make himself complete master of the French and Italian languages, and to acquire a considerable proficiency in musick, for which he possessed great natural talents.

About the year 1724, he went into chambers in the Inner Temple, where, for some time, he applied very closely to the law, in which he acquired such a degree of knowledge as enabled him to conduct with advantage the management of his own affairs, and frequently to render very essential service to his friends and neighbours; but his fortune not requiring the aid of a profession, to the pursuit of which neither his constitution nor his inclination were adapted, he was never called to the bar. While he continued at the Temple, he commonly passed the vacation in tours through different parts of England or Scotland, and once made a Summer excursion into France and Flanders.

In 1727, he purchased Betchworth Castle, near Dorking, an ancient seat

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of the Browns', and formerly part of the extensive possessions of the Earl of Arundel. As this purchase was considerable, and included a large tract of landed property, Mr. Tucker immediately set about acquiring every sort of information that is generally thought necessary to the advantageous management of land. With his usual industry he committed to paper a great variety of remarks, which he either had made himself, collected from his neighbours and tenants, or selected from different authours, both ancient and modern, who have treated on rural economy.

In 1736, Mr. Tucker married Dorothy, daughter of Edward Barker, of East Betchworth, Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer, and receiver of the Tenths. By this lady, who died in 1754, he had two daughters: Judith, who survived him, inherited his estates, and died unmarried in 1795, and Dorothea Maria, who, in 1763, married Sir Henry Paulet St. John, Baron of Dogmersfield Park, in Hampshire, and died in 1768, leaving no issue but the writer of these remarks.

As my grandfather had always lived with his wife on terms of the tenderest harmony and affection, he was severely afflicted by her death. As soon as the first excess of his grief was somewhat mitigated, he occupied himself in collecting together all the letters that had passed between them, at periods when they were accidentally separated from each other, which he transcribed twice over, under the title of "The Picture of Artless Love." One copy he gave to Mr. Barker, his father-in-law, and the other he kept, and frequently read over to his daughters.

His active mind after this event became engaged in the education of his children, to whom he himself taught French and Italian. He also instructed them in many other branches of science, which he thought might in future contribute to their advantage or amusement; but he was, above all, careful to instil into their minds the purest principles of morality, benevolence, and religion.

In the year 1755, at the request of a friend, he worked up some materials that were sent him, into the form of a pamphlet, under the title of "The Country Gentleman's advice to his son on the subject of party Clubs." This little tract I have seen, though it has long since been out of print. It seems to have been dictated by no party feelings, even in the person by whom the materials were compiled, but generally cautions young men against engaging in political societies in which their passions are liable to be inflamed, and, from the zeal and enthusiasm of the moment, their honour often pledged to support measures which their cooler reason and reflection disapprove.

Mr. Tucker had no turn for politicks: he was very strongly solicited, on several occasions, to offer himself as a representative for the county in which he resided; to which situation both his landed property and his private character gave him the best pretensions. This he uniformly refused. He was once, only, prevailed on to attend a county meeting at Epsom, where party ran very high, and though he took no active part in the proceedings there, he was introduced into a ludicrous ballad, where he is described with several other gentlemen of respectability and talents, as confounded by the superiour powers and eloquence of the *whigs* of that day, Sir Joseph Mawbey and Humphrey Cotes. This circumstance afforded to Mr. Tucker abundant matter for humorous animadversion, and whenever politicks were the subject of conversation, he seldom failed to advert to the ill success of his only essay in publick life; and was so much amused with the figure he made in verse, that he set the ballad to musick.

From the papers which Mr. Tucker left behind him, it does not appear that, previous to the year 1755, he had any thoughts of the work, which he afterwards completed; nor has the former Editor, nor have I, been able to ascertain from what circumstance he was first induced to undertake it. About the year 1756, how

ever, he begun "The Light of Nature Pursued."

He made several sketches of the plan of his work (one of which he afterwards printed in the shape of a dialogue) before he finally decided on the method he should pursue. And after he had ultimately arranged and digested his materials, he twice transcribed the copy in his own hand. Conscious of the defects in his style, he had it in contemplation, as he says himself, to have revised and corrected, in some degree, the most inharmonious and inelegant passages in the work, before he sent it to the press, though for various reasons assigned in his Introduction, he never accomplished his design.

To qualify himself, however, for appearing before the publick as an authour, he had employed a considerable portion of his time, previous to his great undertaking, in studying, with the utmost accuracy, the most elegant Greek and Latin Classicks, in order (as far as it is possible, in the more advanced periods of life) to supply the defects of early education; and he actually took the pains of translating the most admired pieces of Demosthenes, Cicero, Pliny, &c. several times over.

Of these studies, many have been thrown aside and destroyed; but I am still in possession of such a collection as is sufficient to show that Mr. Tucker's industry and perseverance have been very rarely surpassed.

He published the first specimen of his work in 1763, under the title of "Freewill," which seems to have been a selection from four octavo volumes, which he afterwards printed in 1765, under the fictitious name of "Edward Search!" Why he assumed a feigned name, I am ignorant, but I am disposed to ascribe it altogether to his disinclination to attract publick notice. The remainder of the work was edited by his daughter, from a manuscript, and published with the real name of the authour, some time after his decease.

At a late period of life, he printed, but did dot publish, a little tract on vocal sounds, wherein he attempts very ingeniously, with the aid of a few additional letters, to fix the pronunciation of the whole alphabet in such a manner, that the sound of any word may be conveyed on paper, as easily as by the voice. This little treatise was composed in support of certain positions which he had advanced at a literary meeting of some of his friends, and on which a difference of opinion had arisen. Having occasion, in the course of this work, to speak of the hexameter metre, he expresses his "conviction, that the English is as capable of that mode of versification, as the Greek or Latin languages." To exemplify this opinion, he subjoins a hasty attempt of his own, from which it may not be thought foreign to my present purpose to insert a very short extract. The classical reader will immediately perceive, that it is a literal translation of part of Virgil's account of the Pythagorean doctrine.

A Spirit eternal penetrates through earth,
sky, and ocean,
Mounts to the moon's lucid orb and stars in
countless abundance,
One soul all matter invigorates, gives life
to the system,
O'er each particular member diffuses alertness,
Thence men and animals sprung forth, beast,
and feathered fowl,
And whatever monsters swim through the
watery kingdom, &c.

Mr. Tucker also published, probably at an earlier period, a pamphlet, entitled "Man in quest of himself, by Cuthbert Comment," in reply to some strictures that appeared in a note on Search's Freewill, in the Monthly Review of July, 1763. In the latter end of it he explains his view in the publication; namely, "in reply to a doctrine advanced, that the mind and material elements fluctuate and change into one another; which seems a revival of the old atheistical notion, that a perceptive and active being may be formed of senseless and inert principles."

Mr. Tucker, though by no means of an athletick form, or a robust constitution, possessed great bodily acti-

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vity. He always rose early in the morning to pursue his literary labours. During the winter months, he commonly burnt a lamp in his chamber, for the purpose of lighting his own fire. After breakfast he returned again to his studies, for two or three hours, and passed the remainder of the morning in walking, or some rural exercise. As he was remarkably abstemious, he lost but little time at the table, but usually spent part of the evening, in summer, in walking over his estate, collecting information on all agricultural subjects, from his tenants, and committing the result of their practical experience to paper. In winter, he completed the regular measure of his exercise, by traversing his own apartment, and after accomplishing the distance he had allotted to himself, he employed the remainder of the afternoon in reading to his daughters. In London, where he resided some months every year, his time was apportioned in the same manner, between study and relaxation: and he commonly devoted much of his evenings to the society of his friends, relations, and fellow collegians, among whom he was particularly distinguished for his dexterity in the Socratick method of disputation. His walks were chiefly directed to the transaction of any incidental business, always choosing rather to execute his own commissions, even of the most trivial nature, than to entrust them to a third person. This singularity arose from the construction of his mind, which was rarely satisfied without some object in view; and when no object presented itself, he would sometimes walk from Great James street, where he resided, to St. Paul's, or to the Bank, to see, as he would good humouredly observe, what it was o'clock.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For The Port Folio

In a new work, ascribed to Mrs. H. More, and entitled "Hints for the education of a young Princess," we find much moral instruction and much fine writing. In the following stricture upon HUME's History of England, we are at a loss which most to admire, the justness of the sentiments, or the energy and beauty of the style.

His political prejudices do not strikingly appear till the establishment of the House of Stuart, nor his religious antipathies till about the dawn of the Reformation, under Henry V. From that period to its full establishment, he is, perhaps, more dangerous, because less ostensibly daring than some other infidel historians. He is a serpent under a bed of roses. He does not so much ridicule religion himself, as invite others to ridicule it. There is in his manner a sedateness, which imposes; in his skepticism a sly gravity which puts the reader more off his guard, than the vehemence of censure or the levity of wit: for we are always less disposed to suspect a man who is too wise to appear angry. That same wisdom makes him too correct to invent calumnies, but it does not preserve him from doing what is scarcely less disingenuous; he implicitly adopts the injurious relations of those annalysts who were most hostile to the reformed Faith; though he must have known their accounts to be aggravated and discoloured, if not absolutely invented. He thus makes others responsible for the worst things he asserts, and spreads the mischief, without avowing the malignity. When he speaks from himself, the sneer is so cool, the irony so sober, the contempt so discreet, the moderation so insidious, the difference between Popish bigotry and Protestant firmness, between the fury of the persecutor, and the resolution of the martyr so little marked; the distinctions between intolerant frenzy and heroick zeal so melted into each other, that though he contrives to make the reader feel some indignation at the tyrant, he never leads him to feel any reverence for the sufferer. He ascribes such a slender superiority to one religious system above another, that the young reader who does not come to the perusal, with his principles formed, will be in danger of thinking that the reformation was really not worth contending for.

But in nothing is the skill of this accomplished sophist more apparent than in the artful way in which he piques his readers into a conformity with his own views concerning religion. Human pride, he knew, naturally likes to range itself on the side of ability. He, therefore, skilfully, works on this passion, by treating, with a sort of contemptuous superiority (as weak and credulous men) all whom he represents as being under the religious delusion.

To the shameful practice of confounding fanaticism with real religion, he adds the disingenuous habit of accounting for the best actions of the best men by referring them to some low motive; and affects to confound the designs of the religious and the corrupt, so artfully, that no radical difference appears to subsist between them.

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In a crisis, portentous like the present, when we are threatened on every side; when *without are dangers, and within are fears*, it is infinitely desirable that some great Genius, like a giant refreshed with wine, should *arise* and snatch us from political perdition. Would to God that some American Burke could be found, who would both *exclaim* and *act* in the spirit of the following passage, which occurs in one of the last pamphlets EDMUND BURKE ever wrote, and which combines all the warmth of youth and all the wisdom of age. Nothing can be more just than the closing sentence of this energetick extract.

How often has publick calamity been arrested on the very brink of ruin by the seasonable energy of a single man. Have we no such man among us? I am as sure as I am of my being, that one vigorous mind, without office, without situation, or publick functions of any kind, one such man, confiding in the aid of God, and full of just reliance in his own fortitude, vigour, and perseverance, would first draw to him some few like himself, and then, that multitudes hardly thought to be in existence, would appear and troop about him.

If I saw this auspicious beginning, baffled and frustrated as I am, yet on the very verge of a timely grave, abandoned abroad and desolate at home, stripped of my boast, my hope, my consolation, my helper, my counseller, and my guide, yet thus, even thus, *I would rake up the fire under all the ashes that oppress it.* I am no longer patient of the publick eye; nor am I of force to win my way, and to justle and elbow in a crowd. But *even in solitude something may be done for society. The meditations of the closet have infected Senates with a subtle frenzy,* AND INFLAMED ARMIES WITH THE BRANDS OF THE FURIES.

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The following is a very concise character of Mr. PITT, but it contains much in little. It is drawn with elegance, accuracy, and discrimination. The intrepidity of his character is strikingly displayed in the concluding sentence. To oppose and to despise the *majority* is always glorious.

As a financier, no man who ever presided at the board of Exchequer has obtained more praise. His plans were laid with so much judgment, and the objects of his taxation so correctly chosen, that the produce, in general, was coeval with the calculation.

As a speaker, he was, perhaps, unrivalled. Notwithstanding his person was unprepossessing, his action tame, and his features so unimportant that no painter, sculptor, or medalist could ever contrive to obtain a likeness; yet, such was the happy choice of his words, the judicious arrangement of his subject, and the FASCINATING EFFECT OF A PERENNIAL ELOQUENCE, that his wonderful powers were acknowledged, even by those who happened to be prepossessed against his person and arguments. When employed in a good cause, he was irresistible, in a bad one, he would dazzle the judgment, lead the imagination captive, and seduce the heart, even while the mind remained firm.

Nor ought his GENEROUS SCORN OF WEALTH to be omitted. Amid a corrupt circle, and at a time when some men appear to have attained the heroick age of pecuniary baseness, *he was wholly exempt from this mark of modern degeneracy.*

All his failings appear to have arisen out of one master passion—that Ambition which soared above every other consideration, but its own immediate gratification. While out of office, he exercised the *Tribunitian* powers with such a degree of vehemence, that it was supposed he had given hostages to his country, and sworn eternal war against abuses of every kind. When in power, no

minister was ever more *Dictatorial;* his arrogance extended even beyond the pale of the empire, and became proverbial in foreign courts. Before his time, a formidable minority in the House of Commons was viewed with despair, by a minister. HE WAS THE FIRST WHO BRAVED A MAJORITY.

Almost fifty years ago, an eccentrick writer published a whimsical jumble of romantick adventures, with the title of "The Life of John *Buncle*, Esq." This work, which is by no means vacant of wild absurdity and dangerous doctrine, is, unquestionably, the offspring of a scholar and a man of genius. By way of satire upon the uncertainty of the medical art, and the clashing theory of its professors, he tells a droll story, which the *Infidels* in Physick will read with rapture.

I will now relate the extraordinary case of my wife, Miss Spence, and the four physicians I had to attend her. It is a very curious thing.

This young lady was seized with that fatal distemper, called a malignant fever. Something foreign to nature got into the blood, by a cold, and other accidents, it may be, and the *luctus*, or strife, to get clear thereof became very great. The thirst, the dry tongue, the coming *causus* were terrible, and gave me too much reason to apprehend this charming woman would sink under the conflict. To save her, if possible, I sent immediately for a great physician, Dr. Sharp, a man who talked with great fluency of medicine and diseases.

This gentleman told me, that *alkaline* was the root of all fevers, as well as of other distempers, and, therefore, to take off the effervescence of the blood, in the ebullitions of it, to incide the viscous humour, to drain the tartarous salts from the kidnies, to allay the preternatural ferment, and to brace up the relaxed tones, he ordered orange and vinegar in whey, and prescribed spirit of sulphur, and vitriol, the cream, chrystals, and vitriolate tartar in other vehicles. If any thing can relieve, it must be—plenty of acid. *In acidis posita est omni curatis.* But these things gave no relief to the sufferer.

I sent then, in all haste, to Dr. *Hough*, a man of great reputation, and he differed so much, in opinion, from *Sharp*, that he *called an acid the chief enemy.* It keeps up the *luctus* or struggle, and, if not expelled very quickly, will certainly prove fatal. Our sheet anchor then must be the *testacea* in vehicles of mineral water. Accordingly, he ordered the *absorbent powders*, to conflict with this *acidity*, the principal cause of all diseases. *Pearl, and coral, crabs' eyes* and *crabs' claws* he prescribed, in divers forms: but *they were of no use to the sick woman. She became worse every hour.*

Dr. Pym was next called in, a great practitioner and a learned man. *His notion of a fever was quite different* from the opinions of Sharp and Hough. He maintained that a fever was a *poisonous ferment or venom*, which *seized on the animal spirits:* it breaks and *emites them*, and, unless by alexipharmicks, the spirits can be enabled to gain a victory in a day or two this ferment will bring on what the Greeks call a *synochus*, that is, a *continual fever.* In that state, the venom holds fast the animal spirits, will not let them expand or disengage themselves, and then *they grow enraged*, and tumultuating, are hurried *into a state of explosion*, and *blow up the fabrick.* Hence, the inflammatory fever, according to the diverse *indoles* of the venom; and when the contagious miasms arrive at their highest degree, the malignant fever ariseth. The spirits are then *knocked down*, and, *the marks of the enemy's weapons, the spots, appear.* This, the doctor continued, is the case of your lady, and, therefore, the thing to be done, is, to *make the malignant tack about to the mild*, and produce an extinction of the ferment and relief of the symptoms. This I endeavour to do by *alexipharmicks* and *vesicatories*, and by *subduing the poison* by the *bark, and the warmer antidotes.* Thus did my doctor *marshal his animal spirits and fight them against the enemy, but to great disadvantage.* It was plain, his *spirits were routed*, and that *venom was getting the day.* His alexipharmicks and warm antidotes were good for nothing. THE MALADY INCREASED.

This being the case, I sent in great haste, for a fourth doctor, a man of greater learning than the other three, and, therefore, opposite to their opinion and against their management of the fever. This great man was Dr. *Frost.* He was a *mechanician*, and affirmed, that the solid parts of the human body are subjected to the rules of geometry, and the fluids to the hydrostaticks, and, therefore, to keep the machine in right order, that is, in a state of health, an *equilibrium* must be maintained or restored, if destroyed. The balance must not turn to one side or to the other. To restore sanity, in acute cases and in chronick too, our business is to prevent the vessel's being elevated or depressed *beyond the standard of nature:* when either happens, the division of the blood is increased, the motion is augmented, and so beget a fever. There cannot be an *inordinate elevation of the oily or fiery parts of the blood* but the vessels *vibrate above the standard of nature.*

In a slight fever, the blood increases but little above the balance, but if more,

than one day, it turns to a *synochus*, which is but the same fever *augmented beyond the balance of nature*. This terminates in a *causus*. This is the case of your lady. From *an elevated contraction*, (the doctor continued, to my amazement,) her blood obtains a greater force and motion; hence, greater division, hence, an increase of quantity and fluidity: and thus, from greater division, motion and quantity increased, arise that heat and thirst, with the other concomitant symptoms of her fever; for the blood dividing faster than it can be detached through the perspiratory emunctories of the skin, is the immediate cause of the heart's preternatural beating. And this preternatural division of the blood arises from the additional quantity of obstructed, perspirable matter, added to the natural quantity of the blood.

Things being so, the doctor went on, and the fever rising by the blood's dividing faster than it can be detached by the several emunctories; and this from an elevation of the solids above the balance, we must then strive to *take off the tension of the solids* and *subtract the cause*. This makes me begin in a manner *quite contrary* to *the other physicians*, and, I doubt not but I shall soon get the better of the *fury and orgasm*, make an alteration in the *scabrous tongue*, and by according with the *modus* of nature, throw forth the matter of the disease. I will enable Nature to extricate herself. I hope to disentangle herself.

Thus did this very learned man enlarge; and, while he talked of doing wonders, the dry and parched skin, the black and brushy tongue, the crusty fur upon the teeth, and all the signals of an *incendium* within, declared her dissolution very near. As the serum diminished fast, all the intestine motion of the crassamentum increased. Nature was brought to her last struggles. All the dismal harbingers of a general wreck appeared, to give the bystanders notice of approaching death. *She died*, the ninth day, by the *ignorance* of *four learned physicians*.

Our friend ASMODEO has discovered, in the works of one of the French Epigrammatists, a lampoon to the same effect as the above narrative by the facetious Mr. Buncle.

From the French.

A lady being ill, though apparently not dangerously so, had four physicians to attend her. The lady died.

Can you imagine, Joe,
So slight a fever, a mere melancholy,
In five short days could to the shades below
Send the fair Amaranthe, in all her folly?
Tut, man, I'm sure that on a mind
Like yours, acute, refined,
A single doubt cannot remain,
That she of health, 'till then so justly vain,
Could ne'er accuse the FATES of their decisions,
Did you but know, that she, intent,
As one might think, to quit us, rashly sent
For *four Physicians!*

For The Port Folio.

MR. SELFRIDGE.

Of the honourable acquittal of this persecuted gentleman from a charge of manslaughter of the younger Austin, the publick are long since informed. The course of the prosecution, dictated by a political foe, who was stimulated by the violence of a faction to which he looked for elevation to the highest office in the state, was, as might have been expected, neither softened by lenity nor sweetened by mercy. The law in this case was not only adhered to in form, but it was satisfied in substance. Mr. Selfridge underwent every hardship and experienced every rigour to which such a charge could have subjected the most vulgar and degraded offender. He was kept a close prisoner at the imminent risk of a life, rendered precarious by long continued sickness and bodily infirmity; he suffered privations and made sacrifices far greater than those which usually attend the objects of criminal prosecutions.

After an imprisonment of more than four months (during which his enemies* were industriously occupied in forestalling and prejudicing publick opinion, and exciting popular and party resentment against him, all of which was met, on his part, by the most calm and patient submission to the laws and justice of his country)

* It has been suspected, that during the imprisonment of Mr. Selfridge, the attorney general permitted or was engaged in this cruel and dishonourable occupation. The grounds of this suspicion are unknown, and it is to be hoped, for the honour of the government of Massachusetts, that it is unfounded.

the Court which was to decide on his fate began its session. When the case was submitted to the Grand Jury, no advantage was left unimproved by the officers of the government, to procure an indictment for murder. The Attorney General, contrary to English practice,† the practice of other States, and *the eternal principles of justice*, appeared before them and tasked his influence and his eloquence for that purpose. They, however, to use his own language, "usurped the authority of deciding in a private room, such a question, (whether murder or manslaughter) in the first instance"; in other words, the Grand Jury, regarding their oaths, their consciences, and their duty, and finding no sufficient cause to call upon Mr. Selfridge to answer an indictment for MURDER, indicted him for MANSLAUGHTER only‡. This being a bailable offence, Mr. Selfridge then, for the first time, demanded to be liberated on bail.

During the trial in chief, neither he nor his counsel asked or received favour. If there were any leaning in the Judge, who tried the cause, IT WAS NOT TO THE SIDE OF THE ACCUSED.§

After the defendant's counsel had summed up, the counsel for the State, contrary to all rule, was permitted to introduce new evidence. Neither zeal nor ability was wanting, on the part of the Government, to support the prosecution: no topick which was calculated to rouse the passions or excite unworthy prejudices, was omitted. The Jury were addressed by the Attorney General as being "all of the same way of thinking with himself, he touched upon the little, ignoble string of domestick politicks, and condescended to talk of the 'would be noble,' with his gold-headed cane, or his elegantly mounted pistol."

At length, the Jury was charged by the Judge, in a manner which bids defiance to any insinuation of partiality for the accused. They retired, and, after a deliberation of four hours, returned, with a verdict of "Not guilty."

It might have been hoped that, after all this, the law having rigorously "taken its course," his bitterest foes would have ceased to persecute, and that those who had before thirsted for his blood, would have felt some yearnings of compassion for an innocent man, who bad been made to suffer so much. But the same diabolical spirit, which in more instances than this has endeavoured to sacrifice its victim, by poisoning the very fountains of justice, sought to destroy the possibility of a fair and impartial trial, by raising popular clamour, and diffusing universal prejudice against the accused, is yet busy, and at work, with respect to Mr. Selfridge.

In the Independent Chronicle, of Boston, of the 3d instant, the vehicle of the falsehood and poison which were disgorged before the trial and acquittal, a publication appears which claims the sober and earnest attention of all who wish to support the laws,

† Probably the last instance of such a procedure in England was on the trial of the Earl of Shaftsbury, for treason, in 1681. In the case of Col. Burr, now depending before the Chief Justice of the United States, in the Circuit Court of Virginia, the attorney of the district was not permitted to go before the Grand Jury.

‡ The Grand Jury, it is said, insisted on their right to examine the witnesses to the transaction generally, without confining themselves to those whom the attorney might think it expedient to select. The result was the finding a bill for manslaughter only. In Pennsylvania (and so it ought to be wherever publick justice is the only motive to a prosecution), all the witnesses, as well favourable as unfavourable to the prisoner, who were present at the transaction, are sent to the Grand Jury by the prosecuting officer.

§ In one instance where testimony was offered, and objected to by the counsel of the defendant, and the court appeared TO DOUBT, the attorney general suggesting that "a verdict for the defendant would be FINAL against the government," the judge replied: "I am aware of that; *and*, THEREFORE, SHOULD BE FOR ADMITTING THE TESTIMONY, because the defendant cannot be injured by it, but the government is concluded;" and the evidence was accordingly admitted!

and preserve real liberty. This production (supposed to come from the very man || whose falsehood and baseness gave rise to those circumstances which subjected Mr. Selfridge to the hard necessity of defending his own life by taking that of his antagonist), does not deserve a particular examination. It is the SPIRIT it breathes, which requires animadversion and the severest reprobation. The writer, and those who are leagued with him, disappointed of the success of their savage projects against Mr. Selfridge, by his acquittal and deliverance from their power, are now trying what can be effected by persecution in another way. They still hope, that he, whose innocence has been manifested by the strictest legal scrutiny, who has answered at the bar of his country, and stands acquitted of the crime they have alleged against him, may be driven to the sad alternative of making himself a voluntary exile, or of leading a life of constant apprehension, lest the dagger of the assassin should terminate his sufferings and his existence! *Some late change may favour their hopes*, but they will be disappointed. In the furtherance of their main design, it becomes necessary, in the first instance, to destroy all respect for the Court and the Jurors before whom the trial was had, by impeaching their integrity, and insinuating suspicions of partiality against them: therefore, they have commenced their operations. Citizens of Massachusetts, pause and reflect! For what are courts instituted, if their decrees are to be over-haled and their justice rejudged by factions or mobs, deceived and mislead by the falsehoods and misrepresentations of those, who, actuated by private and base motives, make their appeals to them! How can you hope to find integrity and independence on the judgment-seat, or in the jury-box, if they are to be rewarded by democratick denunciation? The judiciary is the very fortress of civil liberty: when *that* is attacked, *this* must be in peril. When it ceases to defend and protect the citizen, or when this defence and protection are assailed with impunity, no man ought to talk of his rights, unless he means to maintain them by force, by intrigue, or by corruption. "*Invalido legum auxilio, quæ vi, ambitu, postremo pecunia turbabantur*" may be the future record of the history of your times.

The writer of this "Chronicle" paragraph complains loudly that, after the Inquest returned a verdict of "Murder," the Grand Jury should only find a Bill for "Manslaughter." Now, supposing, for an instant, that it was the duty of the Grand Jury to respect the finding of the Inquest, yet surely, if the latter were not permitted, by law, to distinguish between murder, and manslaughter, but were obliged to return a verdict for the former or for neither, this complaint must be silenced. By a reference to the law of Massachusetts, on the subject of Coroners' Inquests, it appears, that there are three forms of verdict prescribed for the Inquest, one of which they must, in every case, pursue, and, that neither of these speaks of manslaughter. The Legislature, doubtless, did not conceive it necessary that the Inquest who do not sit to try the question of crime, but merely to ascertain the manner of the death, should distinguish between murder and manslaughter, and hence their finding in both cases, must be precisely the same. But are we prepared to submit our lives, our liberty, and property to a secret inquisition, summoned by a constable, acting upon an *ex parte* hearing, unassisted by the advice of a judge? If we are, let us at once abolish Grand Juries and Petit Juries, as useless and unmeaning

|| When Benjamin Austin, the father, was informed of the death of his son, his first exclamation was "Good God! is this the work of federalism?" Hatred to federalism, and the malignant hope that the death of a son might be perverted to the benefit of party purposes, seem to have been the uppermost thoughts in his mind. Parental sorrow generally commands our sympathy, without permitting us to inquire, whether the parent himself may not have occasioned it: but when we see personal and political rancour awkwardly disguising itself in the garb of parental grief, our sympathy gives place to scorn and abhorrence.

institutions. The ignorance of our forefathers did not permit them to discover their folly; that is left to the penetrating discernment of the Chroniclers. In truth, however, the finding of the Coroner's Inquest is never to be regarded by a Grand Jury, or on the trial in chief, and monstrous would it be, if it were.

Some consolation is attempted to be drawn from the demand of a "new trial," which would afford another chance to the Chronicler, and his friends of PERPETRATING their intentions. The present season is more auspicious, and they would be unworthy of themselves, were they ever to abandon an object which is to be obtained by fraud and popular delusion. It will answer no purpose to tell them of a pretty old maxim of the "COMMON LAW," that "no man shall be twice put in jeopardy of his life for the same offence," but they will hardly presume to resist the authority of the Attorney General himself. In the 28th page of the printed report of the trial of Mr. Selfridge, Mr. Sullivan will be found to say thus: "It is clear, that this indictment must be a bar, whether found guilty or not, to any other Indictment for the same offence;" and again, in the 29th page: "It is clear, the verdict for the defendant, though on improper testimony, would be final against the Government," which is immediately assented to by the presiding Judge.

In these hasty remarks, nothing has been said as to the MERITS of Mr. Selfridge's case. If any doubt, let them read the report of the trial; it is all that he need ask, to secure the approbation of any honest, unprejudiced man. On this occasion, the trial and acquittal of the accused, before a Court of competent jurisdiction, are relied on, as the pledge of his innocence, to his friends and his fellow citizens. While the relentless outcry, which is still kept up against him, must excite indignation and abhorrence, let it be listened to by all who value the blessings of civil government, as a voice warning them to rally for its protection.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For The Port Folio.

Extract of a letter addressed to the Editor by Charles Sedley, Esq. the authour of *Memoirs of Anacreon*, a curious and entertaining work, which the ingenious Biographer proposes soon to publish.

A democratick Journalist here stoutly swears that no true born American should subscribe to the *Memoirs of Anacreon*, because, forsooth, it includes Moore's Translation, and *Moore is an ungrateful man.* "Patience herself doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do." But I confess I shrink when I see not more than — patrons to a book written in a country where there is so much *talk* about the *encouragement of domestick manufactures.* My Pride for a long time refused her assent to the vile republican mode of publishing a book by the eleemosynary aid of a subscription. But since I have submitted to it, I am doubly mortified at the cool reception it has met with. To convince you that I have the entire approbation of Mr. Moore in this behalf, I will copy a paragraph from his last letter to me, dated Donnington Park, Leicestershire, April 23, 1807, where he is now enjoying *otium cum dignitate* with my Lord Moira, the modern Mæcenas.

"The plan of your book is excellent. Something like it has been done by a writer of the name of Gaçow, whom I think I have quoted somewhere in my notes; and, indeed, there are many works in France upon the same model, which I dare say you have seen. *Les Amours d'Horace, de Catulle*, &c. &c. There is, likewise, in German, (though without poetry, yet of similar fabrication) the Life of Alcibiades by Reisher, and of Aristippus by Wieland, the latter of which, though betraying a little the weakness of the authour's age, appears to me very elegant. I own there is nothing I have ever admired so much as these skilful tissues of fact and fiction, particularly when they are laid on a *Grecian* frame. Such works are a kind of *waking dreams* which mingle *Fancy* and *Reality* so pleasantly together, that we have all the *sanction*

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of the *latter* for all the *eccentricities* of the *former*." You will observe, if you look again, that my loom stands on the firm bases of Plutarch and other Grecians, while the web, by which the curiosity of the reader is to be fastened down, is composed of the silken threads of Anacreon, tinged with the Tyrian dye of our friend.

For The Port Folio.

Among the innumerable fooleries of the philosophers and physicians of the new school is a fantastick belief that nothing is more pernicious than tobacco and wine, and all the other stimulants, to which social, or care-worn man flies to procure the delights of exhilaration, or the refreshment of sleep. If we believe Dr. Beddoes and the rest of that tribe, the most fragrant portion of the Indian weed, the weakest wine and water, the purest alkohol, even the †*muse's friend*, Tea itself, are all so many vindictive foes to human life. To preserve health and secure longevity, we must, according to the doctrine of the modern medical visionary, renounce almost all those enjoyments, which make life tolerable. We may not eat fruit, we may not eat spice, though we must swallow water with the throat of a Sangrado. But Beddoes himself is obliged to confess that this Pythagorean mode of management may injure and offend the stomach, and that we do require stimulus of some kind; and pray what does he substitute for alkohol? why forsooth, we must break every bottle of Burgundy and every flask of Champaign and ‡drink vitriolick and marine acid, not forgetting aqua fortis, diluted with water! The universal practice of mankind in all ages, and EXPERIENCE, the mistress of life, decide directly against this uncomfortable and unfounded doctrine. It is the same in the state of nature as in the height of luxury. It is the same in Africa the torrid, or America the temperate. The savage chews his betel and his arcka nut, and the Turk solaces himself with the poppy.

> The naked negro panting at the line,
> Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine.

The Frenchman loves Bordeaux, the Englishman Porter and Port, and even an innocent republican, on this side of the Atlantick, *drinks* with an air of independence. The rich citizen reddens his cheek with Madeira and the mountain boor fuddles in whiskey. Let us now listen to Edmund Burke.

As to what is said in a *physical and moral* view against the consumption of spirits, EXPERIENCE has long since taught me very little to respect the *declamations* on that subject—whether the thunder of the laws, or the thunder of eloquence "is hurled *on gin*," ALWAYS I AM THUNDER PROOF. The alembick in my mind, has furnished to the world a far greater benefit and blessing, than if the *opus maximum* had been really found by chymistry, and, like Midas, we could turn every thing into gold.

Undoubtedly there may be a dangerous *abuse in the excess of spirits*, but ardent spirits is *a great medicine*, often to remove distempers—much more frequently to prevent them, or to chase them away in their beginnings. It is not nutritive in any great degree. But if not food, it greatly alleviates the want of it. *It invigorates the stomach for the digestion of poor meagre diet not easily alliable* to the human constitution.—Let me add that it IS A MEDICINE FOR THE MIND. Under the pressure of the cares and sorrows of our mortal condition, men have at all times, and in all countries, *called in some physical aid to their moral consolations*, wine, beer, opium, brandy, or tobacco.

I consider therefore the stopping of the distillery economically, medicinally, and in some degree morally too, as a measure rather well meant, than well considered. *It is too precious* a sacrifice to *Prejudice*.

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

At the suggestion of a friend, who loves fun, we published in one of the former volumes of The Port Folio, a brace of ballads in that species of jargon well known in London by the descriptive name of *St. Giles's Greek*. The following is of the same stamp, and if the good-natured reader can penetrate the meaning of this slang he will be diverted with its characteristick drollery.

THE ROLLING BLOSSOM.

I'm saucy, rolling, leering Bet,
A noted brisk young blowing;
I'm up to all your Chicklane flash,
And ev'ry rig that's knowing.
At the new drop I nabb'd my bib,

† Waller.
‡ See Beddoes's Hygeia, passim.

While Will, my man, was swinging,
At the gin ken I took a swig,
Reel'd home, blind drunk, a singing.

Then black legg'd George I dearly lov'd,
He was my flash man long, sir,
Could palm an ace or ring the tatts,
Or sing a rolling song, sir.
But, caught at marking cards, was kick'd,
And bundled from the ken too,
Then being for shop-lifting cast,
He Botany Bay was sent to.

When Phil the flat possessed my charms,
He swore none else could please him,
He flew like lightning to my arms,
And begg'd I would not teaze him.
I waited till the fruit was ripe,
Then thinking to be thrifty,
I left the youth to stretch his pipe,
I had nabb'd a bill for fifty.

To nimming Ned I went to bed,
Who look'd but queer and glumly,
Yet every hit, he brought the bit,
And then we spent it rumly.
But, happening to kill his man,
When nabb'd, to jail they haul'd him,
When cast and scragg'd, then at their Hall
The slashing surgeons mawl'd him.

To scamping Sam I gave my hand,
Who mill'd the blunt and tatlers,
He was the man to stop and stand,
And work among the ratlers.
But once the guard let fly the pop,
And Sam became receiver.
The claret ran, it would not stop,
He died of the leaden fever.

While fat Sal at a tick did tug,
I help'd as was my duty,
I tipp'd the cull so close a hug,
She safely nabb'd the booty.
The cobweb and the robbing rigs,
I practice every day, sir,
And find a fence for all young prigs,
Whene'er they bring their prey, sir.

Now if by chance I should be had,
And brought to sad repentance,
And grieve to leave my dear town pall,
When Wigsby has passed sentence,
With court'sy low I'll leave the court
New rigg'd, I'll cut a dash, man,
Then sail away to Botany Bay,
To black legg'd George, my flash man.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

On Feb. 1, 1807, was published,

(*Price two shillings and sixpence*,)

No. 1, of a new series, (to be continued Monthly) of

CENSURA LITERARIA;

Containing, Opinions, Extracts and Titles of old English books, especially those which are scarce, with meditations on literature and life: to which will now be regularly added,

Memoirs of deceased Authours.

By *Samuel Egerton Brydges, Esq.*

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster Row; and J. White, Fleet-Street.

PROSPECTUS.

Although the original title of this work is sufficiently extensive to embrace opinions and discussions upon all literary topicks, yet the work itself having been hitherto principally confined to an account of old English books, it becomes necessary to inform the publick, that it is now intended, by a *monthly publication*, to enlarge the plan. Bibliography will not in future, therefore, occupy more than half of every number. Literary Memoirs, especially of authours lately deceased, for which there has yet been but a small space, will, hereafter, form a principal department. The charms of Biography are almost universally acknowledged; as it conveys the most valuable information, in the most attractive and embodied shape. For this purpose, the lives will not be confined to mere dates, and lists of publications: they will contain, as far as the space will allow, such passages as lay open the workings of the human heart, and such remarks as tend to exhibit the intellectual portrait, and the moral habits. This will give a value to such sketches, even where no new facts can be furnished.

But the Censura Literaria will also be open to every discussion connected with the Belles Lettres; among which it is intended to insert a series of Critical and Moral essays.

By such an arrangement it is hoped that this work will in future be calculated to gain the attention not only of the Bibliographer and the Antiquary, but of the general reader; and that by such an intermixture, some proportion even of popular interest

may be drawn to the learning and language of past ages.

A pure and disinterested love of literature alone has urged the Editor to so laborious a task; he has been encouraged to proceed both by praise, and by assistance, in which he feels a high, and, he trusts, an honest pride, and therefore nothing that his humble talents can effect, or his acquaintance with literary men can excite, shall be wanting to render this publication either useful or amusing. There is, at least, an obvious characteristick which entitles it to stand above *anonymous* magazines and reviews, from all of which it totally varies in its plan and objects.

We have seen specimens of this work, and highly approve of the plan and execution. The editor is a man of genius and a poet.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The gentlemen of the bar, who constitute a large and very leading portion of our readers, and who still reverence the admirable usages of their ancestors in a country where Jurisprudence has her most magnificent temples, will be pleased to learn, from a very recent source of information, that a *Writ of Right*, which is the last that can be brought for the recovery of an estate, and is in rare use in modern days, being one of the *Feudal* actions, is now pending in the county of Hertfordshire, England, in a cause of Desson *v.* Sheppard. The mode of trial is what is called the *Grand Assize*, which was devised by Glanville, Justiciar to Henry the Third, in lieu of the Norman mode of deciding it by single combat; but the tenant still has the right of waging battle, by champion with his antagonist, if he choose it: the last of which judicial combats was in the reign of Elizabeth. By the trial, by the Grand Assize, *Four Knights, girded with their swords*, appear in Court, and return the Grand Assize, that is, the Jury who try the cause. In the present case, the King's writ to the Sheriff was read, by which the Sheriff was commanded to summon *by good summoners*, Four Knights, who were to appear *before the King's Justice*, girded with their swords, to make election for the Grand Assize, to *determine, whether the demandant had the greater right to demand, or the tenant the greater right to hold*, a messuage and 400 acres of land at Offley, in this county. To which writ the sheriff returned, that he had summoned William Baker, Robert Dimsdale, John Baron Dickinson, and Michael Hankin, *Esquires*. These *Gentlemen* accordingly appeared in Court, *each with a sword*, and returned the names of the Grand Assize. This curious cause, of course, stands for trial at the next Assizes.

A respectable paper has, for many years, been conducted by Mr. John Russel, with the local title of The *Boston Gazette*. We believe, it was at first, principally devoted to the interest and information of the merchants there. Sometimes, in a dearth of news, or of advertisements, the Editor found a place for a clever political paragraph, or a well written literary essay: and whenever articles of this description appeared, they were selected with judgment, and perused with approbation, but in general, the paper had a mercantile complexion. Of late, though, we are afraid the Editor does not augment his *property* by the alteration of his plan, yet we are pleased to see him devote to Politicks so liberal a share of his widely extended Journal. The sacrifice of private interest to the general good, is always noble, and, we wish, on this account, to mention The Gazette with emphasis. But there is another reason. Since the affair of the Chesapeake, a conspicuous writer in that paper, taking the same ground assumed by the editor of the UNITED STATES' GAZETTE, by the Repertory, and by Mr. Fessenden, in his Weekly Inspector, (the politicks of which are perfectly sound, steadfast, and immovable) has distinguished himself by a train of remarks and reasonings, perfectly to the taste of all the judicious and the prescient.

In some recent numbers of Major Jackson's Register, published in this city, a writer whose signature is HAMILTON, has likewise taken VERY LOFTY, COMMANDING, and TENABLE GROUND. It is a subject of great regret that we cannot copy his essays, in this paper, but they are so copious and appear so frequently that we cannot follow this fluent writer without entirely destroying the plan of our Miscellany. But nothing shall be omitted, on our part to call the attention of the Publick to a series of speculations, which, in our DELIBERATE and UNBIASSED opinion exhibit a statesman's sagacity, an orator's eloquence, and an authour's skill. We trust that those of the daily papers which are devoted to the only system of politicks, which can save us from destruction and infamy will not fail to give the above essays a very wide circulation.

In the last number of The New-York WEEKLY INSPECTOR, a very original, spirited, and valuable miscellany, mostly devoted to politicks, there is an Essay, which from its characteristical excellence, we attribute to the Editor, Mr. FESSENDEN. This speculation, like those referred to in the above articles, vigorously and correctly enforces political Truth. If to such writers the American nation does not attentively listen, then, indeed, it may be reproachfully said that, like the deaf and despicable adder, in the gospel, we will not hear the voice of the charmer, charming ever so *wisely*.

A REVIEW of Judge PETERS's Admiralty Decisions will be commenced in our next number.

We have received, of late, a more than usual mass of *valuable* MSS These shall be noticed as soon as possible.

The story of *The Four Physicians*, from the diverting Life of John Buncle, though we presume it is a mere fancy piece, is a good satire upon the strange theories in medicine which prevailed more than a century ago. Our acquaintance with many liberal, classical, and rational physicians, fully justifies our remarking that they have both the inclination and the *ability* to repel disease. In general, good sense has succeeded to the jargon of the schools, and the pretensions of the charlatan. Some wild notions are still afloat, but physicians, however they may write, or talk, *practise* in general very rationally.

BURKE'S defence of a *moderate* use of wine coincides with Saint Paul's advice to Timothy. The remarks of the orator upon the *universality* of the practice of stimulating the system and of seeking, as for hidden treasure, for the *balm of hurt minds*, are unquestionably true. Mr. Burke was sincere, for he was not a water drinker, and his argument to Mr. Pitt, to whom he addressed himself on this occasion, is not only invincible but was probably listened to *with conviction*, for the *Premier* himself would sometimes exchange politicks for port, and it is memorable that the medical gentlemen themselves *advised* this sort of barter.

The following curious epitaph is, or was, in Hadleigh Church, Suffolk.

The charnel mounted on the w
Sets to be seen, in funer
A matron, plain, domestic
In pain and care continu
Not slow, nor gay, not prodig
Yet neighbourly and hospit } all.
Her children yet living
Her 67th year hence did c
To rest her body natur
In hopes to rise spiritu

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, August* 29, 1807. [No. 9.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sketch of the Life and Writings of Abraham Tucker, Esq. authour of "The Light of Nature Pursued."

(*Concluded from page* 118.)

THE enumeration of these little peculiarities, may, I am aware, have the effect of casting something like ridicule on Mr. Tucker's biographer; but I must entreat the indulgent reader to carry in his mind, through the whole of this humble sketch, the notice with which I introduced it to the publick, that few important incidents were to be expected in tracing the life of Mr. Tucker; and I trust that men who admire the original genius displayed in the annexed work, will not find their time wholly misemployed in perusing those little indications of character, which in the failure of more weighty incidents may serve to give some idea of the nature and formation of the authour's mind.

Mr. Tucker lived in habits of considerable intimacy, when in town, with a near relation who had a house in the same street. This was Mr. James Tillard, a gentleman highly distinguished by his classical attainments and general knowledge; and who was one of the numerous authours of that time who opposed, by their writings, the opinions of Bishop Warburton.

It does not appear, that his intimacy with Mr. Tillard, during the progress of this controversy, led Mr. Tucker to take any part in the dispute, though I am disposed to believe that he thought lightly of some opinions of the learned Prelate, from an admirable specimen of sarcastick humour which I meet with in one of his private letters, in evident reference to a passage in the Bishop's work on the divine legislation of Moses.

Besides Mr. Tucker's attainments in literature and the sciences, he was perfectly skilled in merchant's accompts, and kept the books relating to his private affairs, and to some charitable institutions, of which he was a member, with all the regularity of an accompting-house. He acted as a magistrate with great assiduity in the division of the populous county in which he resided, though, from a dislike to publick meetings, he rarely attended the quarter-sessions.

His incessant application gradually weakened his eyes, and, at length, brought on cataracts, which increased so much, in consequence of a fever in 1771, that he could no longer amuse himself by reading, and soon afterwards became totally blind.

This affliction, the greatest that could befal a man of his pursuits, he not only bore with composure, and resignation, but with the utmost cheerfulness, being frequently much diverted with the mistakes into which his infirmity betrayed him.

His favourite object, however, was not abandoned in consequence of this calamity; his mechanical ingenuity enabling him to direct the construction of a machine which guided his hand, and helped him to write so legibly that his productions were easily transcribed by an amanuensis.

It was at this period, that the amiable character of his daughter had occasion to display itself. It would be as impossible to do justice to the filial affection, to the nice and unwearied attentions, by which she contrived to mitigate the weight of her father's misfortunes, as any attempt would be hopeless, to express the obligations for which the Editor of this work has, in succeeding years, been indebted to her tenderness and attention, to her precept and example. She transcribed the whole of this voluminous work for the press: and so entirely did she devote her time, like Milton's daughter, to those pursuits which would make her most useful to her father, that she applied herself to the study of the Greek language, in which she made such a proficiency as enabled her to preserve to her father, during the remainder of his life, an intercourse with his favourite authours, of which his misfortune otherwise must have deprived him.

During Mr. Tucker's blindness, he completed the latter volumes of "The Light of Nature," but before the necessary arrangements of their publication were concluded, he was seized, in 1774, with an illness, which proved fatal: and he died, as he had lived—with perfect calmness and resignation.

Having thus stated the few particulars I have been enabled to select from the manuscripts in my possession, relative to the life of the authour of "The Light of Nature," I shall venture to offer a very few observations on the edition which I have thought it my duty to publish.

To attempt any commentary on the work itself would be presumptuous on my part: the most ample testimony has already been given to the original genius, the moral excellence, the benevolence, and the perspicuity of the authour, by many of the most enlightened men of the present age. Some of them with that spirit of liberality which accompanies preeminent talents, have openly acknowledged the assistance which they derived from Mr. Tucker's researches.*

I have thought it incumbent on me, as his sole surviving representative, to reprint his work, in consequence of the various applications to me for it, and the scarcity of the remaining copies.

It has indeed been suggested to me, that an abridgment of the whole of these volumes might have been more acceptable to the world at large, or, that the bulk might have been conveniently reduced by the omission of the most abstruse and metaphysical parts, without injury to the general argument and essential object of the work.

Feeling, however, the great difficulty that must attend such an abridg-

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* In his preface to "Moral and Political Philosophy," Dr. Paley says, "There is one work to which I owe so much, that it would be ungrateful not to confess the obligation; I mean the writings of the late Abraham Tucker, Esq. part of which were published by himself, and the remainder, since his death, under the title of "The Light of Nature Pursued," by Edward Search, Esq. I have found in this writer, more *original thinking*, and observation upon the several subjects that he has taken in hand, than in many other, not to say, in *all others put together*. His *talent*, also, for *illustration is unrivalled*. But his thoughts are diffused through a long, various, and irregular work. I shall account it no mean praise, if I have sometimes been able to dispose into method, to collect into heads and articles, or to exhibit in more complete and tangible masses, what, in that otherwise *excellent performance*, is spread over too much surface.

ment or selection, and conscious of my own insufficiency, for the undertaking, and entertaining, moreover, some scruples as to the right of an editor to compress or curtail the work of his authour according to his own notions of convenience or improvement, I have judged it most expedient, on mature consideration, to republish it as it came from the pen of Mr. Tucker.

I am aware, that the immediate connexion between the various subjects treated on in the work, may not appear obvious to many of Mr. Tucker's readers, and that something in the nature of an analysis of the general scheme of the authour would have been extremely desirable. I was, indeed, in hopes to have offered some observations on this head to the publick, from the pen of Sir James M'Intosh, had not the pressure of professional engagements interfered, and the high situation to which he has been called in a distant country, finally defeated the plan he had in contemplation.

It will be observed, that I have ventured to restore a chapter,† which treats on a point that has been thought by the most able commentators on The New Testament, to be involved in much doubt and obscurity. I am aware, that in this instance, I expose myself to the censure of many of Mr. Tucker's warmest admirers, by whom I may be accused of something more than indiscretion, in submitting opinions to the publick eye, which the prudence and good sense of his immediate successour had thought it wise to suppress, in the former edition. I must, however, observe, with the most sincere veneration for the memory of the person to whom I have had frequent occasion to allude, that the circumstances under which the work is now sent to the press, are widely different from those under which it made its first appearance.

Whether the authour, when he published the fragment on Freewill, had it in contemplation to extend his materials to the present length of the work, or whether he found himself gradually led on, as he pursued his subject, must remain a doubt. His earliest production is unquestionably the most abstruse of all his works. Nor did the four volumes he published before his death, meet with that encouragement from the publick, which they have since been thought to deserve. Their title was unfortunate and contributed to raise prejudices against them. At the time of the publication many fanciful theories were afloat on subjects of religious controversy: these had disgusted the publick, and a work, professing in its title page, to pursue The Light of Nature, might be reasonably suspected as unfavourable to the doctrines of Revelation. On this ground, therefore, it was thought advisable, by the respectable authorities with whom the late editor consulted, when she printed the posthumous works of her father, to suppress a part of them which did not appear essential to the general scheme of the authour and might tend to confirm the prejudice raised by the title. But the motive which operated most strongly on the mind of the late Mrs. Tucker, on this occasion was, her conviction that her father was strictly and conscientiously attached to the doctrines of the Church of England, and she was cautious of hazarding any thing which might expose his principles to an opposite construction, and which, she was aware, would be eagerly caught at by those who differed from the established persuasion.

Such were the motives which influenced the conduct of the former Editor, in suppressing a chapter which treats on the construction of the four first verses in the Gospel, according to St. John. Her objections, to its publication, however judicious at that moment, have now lost much of their weight. The prejudices excited by the title have vanished, on the world becoming acquainted with the contents. The religious and moral principles of the authour have stood the test of publick investiga-

† Chap. xxii "Word, or Logos" Vol. III.

tion, and no longer remain open to misapprehension. The sentiments, the doctrines, the arguments, and the illustrations in every part of the work are equally those of Mr. Tucker: and the particular chapter of which I am speaking, was prepared in his own hand writing for the Press. The great and benevolent object of the authour was the establishment and promulgation of truth: his conjectures (for they are no more) on this abstruse point, should they prove satisfactory, may tend to that desirable end by their publication: should they be thought otherwise, it can reflect no discredit on his memory to have hazarded an unsuccessful opinion on a subject which the most learned and enlightened men have acknowledged themselves unequal to explain.

BIOGRAPHY.

For The Port Folio.

There are generous passions in the soul of man that only want to be roused into action. A well written amiable life has prompted numbers to live well. From Plutarch's Lives to the Pocket Biographical Dictionary all writings of this kind are highly valuable, as setting examples to imitate, or erecting beacons to avoid. In the following life of the late Mr. William Lake, a native of Pennsylvania, so much of the blameless will be discerned that there is nothing which virtue would shun, and so much of genius and industry conspicuousthat youthful emulation will do wisely to imitate.

LIFE OF WILLIAM LAKE,

A native of Pennsylvania.

Few duties are more grateful, and not unfrequently, few more difficult than those, which friendship calls upon us to perform. An interchange, not only of affection and esteem, but of real and even laborious acts of kindness, is what friends mutually expect from each other, and what, indeed, is a necessary proof of the sincerity of their attachment. They are not only to wander hand in hand through the fields of enjoyment, and pluck together the rose-buds of delight, but to soften the cares, relieve the necessities, and gratify the wishes of each other. Feeling this so sacred obligation, I have entered upon a task, which no other motives could ever have induced me to undertake.

The little tale of a friend's short and sorrowing pilgrimage through this vale of tears, and the effusions of a lyre, which might in time have breathed a nobler strain, are presented, not to the askance eye of Criticism, but to the observation and patronage of those, whose bosoms, like his, have glowed with the desire of fame, and who dread nothing, more than the midnight of oblivion. If he had a failing, it was his wish to live in remembrance. With a kind of mysterious prediction, he used to declare that his journey to the tomb would be short, but though short, Time should hasten it, without a murmur, could his name but be written on the pages of immortality. His Sun set before this wish was realized. Perhaps it was the offspring of vanity, and yet it is one characteristick of a noble mind. To me he bequeathed his little volume of manuscripts, with a wish that it might merit publication, but at the same time with a strict injunction to hazard it. "Should it perish," said he, "so will its authour have perished before it."

In compliance with this last request of my friend, a short sketch of his life, collected partly from his journal, and partly from my personal knowledge, is submitted, together with his "disjecta membra poetæ," to the publick.

William Lake was born in the County of Luzerne, (Penn.) on the twentieth day of September, 1787. His father, Joseph Lake, though condemned by misfortune to tread the lower walks of life, had once enjoyed the smiles of affluence, and received an education which, had his inclination prompted him to improve it, might justly have entitled him to a high rank among the sons of science. He was born and educated at Eton in England; but fond of roving, and a warm enthusiast for liberty, he left it at an early age, for what he termed the "western wilds of freedom," and crossing the Atlantick, settled, after various removes, at Kingston, the place of my friend's nativity.

And here, did I need the aid of fiction to embellish my narrative, and render it almost a "tale of wonder," my friend might be represented as "lisping in numbers," and as singing even in the cradle; but he like other bards, overstepped not the order of nature. The morning of childhood dawned upon him as upon other men—his meridian of manhood and evening of age never arrived. After a common school education, under a man at whose lash even genius trembled, he was removed from the threshold of science upon which he was just entering, to assist his father in the pursuits of husbandry. This task, though dissonant to his feelings, and at which he sometimes even raised a

murmur, was perhaps the cause of that glow of imagination and plaintive tenderness of feeling, which ever after characterized him. A mind like his, ever on the wing, found in the scenes of Nature, with which he was daily conversant, a thousand objects to arrest attention, and a thousand sources, from which to derive the flowers of fancy. In such a school, Shakspeare was educated. Here, too, that melancholy, which shades so frequently the pictures of the poet, was interwoven, as it were, with his very constitution. He felt his situation to be a hard one, and scorned the vale of retirement, when so many were climbing the steep of fame. Like the "Minstrel," he preferred the stillness of solitude to the "haunts of men," and spent most of his leisure hours alone, in forming plans of future greatness, a greatness which he scarce hoped life enough to enjoy. At the age of thirteen, a happy reverse in his father's fortune, enabled him to place my friend in a situation, where every literary advantage was afforded him. Removed from the plough, to the school at Bethlehem, his prospects began to brighten, and the "*morn*" of his days to be, for a short time, to use his own words, "*merry* indeed."

He now entered upon that course of studies, which were preparatory to his admission at some publick seminary, and pursued it with all the avidity of a mind eager for the acquisition of science, as the sure means of celebrity. But even here, though bending under severer studies, his soul was alive to those feelings, which are at once "the torment and delight of life." He felt an attachment, the circumstances of which, by his own request, are buried in oblivion. It was for him a most unfortunate attachment, as it entangled him in difficulty, unfitted him for serious, energetick exertion, and above all, drew upon him a father's displeasure. Though young, he scorned to gainsay professions he had again and again made, and persisted in the resolution of preserving that affection, which he well knew must be the cause of obscuring many a sunbeam of happiness. For this reason, his little bark was turned adrift on the ocean of life, and "swung from the peaceful moorings" of classical retirement, to be buffetted by the waves of adversity. He left his paternal mansion, with a determination never again to see it, and, at the tender age of fifteen, wandered without a friend or protector. It was his intention, if possible, to gain subsistence, by doing the duties of an apprentice in a store, in some populous city. With this view he bent his course to Philadelphia, and after many fruitless exertions, accomplished his object. It was in this situation, I first became acquainted with him, and it was there that most of the following productions were composed. The incidents which afterwards checkered his life were such as would neither amuse nor interest the reader. Between fifteen and eighteen his busines led him in different parts of the Union, and even to Europe, returning from which he paid the debt of nature on the morning of the fifteenth of December, eighteen hundred and five.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio

Mr. FELLOWES, the authour of an instructive and elegant work, entitled Christian Philosophy, which, however, is not perfectly *orthodox*, is thus candidly described by Dr. Parr: "Mr. F. has written several books both upon political and religious subjects, but, in my opinion, the ablest of them is "The Picture of Christian Philosophy." He is curate of Harbury in Warwickshire, where I have often seen him employed among a well chosen collection of books, and have been much pleased with his conversation upon many interesting points of Ethicks, Literature, and Divinity. I am bound to say that I am acquainted with no clergyman in this or any neighbouring county, who is more respectable than Mr. F. for diligence in his studies, for acuteness in his understanding, for purity in his principles, for regularity and earnestness in the discharge of his clerical duties, or integrity in the whole tenour of his life. He possesses only a scanty income, and has no prospect, I believe, of ecclesiastical preferment. But he administers medicine to the sick, he gives alms to the needy, he offers instruction to the ignorant, he visits the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and keeps himself in no common degree "unspotted from the world." I know him to be a determined enemy to real impiety; to be a sincere believer in the gospel; to be a laborious student, sound scholar, masterly writer, and honest man. He professes Christianity from conviction, he explains it with perspicuity, he defends it with ardour, and he comments upon the temper and actions of its Blessed Authour with reverence the most profound and eloquence the most impressive.

Upon two or three points of controversial Divinity, I differ from Mr. F., but the general merits of his work are *very great indeed*; and, if I am not strangely mistaken, few persons, however extensive may be their knowledge, however rooted their faith, however exalted their piety, have perused it without increase of that knowledge, without confirmation of that faith, or without the most active and delightful exercise of that piety. Many of the observations are judicious, and some of them profound. The style is clear, animated, and elegant. The spirit of the writer is, as it ought to be, tolerant towards Christians of every sect, but indignant against those wretches who would undermine the principles of morality, or who scoff at the evidences of religion natural and revealed. I have lately conversed with some intelligent persons, whose sentiments about Mr. F.'s book are similar to mine; and in the honour of their impartial suffrages as well as the consciousness of his own meritorious exertions, he will find ample compensation for the injustice which has been done to them by an unknown accuser."

Walter Scott, Esq. whose honoured name is now perfectly familiar to every lover of poetical description, has lately published a ballad which we are solicitous to preserve in this paper. The gayety of the beginning, contrasted with the solemnity of the conclusion of this terrifick ballad cannot fail to strike all who relish The Castle of Otranto, or The Romance of the Forest.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

This tale is imitated rather than translated from a fragment introduced in Goethe's "Claudina von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his "Tales of Wonder."

Frederick leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastes his steps to measure;
Careless casts the parting glance
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,
Keen to prove his untry'd blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone,
Mourn'd on Love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and Peace, and Honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!
See the tear of anguish flows!
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she curs'd and wild she pray'd,
Seven long days and nights are o'er,
Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides,
Marking blithe, the morning's glance,
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly to the hills around
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears,
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrours rise,
In the steed the spur he hides,
From himself, in vain, he flies,
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days and seven long nights,
Wild he wandered, wo the while,
Ceaseless care and causeless fright
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends,
Rivers swell and rain streams pour,
While the deafening thunder lends
All the terrours of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
Where his head shall Frederick hide?
Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal dark and low,
Fast his steed the wanderer bound;
Down a ruin'd staircase, slow,
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie,
Glimmering lights are seen to glide!
"Blessed Mary, hear my cry!
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!"

Often lost their quivering beam,
Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest the ghastly gleam
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mixed with peals of laughter, rose;
As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close.

Midst the din, he seemed to hear
Voice of friends, by Death removed;
Well he knew that solemn air,
'Twas the lay that Alice lov'd.

Hark! for now a solemn knell,
Four times on the night still broke;
Four times at its deadened swell
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd elangours die,
Slowly opes the iron door,
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funeral's form it wore.

Coffins for the seats extend;
All with black the board was spread,
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long since numbered with the dead.

Alice in the grave clothes bound,
Ghastly smiling, points a seat:
All arose with thundering sound,
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome swell;
"Welcome, traitor, to the grave!
Perjur'd, bid the light farewell!"

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 107.)

Call upon the Almighty, he will help thee; thou needest not perplex thyself about any thing else; shut thine eyes, and whilst thou art asleep, he shall change thy bad fortune into good.

Arabian Nights Entertainments.

It is a favourite doctrine of what is called Modern Philosophy, to enlarge on the wonderful energies of the human mind, as if they alone were capable of establishing our moral conduct through life, and of supporting us under every trial of vicissitude and adversity; but if we fairly examine those energies, we must necessarily discover and admit a first cause whence they flow, and to which at times we must ultimately resort, when those capacities are imperfect or unavailing. It is therefore an absurd and dangerous argument, that would attempt to separate so invaluable a blessing from its divine source, and by such means weaken its current, and abate its strength, in the human mind; for our energies are never truly strong, but when they are supplied from the same fountain of eternal goodness, which, by a watchful and merciful Providence, helps us with unexpected aid when we are about to fall, and directs us, when we are going wrong, by the checks of adversity or disappointment; but the extraordinary powers of the human mind every where tacitly acknowledge their origin in the Deity, and thence religion became established as the immediate way from the creature to the Creator; and prayer, as the proper intercourse between God and man.

The philosopher, therefore, who fancies he has this strength in himself, will find, some time or other, that he is wofully mistaken. Common occurrences and events may pass over without notice, and the regulations of human wisdom and prudence have their accustomed success: but this is owing to the very nature of wisdom and prudence, they being emanations of the divine attributes; and good as naturally flows from them as mischief and sorrow from evil. The philosopher may also triumph over adverse fortune, pain, and sickness; but it is merely a strenuous and constant effort with calamity: whilst, on the other hand, religion teaches us to bend to the stroke, and to submit with cheerful resignation, with the additional comfort of looking forward to a better world. The philosopher of the present day is a poor forlorn being, who inquires after demonstraion, till he wastes away a whole life without hope, and dies after all in fear and doubt.

There are however, it is hoped, but few in the world who absolutely deny the existence of a ruling Providence; but numerous, indeed, are those who allow its power, and yet have but little faith or dependence upon it; they even speak, at times, of a particular Providence; but are altogether insensible of its interferences; by them every event is ascribed to its next immediate cause; they search no further; they would rather trust in Princes, and in the abundance of wealth, than to the power of an unseen Providence, because their narrow comprehensions only look to what the world calls probability of success, though disappointment is so often at hand to remind them, that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." They do not consider, that wisdom and prudence are the engines of Providence, placed in the mind of man for his preservation and happiness, and are derived from the first law of nature to serve his generous purposes; but

in the great events of life the superiour management of Providence becomes visible, clearing away difficulty, turning disappointment to success, and making all things possible. The modern philosopher, however, is as ignorant of this intervention as the sailor, who, when his messmate returned thanks to God, after the hearty meal they had just made, replied, "Thank God! for what? Isn't it our allowance?" It is the same species of insensibility that makes us so often cry out in adversity, what shall I do? I am ruined forever! nothing can save me! and, in prosperity, exclaim, how lucky! how fortunate! how well contrived! till, perhaps, a few days' experience convinces us of the kindness of Providence in having sent adversity, and the folly of our conclusions on what appeared like prosperity.

The benign influence of piety on the human mind is a sufficient proof of its truth and excellence; for devotion never fails to alleviate the sufferings of adversity, and is invaluable for the peace and serenity that it bestows. The belief in a ruling Providence is both agreeable to natural reason, and is established by religion; its effects on the human mind are described in a Persian Tale, that may not be unappropriate in this place; it is called,

The story of ESAMDI *and* ESOMDI, *the two Indian Merchants.*

The Sun had scarcely begun to gild the pagodas of Balsora with is rays, when Esamdi wandered from his home, toward the fruitful vallies of Doulat, to taste the pure pleasures of retirement. The soft air from the south met him on his way, and birds of various and beautiful plumage conducted him, as it were, to their retreat; the fragrance of the melon and the pine-apple was abroad, and delighted his senses with the sweetest of odours; he was surrounded by the enchantments of nature, and for a moment was a stranger to the complaints of his heart. Esamdi sought the cool shade of the cedar, and extended himself on the herbage beneath its branches, near a cool and refreshing stream, which silently crept through the verdure. Here the unhappy Esamdi gave way to his sorrows: he deplored the loss of Ali Boccus, his father, who was once a wealthy merchant, but, from an ill-timed generosity and unlooked-for misfortune, had become poor and insolvent. The humble Esamdi had not retired from the house of mourning, but from the reproaches he had heard, and the looks he had seen; the effects of his father were seized on to satisfy his debts, and he was left in poverty and distress. "Oh, Alla!" cried he, "I have no friend now; the companions of my youth desert me, and the objects of my former bounty come not; they have forgot Esamdi; none offer to help me; many have refused; I am utterly ruined; what can happen to save me from beggary, or the most abject want?" Esamdi was interrupted in these reflections by a beautiful little bird, which flew several times near the spot where he lay, chirping some of the sweetest notes he had ever heard; his attention became engaged to observe the event, when he saw another of a smaller size fly from a tree beyond him, accompanied by the one he had observed before, which he found to be its mother, instructing it in its first flight from the nest. "How gracious, oh, Alla!" cried Esamdi, "is thy providence, thus to discover to thy creatures the capacities suited to their necessities! the bird, when it is able, is taught to fly away for food; it feels the strength of its wings, and stretches them abroad. If the poor bird is then under the care of Providence, shall Esamdi, the servant of Alla, despair? no; I will return to my house; I will do all that wisdom and prudence dictate, for wisdom and prudence are the gifts of Alla; and I will then trust to his providence for the rest." With these words Esamdi arose, and when he came home, he found that the effects of his father had been distributed among the creditors; not even a sequin was left for Esamdi; his heart sunk within him; and he was on the point of offering himself as a slave to one of the merchants, when Burco Tula, a chief creditor, addressed him as follows, "Esamdi," cried he, "your father was my friend. I am not rich, but what I have I owe to him. My share for a debt that he owed me at his death is a camel and three pieces of silk; take them; and may Alla prosper your endeavours. If you succeed, you will repay me; if you do not, remember that I will take nothing from the unfortunate." Esamdi was so astonished at the generosity of the merchant, that he was for sometime speechless: but the language of gratitude at last found vent; he thanked him sincerely for his liberality, and no sooner left him, than he went to the mosque to pay adoration to that Being who had raised him a friend where he could not have expected to have met one. Esamdi led forth his camel, and with a joyous heart looked over his riches, which consisted only of three bales of rich Persian silk; and then prepared himself for a journey across the desert of Eyrac Arabia to Bagdad.

Esamdi set out at the new moon, with his single camel, but had not proceeded far before he fell in with the caravan of Esomdi, the rich merchant of Balsora, which consisted of three elephants and twelve camels, each laden with ten pieces of silk, twelve jars of oil, ten pots of honey, twelve bags of the finest coffee, twelve jars of figs, besides almonds, dates, olives, citrons, and the richest perfumes, myrrh, frankincense, and a variety of precious stones, such as emeralds,

sapphires, and amethysts. Esomdi was elegant in his person, and sumptuous in his apparel, of uncommon strength of body and mind, penetrating, skilful, prudent, and exact, and master of twelve camels and twenty elephants;—but he was a stranger to Alla.

Esamdi was wise, humble, complaisant, and just; he was master of only one camel and three pieces of silk; but he was the servant of Alla.

Esamdi was overjoyed to see at a distance the caravan of Esomdi, and made haste to overtake it, that he might make himself known to his friend; for they were companions in the days of their youth.

Esomdi was seated on his elephant when the camel-driver approached; but he remembered not his countenance. Esamdi ventured to make himself known; but the rich merchant scarcely deigned to listen to him; he therefore pressed him no further, but, turning aside with a heavy heart, drove his camel into another part of the desert: and happy it was for him that he did so, for in the night a party of Arabs surrounded the caravan of Esomdi, and stripped it of all the valuable merchandize they could find. At the next city, Esamdi was informed of the accident, and blessed the goodness of Alla, who had made the unkindness of his friend the means of his preservation. The three pieces of silk were exposed to sale in the Bazar, and owing to the failure of the arrival of the caravan of Esomdi, fetched a good price. The young merchant received a quantity of gold-dust in exchange, with which he bought other merchandize, and loaded his camel home.

The merchant Esomdi had also returned to Balsora; but his loss was soon retrieved, for immense were the treasures of Esomdi; and he treated his misfortune as the mere effect of chance. Love now occupied his thoughts: he became enamoured with Lestina, the daughter of the Cadi of Bagdad: she was tall and fair, but the merchant looked only to the valuable present he was to receive at the day of her marriage.

Esamdi married too, in the same month, Boxu, the daughter of Surac, an honest fisherman who had saved some money by industry; and the wife of Esamdi was humble, frugal, and of a mild and sweet temper.

The house of Esomdi was now the mansion of pleasure; feast succeeded feast, and nothing but musick and singing was heard, till at length, the beautiful Lestina was brought to bed of a lovely female infant, which was named Turab, or the Star of the Morning.

The wife of Esamdi was also blessed with a male child, whom they called Jeruff, or the Happy.

Esamdi, moderate in his desires, and careful in his expenses, grew richer every day; and for every day's prosperity he returned thanks to the goodness of Alla. His wife Boxu joined in the morning and evening prayer, and their young infant already lisped the language of devotion.

It was not so with Esomdi: he grew wealthy, but peace was far from his dwelling; he forever felt languor and discontent, and was continually weary and fatigued without labour, except when dissipation called him away to some new excess; nor was he happy in the wife he had chosen, who teazed him with her pride and ill-temper, and perplexed him with her extravagancies.

Esomdi was not sensible of his unhappiness, till one day, when he went abroad to taste the pure air in the delightful vallies of Doulat. Twenty palanquins preceded that of the fair Lestina, which had a beautiful covering of silk of a silver colour. The palanquin of Esomdi followed, on which he lay, tortured with domestick jars and infelicity.

It was here that he met the wife of Esamdi in her palanquin, instucting her beautiful boy, who was seated next her, in the precepts of the Vedam; filial affection sparkled in his eyes, and her lovely countenance betrayed no inquietude. Esamdi was in his palanquin at her side; and their discourse was of friendship and love.

"Alas!" cried Esomdi, "a few months past this man was but a poor camel-driver, and even now his riches exceed not the twentieth part of mine, yet he is happier than I."

Esamdi was by this time able to discharge his debt to his friend Burco Tula, together with his father's. Thus the merchant enriched himself by his humanity, and made a fellow creature happy.

The rich merchant was, however, possessed of one blessing which alleviated the discontent of his heart: it was his lovely Turab, who grew more beautiful every day, and displayed a mind putting forth all the perfections of human nature: she was gentle, tender, sensible, and engaging. Esomdi became enraptured with his child, and thought of nothing else but of what he conceived to be her happiness.

For a while the sun of prosperity shone full upon the house of Esomdi; but its rays were now intercepted by a black and tremendous cloud. The infant Turab was missed from her cradle one morning, and all search was in vain; the distracted Esomdi caused inquiries to be made throughout Balsora; and a large reward was offered to any who could give information of the child; even the Caliph published an edict to that effect. But fruitless are human endeavours when Providence forbids their success.

This misfortune of Esomdi's was but the prelude to others. A rapid fire destroyed the warehouses wherein his merchandize was stored; and a fatal distemper carried off his vast herds and flocks. The proud Lestina, with the grief of having lost her child, and incapable of bearing a change of fortune, died with disappointment and vexation, and left the unhappy Esomdi alone to withstand the storm of adversity: but he was ill able for the task; he began already to find that his wisdom and fortitude availed him little; he sought a shelter from the tempest, but knew not where to fly for it. Abased by poverty, and depressed by his misfortune, the wretched Esomdi applied for assistance to the gay partners of his festive moments, but in vain; every attempt failed, till he saw himself reduced to the same situation which was once the lot of the humble Esamdi; one camel was all that remained to him, and three jars of oil. With this small stock of merchandize, the once rich Esomdi set out to cross the plains of Arabia; and Providence so ordered it, that he fell in with the rich caravan of Esamdi at the self-same spot where he had passed by him in the hour of exultation and pride. Shame prevented the distressed Esomdi from approaching near, but Esamdi knew the companion of his youth afar off, and called to him; bid him welcome with a face of satisfaction, and made him join his caravan. The unhappy Esomdi now felt his former fault with all the keenness of anguish: and asked his friend how he could so cordially receive the man who had at one time cruelly left him to cross the desert alone. "Alas!" replied Esamdi, "how mistaken is the pride of man! Know, Esomdi, that it was thou that wast left alone to cross the desert; for the great Alla was not with the caravan of the rich merchant of Balsora. Mark the ways of Providence: if thou hadst not slighted the companion of thy youth, the little all he had would have been lost with thine."—"Unhappy that I am," replied Esomdi; "but I am punished for my pride and ingratitude."—"Thou must not call that punishment," cried Esamdi, "which is meant as mercy. Thou hast estranged thyself from the only truly powerful, rich, and faithful friend of man, his Creator. Alas! it is much better to have only one camel and three jars of oil, with the love of Alla, than the riches of the East without it." "I perceive that I have been wrong," cried Esomdi, "and find that I have received numerous blessings at the hand of Providence, without returning thanks for even one of them."—"Let us then," answered the good Esamdi, "do it now. We will alight: yonder is a mosque: Esomdi must thank the gracious Providence of Alla, that he has left him only one camel, and three jars of oil; for his adversity hath enriched his mind with wisdom."

After the merchants had paid their adorations to the Authour of all good, they proceeded to Bagdad; and having found a market for their merchandize, returned to Balsora. "Farewell!" cried Esamdi to his friend; "return home; good luck awaits you, for you no longer are left alone; God is with you."

When the merchant Esomdi arrived at his house, he found a lack of pagodas which a stranger had just left, and which, it may easily be conceived, were sent him by the generous Esamdi, and a beautiful female walking in the garden, accompanied by another of whose face he thought he had some recollection. He was however, seeing them strangers, unwilling to accost them, lest they should quit the gardens; and therefore inquired among the servants if they knew who they were, but none of them could give any account whatever. His curiosity, however, was such, that he could not refrain from going into the walk, when the elder of the two approached, and presented to him his lovely daughter Turab, grown to the full perfection of a woman, and adorned with every grace. "See," cried the stranger, "the goodness of Alla! Behold your daughter: You may, perhaps, remember, when she was quite an infant, that her nurse Shira was dismissed from her delightful employ, by the lady Lestina, without any real cause of complaint. I am that Shira. My father is one of the Sages who reside on the borders of the Ganges; and from his knowledge of futurity, he assured me, that unless the infant Turab was taken from her parents, she would become depraved and wicked, and be subject to shame and misery at an early part of her life. My love for the infant, and the visible neglect of its education, induced me to steal it away, and convey it to my father's habitation. I dreaded the consequence of its being brought up without piety, and foresaw the probability of the events taking place which my father had foretold, unless prevented in time. It was in that peaceful shelter that I made her acquainted with the delightful precepts of our religion; and I now present her to you with a sweet disposition, and an innocent uncorrupted heart. May it be a full recompense for what you have suffered by her absence." The lovely Turab knelt at her father's feet, and he embraced her with an ecstasy of joy; nor did he ever cease to thank the good Shira for her care and prudence.

The wonderful story of the beautiful Turab's being found was soon spread over Balsora: hundreds came to see the lovely daughter of Esomdi, and among the rest was the son of Esamdi, who was so much

struck with the charms of her person, and the excellence of her mind, that he asked her of her father, whose consent was easily obtained. Thus Esomdi's riches were renewed in his daughter Turab; and he felt that full share of contentment which a dependence on the Almighty never fails to produce. Esamdi became the constant friend and companion of Esomdi; and the happy Jeruff led the lovely Turab to the altar, where two hearts became united which were prepared for happiness by a virtuous education, and guarded from the pains of adversity by a lively trust and dependence upon the providence of the Deity they adored.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

THE COMPLAINT.

FROM ROLLI.

Grant to a heart with anguish breaking,
Ye woods and wilds, some short repose,
Amid your silent horrours seeking
Scenes congenial to its woes.

The sportive dance, the spritely measure
Please no more my jaundic'd eye,
I sicken at the sight of pleasure,
I loath the light and wish to die.

Tell me, ye shades, if here retiring
My Laura's angel form you see?—
Alas! how vain for her inquiring!
For her, who wanders far from me.

How oft, beneath yon bower of roses,
On the bank of violets blue,
Where the fairy train reposes,
And sips the cowslip's honied dew,

Her snowy breast with rapture heaving
Has to my glowing heart been prest!
While to my lips her soft lips cleaving
In murmuring sounds her love exprest.

But swiftly fly the hours of pleasure,
Swift as the rainbow's fleeting form,
Ere you can seize the lovely treasure
Vanishing amid the storm!

O, tell me, then, dear shades, if ever
Our fond hearts again shall meet?—
Echo seems to answer, "never!"
Shrouded in her cool retreat.

I hear a gentle murmur dying
On the woodbine-scented gale—
Is it Laura softly sighing,
"Haste my quick return to hail?"

No, 'twas yon rill o'er pebbles straying,
Murm'ring in pity of my pain,
On whose breast the moonbeam playing
Points where it steals across the plain.

May love, sweet maid, thy breast inspiring,
Lead thee to these shades once more,
Ere my heart with madness firing
Cease thy absence to deplore.

But haste, or vain were thy returning,
Unless to view my early doom,
Or drop a tear with anguish burning
Upon thy faithful lover's tomb.

I have known a Scotch servant who, being young, thoughtless, and of a canty turn of mind, lived for some time, out of place very idly. When any of the other servants, his acquaintances, were allowed a day of pleasuring, Andrew was sure to be of the party. At this rate all the money he had received from his last master, would soon have been *cast to the cocks:* but, in the midst of this, he received a letter from his mother, at Selkirk, informing him of his father's death, by which she and his sister were reduced to great poverty and distress. This news made a most laudable alteration in the conduct of Andrew; he shunned all those parties of which he had been formerly so fond. And when other servants pressed him very much, saying, "you used to be as fond of mirth and good wine as your neighbours;" Andrew shook his head, and replied, "if I drink wine, my mother and sister must drink water;" and the very next day, he called on me with *ten pounds* he had amassed, which he desired me to pay to a banker, for an order on a house at Edinburgh, to remit the value to his mother. *Moore.*

THE FAITHFUL CAMP BUTCHER.

Sam Steel is my name, and a man of some fame,
For where the boys march, there am I;

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Yet pray take me right, I mean not to fight,
No—mine is their wants to supply:
For go where I will, I knock down and kill,
And prove, if you'll give me belief,
By night and by day, a friend as you'll say,
And find them old English roast-beef,
Brave boys!
And find them old English roast-beef.

Like Britons they beat, and like Britons they eat,
And while I can handle a knife,
I'll cut up and carve, a soldier to serve,
E'en though at the risk of my life.
And since in the battle though cannons may rattle,
A soldier's a stranger to grief,
I'll prove very clear, to my heart they are dear,
And find them old English roast-beef, &c.
Then, this too I'll boast, old England's my toast,
And her champions for ever, say I;
May they fight in her cause, nor e'er make a pause,
Till they see all her enemies fly.
And if I turn tail in my duty, or fail,
Why, may I be hang'd like a thief;
No, no, while I live, my assistance I'll give,
And find them old English roast-beef, &c.

Angry friendship is sometimes as bad as calm enmity. For this reason the cold neutrality of abstract justice, is, to a good and clear cause, a more desirable thing than an affection liable to be any way disturbed. When the trial is by friends, if the decision should happen to be favourable, the honour of the acquittal is lessened; if adverse, the condemnation is exceedingly embittered. It is aggravated by coming from lips professing friendship, and pronouncing judgment with sorrow and reluctance. Taking in the whole view of life, it is more safe to live under the jurisdiction of severe but steady reason, than under the empire of indulgent, but capricious passion.

SUMMER EVENING.

By the late R. B. Davis Esqr.

Eliza, view this placid scene,
Where evening sheds her silver smile;
Calm, solitary, and serene,
Here let us rove and muse awhile.

Behold the gentle waving trees
That turn to zephyr's last embrace;
While on the slowly passing breeze
Mild musick swims with soften'd grace.

Sweetly repeated through the grove,
Responsive, hark, the night birds call,
Chiming their sylvan notes of love,
To the low murmuring waterfall.

How lovely is the gentle rill
By the fond, sportive moonbeams kist;
The mead, the wood, the distant hill
High crown'd with evening's dewy mist!

Here Meditation loves to tread,
And Fancy here delights to stray;
And leaving oft the slothful bed,
Here Genius waits the rising day.

Though charming the romantick scene,
Whether at morning's radiant hour,
Or when the evening star serene
Sheds on the earth its dewy power:

In vain the landscape, gay and bright,
Extends its varying beauties far;
In vain the amorous birds of night
Salute the evening's twinkling star.

Unless, Eliza, thou art there,
These pleasures bring no joy to me;
And when the purest bliss I share,
I love to boast, 'twas shared with thee.

ICE AND FIRE.

Naked Love did to thine eye,
Chloris, once, to warm him fly:
But its subtle flame and light
Scorch'd his wings, and spoil'd his sight.

Forced from thence, he went to rest
In the soft couch of thy breast:
But there met a frost so great
As his torch extinguish'd straight.

When poor Cupid thus (constrain'd
His cold bed to leave) complain'd,
"Alas! what lodging's here for me,
"If all ice and fire she be?"

The following is a curious picture of French frivolity.

The inhabitants of Paris spend the greater part of their time in *dancing*. However extraordinary the fact may appear, it is no less true, that when the Prussians were at Chatons, the Austrians at Valenciennes, and Robespierre in the Convention—*they danced*. When the young conscripts were in momentary expectation of quitting their parents, their friends, and their mistresses, to join the army—*they danced*. *Vive la danse* seems almost to prevail over *vive l'amour!* In summer, Frenchmen dance in rural gardens, in winter they caper in magnificent apartments. The walls of the metropolis are covered with advertisements, announcing balls, and the silence of solitary streets is inter-

rupted by the shrill scraping of the itinerant fiddler.

Young clerks in office go to publick balls, where the gallants pay 30 *sous* for admission. Thither they escort milliners and mantua makers of the *elegant* class, and, in general, the first rate order of those engaging belles known in Paris by the generick name of *grisettes*.

Jewellers' apprentices, ladies' hair dressers, journeymen tailors, dance at 20 *sous* a head, with sempstresses and ladies' maids.

Journeymen shoemakers, and workmen of other trades assemble in *guingettes*, where they dance at 3 *sous* a ticket, with *grisettes* of an inferiour order.

Locksmiths, carpenters, and joiners dance, at 2 *sous* a ticket, with a species of dancing girls whom the tavern-keepers hire for the day, as they do the fiddlers.

Water carriers and porters have their private balls, where they dance with fruit girls and stocking menders.

Porters of the corn market dance with buxom wenches who keep them in countenance, either in dancing, fighting, or drinking brandy.

Coal hewers dance with plain spoken market women and nosegay girls.

Lastly, one more link completes the chain of this nomenclature of *caperers*. Beggars, sturdy or decrepit, dance. The mendicant, who was apparently lame in the day, at night lays aside his crutch and resumes his natural activity.

—

Southey has distinguished himself by prose, as well as poetical composition. His letters from Spain and Portugal are remarkable for ease and vivacity. The following description of Night and Sleep in Spain, will divert the reader.

Oh, the misery of the night! I have been so *flead* that a painter would find me an excellent subject for the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew. Jacob's pillar of stone was a down cushion compared to that which bruised my head last night, and my bed had all possible varieties of hill and dale, in whose recesses the fleas lay safe; for otherwise, I should have inevitably broken their bones by rolling over them. Add to this catalogue of comforts, that the cats were saying soft things in very vile Spanish: and you may judge what refreshment I have received from sleep.

—

An old woman at Coruna.

The women here soon appear old, and then every feature settles *into symmetry of ugliness.*

If ever Opie paints another *witch*, he ought to visit Coruna. All ideas that you can form of blear eyes, mahogany complexion, and shrivelled parchment must fall infinitely short of the life.

—

SERENADE.

If, like Phœbus in the west,
Those brighter suns, thine eyes, at rest,
Hide their weary beams in night
From me, who live but in their light,
Oh! how slow the hours will creep,
Till from the east the day-star peep,
And chasing slumber from thine eyes,
Bid me to new life arise.——
There is a flower, that when the sun
begins his daily course to run,
Spreads her leaves, and shuts again
When he dives into the main,—
In love that flower resembles me,
Thou sun of my idolatry.

—

CUPID ROBBED.

As fast beside a murmuring stream,
In blissful visions Cupid lay,
Chloe, as she softly came,
Snatched his golden shafts away.

From place to place, in sad surprize,
The little angry godhead flew,
Trembling in his ruddy eyes
Hung the pearly drops of dew.

So on the rose, in blooming May,
When purple Phœbus rises bright,
Liquid gems of silver lay,
Pierced with glittering streams of light.

Fair Venus, with a tender languish,
Smiling, thus her son addrest,
As he murmured out his anguish,
Trembling on her snowy breast.

"Peace, gentle infant, I implore,
"Nor lavish precious tears in vain;
"Chloe, when the jest is o'er,
"Brings the useless shafts again.

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" Can Chloe need the shafts of love,
" Young, blooming, witty, plump and fair?
" Charms and raptures round her move,
" Murmuring sighs and deep despair.

" Millions for her unheeded die,
" Millions to her their blessings owe;
" Every motion of her eye
" Murders more than Cupid's bow!"

SONG.

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Not, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee,
By every thought I have:
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored,
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true?

SONG.

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

THE RIVAL.

Too beauteous Rival, whose enticing charms
Once to my heart's sole darling seem'd so fair,
That oft he praises still thy ivory arms,
Thy ruby lips, blue eyes, and auburn hair;
Say, when he heard thy tongue's seducing strain,
Stood he e'er silent, or with scorn replied?
Or turn'd with alter'd brow of cold disdain
From thy soft smiles, as now from mine, aside?
Once, once too well I know he held thee dear;
And then, when captive to thy sovereign will—
But why that look abash'd, that starting tear,
Those conscious blushes, which my fears fulfil?—
Speak, answer, speak?—Nay, answer not; forbear;
If thou must answer, that he loves thee still.

ODE.

Can Eliza love like me,
Tender, constant, and sincere?
When I'm far, sweet maid, from thee,
Will remembrance hold me dear?
From my fair one doom'd to part,
Doom'd to tempt an unknown sea,
Will Eliza's gentle heart
Form one tender wish for me?

Rapid o'er the blackening wave
When tremendous whirlwinds sweep,—
Angry clouds in thunder rave—
Lightnings gleam across the deep;
While I hear the mingled roar,
Horrour's dread variety,
Will Eliza in that hour
Cast one tender thought on me?

If with agonizing breath,
Faint I stem the dashing wave;
If the chilling hand of death
Lay me in the billowy grave:
When the last low gasping sigh
Sets the struggling spirit free,
Will Eliza's melting eye,
Drop one tender *tear* for me?

One kind wish—one thought—one tear,
Warm, Eliza, from thy heart,
Calm my sorrows, chase my fear,
Make it almost bliss to part.
These bid absence—danger—death,
Cease my anxious thoughts to claim;
These shall stay my parting breath,
To repeat Eliza's name.

THE THORN.

From the white blossomed sloe my dear Chloe requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn;
No, by Heav'ns, I exclaimed, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a THORN.

Then I showed her a ring, and implored her to marry,
She blushed like the dawning of morn;
Yes, I'll consent, she replied, if you'll promise
No jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.
No, by Heav'ns, I exclaimed, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a THORN.

—

We have repeatedly published in The Port Folio, versions of the classical ode of Mr. Gray, composed during his tour in Switzerland. The following, by Mr. Howe, a living poet, is eminently beautiful.

Gray's Alcaicks, on his visit to the Grand Chartreuse, on his severi Religio loci.

Hail genius of these shades severe
Whatever name delight thine ear:
For sure some Spirit on this ground,
Breathing a holy calm around,
Well pleased with Nature's rugged grandeur roves
About these hallowed streams and aged groves.

'Mid rugged cliffs and rocks that frown,
And torrents tumbling headlong down,
And the dark horrours of the wood,
More we discern THE PRESENT GOD
Than when beneath the citron dome he stands,
In golden radiance wrought by Phidian hands.

Oh, hail! and if with honour due,
GENIUS thy sacred name I woo,
Attend a suppliant youth's request,
And sooth his weary soul to rest;
Hence let me lose the world and all its woes
In calm oblivion and secure repose.

But if stern Fate's decree denies
To early youth the sober joys
Of silent, peaceful solitude,
Joys worthy of the wise and good;
And where the tide of life impetuous sweeps,
Bears me reluctant down the troubled deeps.

FATHER, at least, in life's decline,
Be sweet retirement's blessings mine:
Far from the *rabble's foolish rage*,
Be the still evening of my age,
There give me in some calm retreat, like this
To wait resigned the dawn of Heavenly bliss.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

The writings of CARR the traveller are often frivolous, and yet from the cheeriness of his manner, and from the numerous anecdotes with which they abound, are perused with some complacency. The following political paragraph which occurs in his "Stranger in France" is perfectly to our taste.

I very often passed by the *cidevant* Hall of the National Convention, in which the hapless King and Queen were doomed to the scaffold, where Murder was legitimated, Religion denounced, and the grave declared to be the bed of eternal repose.

In vindication of the ways of eternal justice, *even upon earth*, this polluted pile is participating the fate of its devoted members.

Those walls, which once resounded with the *florid declamation of republican visionaries* the most *worthless and desperate of mankind*, are prevented, for a short time, (by a few crazy props, from covering the earth below with their dust and ruins. The famed Temple of the *Goddess of Liberty* is not *tenantable* enough to cover that Babel Deity from the peltings of the midnight storm.

Where is now the enthusiastick Gironde, where the volcanick *Mountain*, the fiery Mirabeau, the wily Brissot, the atheistick Lequinois, the remorseless Marat, and the bloody St. Just? All is desolate and silent. The gaping planks of the gullotine are imbued with their last traces. The *haunt of the banditti is uncovered*. The Revolution has preyed upon her own children; and *metaphysical murderers* have perished by the *daggers of speculative republicans*.

About two years since, this place was converted into a *menagerie*. The *cave*, the *wilderness*, the *desert* and the *jungle* presented to the eye of the beholder *representative successours* of those *savages*, who with more powers and *more ferocity* were once enclosed within the same *den*.

—

In the following contemptuous manner, a great moralist mentions the republican fac-

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tion, the bellowers of sedition, and the boors of Middlesex.

In all lead, says the chymist, there is silver, and in all copper there is gold. But mingled masses are justly denominated by the greater quantity, and when the precious particles are *not worth extraction*, a *fraction* and a *fig* must be melted down together to the forms and offices that Chance allots them.

Fiunt urceoli, pulves, sartago, patellæ.

None can wonder, says a great politician, that *Democracy* is supported by *sectaries*, the *natural fomenters of sedition*, and *confederates of the rabble*, and of whose religion little now remains but *hatred of establishments*.

When the King's friends, at the commencement of his reign, had obtained some advantages over the *democrats* of the day, who vapoured and roared without inspiring any terrour, a political writer of the most admirable principles, thus disdainfully describes the malecontents with the court.

To be harmless, though by impotence, obtains some degree of kindness; no man hates a *worm* as he hates a viper. The faction were once dreaded enough to be detested as serpents that could bite: they have now shown that they can only hiss, and may, therefore, *quietly slink into holes* and *change their slough unmolested and forgotten*.

For The Port Folio.

ARROWSMITH'S WORLD.

To the long list of useful and elegant productions in the arts and sciences, with which the enterprize of the American printers and booksellers, have furnished the publick, we are happy to add, this grand and useful geographical tract. The reader will perceive by the advertisement on The Port Folio that this map (European copies of which are very scarce, and command the exorbitant price of 18 dollars) is to be executed in a style of correctness and splendour equal to the original, and will be delivered to the subscribers at the reduced price of 8 dollars. We are persuaded that an undertaking so honourable to the publick taste, and the national talent, will receive, as it obviously deserves, a liberal and distinguished patronage.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Student" wishes for rules in reading. To form a plan of study and to force it upon the practice of all, has been the favourite project of many a speculative scholar. But as different rules are required by different minds and different constitutions, we are of opinion that all formal systems of this kind are more specious than solid. For the most part, our inclination to certain sciences or certain departments of literature, may be pretty safely consulted: Shakspeare, who was a most exemplary student, has advised more judiciously than all the doctors. The passage, which is full of practical wisdom, occurs in Taming the Shrew. It is the lesson of Tranio to Lucentio.

Talk Logick with acquaintance that you have,
And PRACTICE RHETORICK IN YOUR COMMON TALK;
Musick and Poesy use *to quicken you*;
The Mathematicks and the Metaphysicks,
Fall to them *as you find your stomach serves you.*
No *profit* grows where is no *pleasure* ta'en.
In brief, sir, *study what you most affect.*

To his studious correspondent, the Editor honestly recommends *these rules*. From the first moment that we felt the love of literature to the present hour, we have found no better guides.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, September* 5, 1807. [No. 10.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.

(*Continued from page* 378, *Vol* 3.)

WHEN he speaks of himself, says an amiable French writer, in defence of the egotism of Rousseau, *when he speaks of himself, he speaks of me;* and it is to be confessed that, whatever an authour may lose in dignity, by making himself the subject of his compositions, he gains in the interest he bestows upon them. He presents us with true pictures from among the multitude that may be drawn of the human heart; he draws from the life; even though the prominent feature may be affectation. We may say, affectation; because, if man falsely describe, for instance, his ruling passion, still this mistake, or this affectation, is an object of curiosity.

Mr. Cooper, in adopting the sentiments and numbers of Chapelle, Gresset, and others, has also learned the French habit of speaking much of himself. The precept *know thyself*, is justly reckoned one of the wisest; but to speak of ourselves is not to be done without some caution. Mr. Cooper has occasionally so spoken of himself, both in prose and verse, as to inspire his readers with the unpleasant idea of a certain vanity in his composition, but it is by no means intended to apply this censure to every thing he has said of his own character, a theme, however, on which, it will be found, he is fond of dilating. In his first Epistle he thus describes his literary ease:

On me, my Lord, on humble me,
The intellectual train attends;
Science oft seeks my company,
And Fancy's children are my friends.
Here, blest with independent ease,
I look with pity on the great;
For who—that with enjoyment sees
The Nymphs and Graces at his gate,
And little Loves attending nigh,
Or fondly hov'ring o'er his head,
To wing his orders through the sky,
Whilst warbling Muses round him shed
Sweet flow'rs which on Parnassus blow—
Would wish these thorny paths to tread
Which slaves and courtiers only know

Thanks to my ancestors and heav'n,
To me the happier lot is giv'n,
In calm retreat my time to spend
With far, far better company
Than those who on the court attend,
In honourable drudgery.
Warriours and statesmen of old Rome
Duly observe my levee-day,
And wits from polish'd Athens come
Occasional devoirs to pay.
With me great Plato often holds
Discourse upon immortal pow'rs,
And attick Xenophon unfolds
Rich honey from Lyceum's flow'rs
Cæsar and Tully oft tend me;
Anacreon rambles in my grove;
Sweet Horace drinks Falernian wine;
Catullus makes, on haycocks, love:

With these, and some akin to these,
The living few who grace our days,
I live, in literary ease;
My chief delight their taste to please
With soft and unaffected lays.
Thus, to each vot'ry's wish, kind Fate
Divides the world with equal line,
She bids ambition, care, and state,
Be the high portion of the great,
Peace, friendship, love, and bliss, be mine!

In the Apology of Aristippus, he thus pleads for his attachment to the lighter Muse:

But, should you ask me, why I choose,
Of all the laurel'd sisterhood
Th' inhabitants of Pindus' wood,
The least considerable Muse?
The vi'lets round the mountain's feet,
Whose humble gems unheeded blow,
Are to the shepherd's smell more sweet
Than lofty cedars on its brow.
Let the loud epic sound th' alarms
Of dreadful war, and heroes sprung
From some immortal ancestry,
Clad in th' impenetrable arms,
By Vulcan forg'd! my lyre is strung
With softer chords; my Muse, more free,
Wanders through Pindus' humbler ways,
In amiable simplicity:
Unstudied are her artless lays,
She asks no laurel for her brows;
Careless of censure or of praise,
She haunts where tender myrtle grows;
Fonder of happiness than fame,
To the proud bay prefers the rose,
Nor barters pleasure for a name.
On Nature's lap reclined at ease,
I listen to her heavenly tongue,
From her derive the pow'r to please,
From her receive th' harmonious tune,
And what the goddess makes my song,
In unpremeditated rhyme,
Mellifluous flows; whilst young Desire,
Cull'd from the Elysian bloom of spring,
Strews flowers immortal round my lyre,
And Fancy's sportive children bring
From blossom'd grove and lilied mead
Fresh fragrant chaplets for my head.
The most, though softest of the nine,
Euterpe, Muse of gayety,
Queen of heart-soft'ning melody,
Allur'd my ear with notes divine.
In my retreat Euterpe plays,
Where Science, garlanded with flow'rs,
Enraptur'd listens to her lays
Beneath the shade of myrtle bow'rs.

To which he adds this final defence:

If still the cynick censor says,
That Aristippus' useless days
Pass in melodious foolery,
This is my last apology:
Whatever has the pow'r to bless,
By living, having learnt to prize,
Since Wisdom will afford me less
Than what from harmless follies rise,
I cannot spare from happiness
A single moment to be wise.

In the Temper of Aristippus is an avowed imitation of Gresset, in a passage which such of our readers as are acquainted with the French language will be pleased to compare with the original:

A la sombre misanthropie
Je ne dois pas ces sentimens;
D'une fausse philosophie
Je haïs les vains raisonnemens,
Et jamais la bigoterie
Ne décida mes jugemens.
Une indifférence suprême,
Voilà mon principe et ma loi;
Tout lieu, tout destin, tout système,
Par-là, devient égal pour moi;
Où je vois naître la journée,
Là, content j'en attend la fin,
Prêt à partir le lendemain,
Si l'ordre de la destinée
Vient m'ouvrir un nouveau chemin.

Sans m'opposer un goût rebelle
A ce domaine souverain,
Je me suis fait du sort humain
Une peinture trop fidelle;
Souvent dans les champêtres lieux
Ce portrait frappera vos yeux.
En promenant vos revêries
Dans le silence des prairies,
Vous voyez un foible rameau,
Qui, par les jeux du vague Eole
Enlevé de quelque arbrisseau,
Quitte sa tige, tombe, vole
Sur la surface d'un ruisseau;
Là, par une invincible perte,
Forcé d'errer et de changer,
Ill flotte au gré de l'onde errante;
Et, d'un mouvement étranger,
Souvent il paroit, il surnage,
Souvent il est au fond des eaux;
Il rencontre sur son passage
Tous les jours des pays nouveaux:
Tantot un rivage sauvage
Et ses déserts abondonnés;
Parmi ses erreurs continués
Il fuit, il vogue jusqu'au jour
Qui l'ensevelit à son tour
Au sein de ses mers inconnues
Où tout s'abyme sans retour.

Thus, not by black misanthropy
Impell'd, to caves or rocks I fly;
But when by chance or humour led,
My wandering feet those regions tread,
Taught by philosophy so sweet
To shun the fellowship of ease,
Far from the world I go, to meet
Such pleasures as inhabit there.

With rebel will I'll ne'er oppose
The current of my destiny,
But, pliant, as the torrent flows,
Receive my course implicitly.
As, from some shaded river's side
If chance a tender osier's blown
Subject to the controling tide,
The obedient shrub is carried down.
Awhile it floats upon the streams,
By whirlpools now is forc'd below,
Then mounts again where Titan's beams
Upon the shining waters glow.
Sweet flow'ry vales it passes by,
Cities and solitudes by turns,
Or where a dreary desert burns
In sorrowful obscurity.
For many a league the wand'rer's borne,
By forest, wood, mead, mountain, plain,
Till, carried never to return,
'Tis buried in the boundless main.
Thus Aristippus forms his plan,
To ev'ry change of times and fates
His temper he accommodates;
Not where he will, but where he can,
A daily bliss he celebrates.
An osier on the stream of time,
This philosophick wanderer,
Floating through ev'ry place and clime,
Finds some peculiar blessing there.
Where'er the winding current strays,
By prosp'rous mount or adverse plain,
He'll sport till all his jocund days
Are lost in life's eternal main.

The verses which commence this poem convey a very agreeable idea of what the authour professes to describe, his temper:

I've oft, Melissa, heard you say,
'The world observes I never wear
'An aspect gloomy or severe;
'That, constitutionally gay,
'Whether the clouds obscure the sky,
'Or Phœbus gilds the face of day,
'In Pleasure's true philosophy,
'I pass the winged hours away.'

In the Apology is a flattering tribute to the French Muses, in which the name of Gresset is conspicuous, particularly as that of the authour of Ver-Vert:

From silver Loire's transparent streams
With roses and with lilies crown'd,
Breathing the same heart-easing themes,
And tun'd in amicable sound,
Sweet bards of kindred spirit, blow
Soft Lydian notes on Gallick reeds,
Whose songs instruct us how to know
Truth's flow'rs from Affectation's weeds.
Chapelle leads up the festive band;
La Fare and Chaulieu, hand in hand,
Close follow their poetick sire,
Hot with the Teïan grape and fire.
But, hark! as sweet as western wind
Breathes from the vi'lets' fragrant beds,
When balmy dews Aurora sheds,
Gresset's clear pipe, distinct behind,
Symphoniously combines in one
Each former bard's mellifluous tone.
Gresset, in whose harmonious verse
The Indian bird shall never die;
Though Death may perch on Ver-Vert's hearse,
Fame's tongue immortal shall rehearse
His variable loquacity.

Ver-Vert has long been ranked among the most elegant of the mock-heroick poems. It has not the dignity and strong satire of the *Lutrin*, nor the rich invention of the *Rape of the Lock:* but it is distinguished by its lightness, gayety, and ease. Gresset was bred a Jesuit; but his wit procured him a dismission from that society. The story of the poem is briefly this: Ver-Vert is a parrot, belonging to the Visitandines of Nevers, and an extraordinary favourite with the whole sisterhood. The young novices treat him with sugar-plums and sweet-meats; the mothers teach him Ave-Marias and Pater-Nosters. So much does he profit by his instructions, that his fame spreads to a convent of the same order at Nantes, the nuns of which send an earnest request that the edifying bird may be permitted to pay them a visit. He is accordingly sent to them by the Loire; but, during the voyage, having for his fellow-passengers two or three dragoons, and other persons not overnice in their language, he unfortunately forgets all the pious aspirations of the convent, and learns the reprobate discourse of his new companions, in which he accosts the nuns of Nantes. The latter, struck with horrour at his graceless conversation, so different from what they had been taught to expect, send him back to Nevers, where the change in his manners excites equal dismay. Ver-Vert, in consequence of the most lenient of the sentences proposed to be passed against him, is condemned to a penitentiary cell, and bread and water; and when, from his early reformation, the period of his disgrace is shortened, the joy and affection of the youn-

ger nuns lead them to feast him so profusely that he is literally killed with kindness. Such is the outline of the tale. Gresset has given infinite spirit, by having thrown so much of character into his hero, and who appears in the first part a novice, innocent and demure, and after his transformation, a lively rake.

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 107.)

The educator's care, above all things, should be first to lay in his charge the foundation of religion and virtue. WALKER.

It is worthy of remark, that a disposition to murmuring and discontent is more observable among men, than an inclination to be pleased and satisfied; they industriously collect causes of care and uneasiness, but ungratefully permit to pass unnoticed innumerable occasions for joy and thankfulness. This can be accounted for in no other way, than by supposing that they establish in their minds, as essential to happiness, certain principles which have no real existence in truth. Hence they become the constant slaves to care and anxiety, and the dupes of their own imaginations. The ambitious man pursues false glory with an ardent pace, regardless of every other object, leaping over the boundaries of reason and prudence, and frequently trampling on all the obligations of natural justice: such a man considers greatness to be the desired good, though he barters health, peace of mind, and a safe conscience, to obtain the glittering prize, whose lustre fades in the possession. The man of business places riches in the most conspicuous point of view, and travels after it, totally regardless of all mental gratification, further than what he receives from the perusal of the Ledger or the Tables of Interest. True it is, that, so long as he is thus engaged, he does not feel the vacuity in his mind, nor does he begin to be miserable till he conceives that he is going to be happy, and to enjoy himself in a retirement from business: it is then that his time begins to hang heavy, and that his leisure is irksome: he is then at a loss what to do; he has no resources within himself, no treasure of the mind, without which the treasure of the world amounts to nothing.

This unhappy disease of the understanding is the constant companion of the vulgar mind. But we must not apply the epithet (as is sometimes falsely done) to the poor or illiterate only; the unseemly weed is frequently found in the cultivated gardens of taste, and the energetick shoots of a strong capacity are discoverable in the inhospitable wastes of poverty. It is, however, the work of instruction that calls forth the powers which constitute the true happiness of man; and one part of instruction, more valuable than the knowledge of languages or fashionable accomplishments, may be given to all; namely, that we are placed here with never-failing laws of truth and religion to guide us; that much happiness is within our reach; that it is our own mistakes and prejudices, and reciprocal perversenesses, that mix the alloy; and that it is possible, with reason and religion, charity and love, to enjoy contentment without the refinements of the understanding. Let the principles of truth be established in the mind, and there can be no deformity, though unadorned with education and science.

It appears from hence, that the system of modern education is extremely defective; that it begins at the wrong end, and, like teaching a language without the rules of grammar, proceeds to every accomplishment but truth, which is frequently left to accidental instruction; whereas virtue should be taught in every language, and imbued in every lesson, since it is chiefly owing to the want of certain and fixed principles in their conduct through life that men become entangled in errours and prejudices, which embitter or destroy the happiness that they might otherwise have enjoyed.

Perhaps a philosophical mind could not employ itself better than in the detection of those defects which tend to the misery of mankind; it might awaken some to a sense of their true interests, and withdraw others from their received prejudices. It was a duty of this kind which engaged me lately to pay a visit to two established seminaries for the education of females. The mistress of the first taught in her school, and she herself told me, every thing fashionable, fillagree, and straw work, the tambourine, and the new reel steps; and with great exultation produced her pupils as specimens of her ability: but it unfortunately happened, that every thing took a wrong turn; I fancied in every infant face the outlines of pride, ill-temper, vanity, and affectation; and pictured to my imagination her misled children growing up in errour, vice, and wretchedness.

A few days afterward, a walk to a well-regulated school in the village of Newington in some measure relieved me from the impression which Mrs. Rigadoon's mode of education had left upon my mind: here, from the propriety of manners in the mistress, I promised myself a real gratification from the sight of her family; nor was I disappointed. On my entrance into the school-room, I imagined myself in a tasteful garden, where, in a rich parterre, the most beautiful flowers were arranged with symmetry and order, and displayed the skill and understanding of the artist who had raised them; youth, health, innocence, and gayety, were pictured in every face; all was lovely and unsullied. I now felt the advantages of a virtuous education rush upon my mind, and fancied that I saw before me the dutiful daughter, the faithful wife, and the affectionate mother.

Happy would it be if parents would cease to encourage those seminaries whose conductors do not mingle the instructions of piety and reason with the accomplishments of a modern education, and which only serve to fit out a young female mind with vanities and follies suitable to the depravity of the age. But it unfortunately happens in these days, that the ill-judging mother must have her child what she calls *extremely well-bred;* never considering, that to become a truly fine lady, she must necessarily have a fine understanding, and a virtuous mind.

One of the most distinguished among the modern *extremely well-bred*, was Miss Artemisa Pullet, the daughter of an eminent poulterer in Leadenhall market, whose indulgent mamma, a little fat woman, about four feet in height, but big with importance, settled the preliminaries of the mode of education herself with the mistress of a boarding-school at Hackney, and desired particularly that her child should *larn* every thing genteel. Miss had no objection to borrow the peacock's feathers, and astonished mamma and papa with her taste and elegance in dress. True, indeed, Mr. Peter Pullet, would sometimes revolve in his mind, over a pipe of tobacco at the *Pigeons*, a publick-house, the necessity of her being, as he called it, so *high-finished*, and would sometimes open his mind to his neighbour, Mr. Brisket the butcher. Being a very sensible man, it was a considerable time before he had become thoroughly reconciled to the name of Artemisa, or even, indeed, before he could properly pronounce it; but his wife had assured him that it was perfectly genteel, and he acquiesced: yet, when vexed sometimes at a bad debt, or a dear market, he could not help muttering to himself indistinctly the words "fine names—Miss Artemisa," and "cursed nonsense."

It happened, however, that Mr. Peter Pullet, wisely foreseeing that his accomplished daughter would soon give him a conspicuous place in the gazette, very ingeniously made a transfer of her and her extravagances to his neighbour Mr. Crossgrain, a wholesale woolen-draper, by an elegant wedding, which nearly stripped him of all his stock, dead and alive; so that not even a turkey was left gobbling for food in the cellar.

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Two extraordinary characters were now united in the bands of Hymen

Mrs. Crossgrain, as it might have been expected, had a mind stored with the common rubbish of ignorance and absurdity; pride was her predominant passion, and folly and perverseness accompanied most of her actions. Notwithstanding her boarding-school education, she had a remarkable fluency of bad language, a curious mixture of her mamma's native tongue, and the affected dialect of her governess; added to this, she had a happy knack of miscomprehension, and was extremely fond of argument.

As for Mr. Crossgrain, his ideas did not extend beyond a tailor's pattern-card; but he had saved a large fortune, and was now determined to retire and enjoy it. It was not long, however, before he discovered, that in a wife he had bought a piece of goods of which he was no judge, and that his first step toward enjoying himself was a step backward. Mrs. Crossgrain in nothing resembled himself; he liked his dinner at two o'clock, she liked it at five; he liked apple dumplings, and she had an aversion to them; he loved his pipe, and she insisted that he should never smoke; he was frugal and she extravagant. It may easily be conceived, according to this scale of happiness, that Mr. Crossgrain had but few opportunities to enjoy himself: time after time he wished he had never married, till, as luck would have it, one day his dear Artemisa was thrown out of a one-horse chaise at Epsom races, and never afterwards recovered the fright; a few months only elapsed before he buried half his troubles. Mr. Crossgrain now seriously set about enjoying himself; but presently found a single life insupportable; his housekeeper spoiled his water gruel, and his toast in the morning was too much buttered. Sometimes he wished himself married again, though not to a second Artemisa; but, as he could not find a wife to his mind, he employed himself anxiously in new schemes of happiness. The country was represented to him as the place for true enjoyment, and thither he retired, that is, to *Islington*, to a pretty house with a large garden; but the grubs ate his cabbage plants, and the sparrows his radish seed; the boys stole his fruit, and the cats broke his cucumber glasses: in short, disgusted at so many disappointments, he left the *country*, and once more came to town, but was as much as ever at a loss for amusement; he could not talk politicks at the publick-house, he hated cards, and disliked plays: at last, a kind friend suggested to him that he should go into the North, and amuse himself with hunting and shooting: hunting and shooting were now all his conversation; till, at length, he actually set out to pay a visit to an old acquaintance who lived a few miles from Edinburgh: he was now quite delighted with the idea of shooting widgeons; till one day, when it happened to be low water, his companions pursued their sport out upon a bar that ran into the sea, followed by our adventurer, who was mudded up to the middle in an instant: his brother sportsmen extricated him, however, from this difficulty; but, Mr. Crossgrain from that hour gave up shooting bar-widgeons, and returned to town,

Riding was Mr. Crossgrain's next attempt at amusement; but unfortunately meeting with a broken-knee'd mare, he came down over her head on the Hampstead road, and never got upon her back again.

Mr. Crossgrain was now told by somebody of the charms of musick, and actually went to the Opera; but a bravura song from Signora Squalinitini put him into a sound sleep which lasted till the entertainment was over.

Poor Mr. Crossgrain had no resource left for enjoyment, unless he turned drunkard; but drinking being *unfortunately* no propensity of his, he was incapable of tasting even that luxury. Thus circumstanced, he got out of temper with every thing, and found that he gave up enjoyment the moment he gave up business.

Let no one be alarmed at the history of Mr. Crossgrain. A small stock of good nature and understanding will preserve a man from the insupportable vacuum felt by the unhappy being whose mind is an unprofitable waste,

where nothing has been planted but the seeds of avarice. Let the man of business unbend, at times, to relaxation, and he will become acquainted with means of amusement both rational and permanent; and when the moment arrives that he shall be enabled, from the fruits of his industry, to retire from its fatigues, the duties of religion and morality, which have been perhaps, too much neglected, will open a source of pleasure and instruction that will refresh his mind with wholesome and delightful precepts, calculated for the happiness of man; he will then find no void or space but what may be occupied to advantage in the contemplation of the Divine Goodness, and the end of his own being.

This Essay may be properly concluded with some reflections of Mr. Addison's. "An idle being is a kind of monster in the creation, all nature is busy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain that the day hangs heavy upon them—that they do not know what to do with themselves! How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation, to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuits of knowledge and virtue; and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better than they were before."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Southey's description of the Spanish stage is not only very witty, but very faithful.

The characters in a comick opera were represented by the most ill-looking men and women I ever saw. The man's dress was a threadbare coat, and dirty corduroy vest and breeches, his beard was black, his neckloth not white, and Jack Ketch might sell the reversion of his fee for him and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A farce followed, and our hemp-stretch man again made his appearance, having blacked one of his eyes, to look blind. M. observed that he looked better with one eye than with two, and, we agreed, that the loss of his head would be a great addition to his beauty. The prompter stood before a little tin screen, not unlike a man in a cheese toaster. The scene that fell between the acts would disgrace a puppet show at an English fair. On one side was a hill, in size and shape like a sugar loaf, with a temple on the summit exactly like a watch-box. On the other, Parnassus with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon; but such was the proportion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying leap over an ant hill. Between the hills lay a city; and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded with flabby Cupids.

Each mule harnassed to a Spanish coach has sixteen bells. The Spaniards' motives for using them are, that the mules like the musick, and, that as all the bells are marked with a crucifix, the *devil* cannot come within hearing of the consecrated peal. This has been a common superstition, and one is surprised to hear it derided, with much wit and humour in a grave and scientifick work. The compilers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* inform us, that the passing bell was anciently rung for two purposes; one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing, the other, to drive away the evil spirits who stood at the bed's foot, and about the house, ready to seize their prey; or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage; but by the ringing of that bell (for Durandus informs us, that evil spirits are much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof,

and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is by sportsmen called law. Hence, perhaps, exclusive of the additional labour, was occasioned the high price demanded for tolling the great bell of the church; for that being louder, the evil spirit must go further off to be clear of the sound!

—

It is well known that Voltaire was of opinion, that coffee cleared the brain, and stimulated the genius. His practice was in unison with his theory. Of this inspiring beverage he drank copiously during the whole of his literary day. Buonaparte is likewise a great lover of the berry of Mocha. The physicians say, that he debauches with coffee. If Voltaire's opinion be just, it is no wonder the French are so lively and full of invention; for coffee is an article of which they make an uncommon consumption. Indeed, if Fame may be credited, the Prior of a monastery, in Arabia, on the word of a shepherd who had remarked that his goats were particularly *frisky*, when they had eaten the berries of the coffee tree, first made a trial of their virtue, on the monks of his convent to prevent them from *sleeping*, *during divine service*.

—

GODWIN somewhere in his "Fleetwood" thus describes the vanity and vexation of a foreign traveller, and that happiness may be sought in vain by change of place or variety of companions.

I resolved to pass over to the continent and to seek in the spectacle of different countries and the investigation of different manners, relief from the *ennui* which devoured me. This expedient seemed at first to answer my purpose. Novelty and change have a sovereign power over the human mind. But the efficacy of this remedy did not last long. Wherever I went I carried a secret uneasiness along with me. When I left Paris for Vienna, or Vienna for Madrid, I journeyed a solitary individual along the tedious road, and when I entered my inn the same solitude entered along with me.

I turned aside to examine remarkable objects, the fame of which had reached me. I visited some celebrated convent of Monks. I took the liberty to introduce myself to some elaborate collector of curiosities, to some statesman, or general retired from the busy scene, to some philosopher or poet whose lucubrations had delighted the world. I was generally fortunate enough to make my visit agreeable to the host I selected. I flattered his taste. I expressed, in the honest language of truth and feeling, the sense I entertained of his character. This sort of avocation afforded me a temporary pleasure; but it often left me in a state of more painful sensation than it found me, and impressed upon me the melancholy conviction of the unsubstantial nature of all human enjoyments.

Sometimes I joined company with a fellow traveller whom chance directed to the same point, or whom I was able, by some allurement of advantage or pleasure, to prevail upon to pursue my route. In some cases, I was disappointed in my companion, found him totally different from what, on a slight observation, I had conceived him to be, and either separated from him before half our journey was completed, or cursed a hundred times the obligation I had contracted, which perhaps for twenty days successively rendered me the slave of frigid civility. At other times it may be, the conversation of my fellow traveller afforded me an unfeigned delight; and then I bitterly regretted the fugitive nature of our intercourse. The sensation I felt was such as has been experienced by passengers in a stage-coach, who have just had time to contract a liking for each other, who have whispered to themselves how agreeable, how animated, how well-informed, or how facetious is this stranger, who have met in a domestick way at breakfast, at dinner, and at supper, who have wished each other good night at the close of the day, and met with salutations in the morning, when suddenly the vehicle whirls them into some vast city, the step of the carriage is let down,

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one passes one way and another another, one calls for a chaise to convey him up the country, and another hastens with his baggage to the port.

Frequently I sojourned for two, three, or four months, in some polite or learned residence, and, when I had just time to familiarize myself with its most valuable inhabitants, was impelled to call to mind that this was not my home, and that it was time to withdraw. Why should I stay? The language, the manners, and the scene were not native to me; and it was nothing but the necessity of departing that made me regret a place, which, if I had been compelled to take up my abode in it, would speedily have lost its illusion.

—

To Mr. JAMES MONTGOMERY,

On his poems, lately published.

Is there a "winter in thy soul,"
That Genius cannot shine away?
Does dark despair that heart control,
Which pants for glory's radiant day?

Have past afflictions left the trace
Of Sorrow, graved in lines so deep,
That Memory, hopeless to efface
The piteous forms, looks on to weep?

Then think that o'er thy glowing page,
Where Fancy's hues with feeling blend,
Enthusiast Youth, and temperate Age
In sympathetick rapture bend.

Think that the musick of thy strains
Attuned to Freedom's manly lyre,
Runs kindling through the patriot's veins
And lights his glimmering eyes with fire.

Think, on some day of wild alarm,
When Albion's cliffs descry the foe,
Thy voice may nerve the youthful arm
That lays the fierce invader low.

And see thy country freed, at length,
From jealous fears that haunt the slave,
And taught to call forth *all* her strength,
The hands and hearts of *all* the brave.

No more the freeborn spirit binds,
But, inly touched, delights to see
Her cause the cause of noblest minds,
Her friends the friends of Liberty.

—

Capt. Morris has, on many occasions, written songs in a spirit truly classical. He displays a fertile invention and a great command of imagery. A tone of almost unrivalled gayety pervades his Anacreonticks. It is deeply to be regretted that, like the libertine Rochester, he should ever employ and exhaust his fine genius in writing verses for the bagnio, and ballads to Phryne and Lais. The following is an honourable exception to the smutty strains of this gay officer.

When the Fancy stirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild my soul,
And Life 's an endless treasure;
Memory decks my wasted heart
Fresh with gay desires,
Rays divine my senses dart,
And kindling Hope inspires.
Then who 'd be grave
When wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking;
And magick grapes
Give angel shapes
To every girl we 're drinking.

Here sweet Benignity and Love,
Shed their influence round me,
Gathered ills of life remove,
And leave me as they found me.
Though my head may swim, yet true
Still to Nature's feeling,
Peace and Beauty swim there too,
And rock me as I 'm reeling.
Then who 'd be grave, &c.

On Youth's soft pillow, tender Truth
Her pensive lesson taught me,
Age soon mocked the dream of Youth,
And Wisdom waked and caught me.
A bargain then with Love I knocked
To hold the pleasing gipsy,
When wise, to keep my bosom locked,
But turn the key when tipsy.
Then, &c.

Life 's a voyage, we all declare,
With scarce a port to hide in,
It may be so with Pride or Care,
That 's not a sea I ride in.
Here floats my soul till Fancy's eye
Her realms of bliss discover,
Bright worlds which fair in prospect lie,
To him that 's half seas over.
Then, &c.

—

Burlesque of the modern sonnet.

I love to taste the nectared sweets of morn,
To climb the brow of purple tinted hills,
While Philomela warbles on the thorn,
Responsive to the babble of the rills.
I love to stroll along the grass grown vale,
When Evening clads the fields in sober gray,

And meet the buxom milk maid on her way,
Returning with the full replenished pail.
I love to loiter by the streamlet's side,
And sit me on its daisied banks, to view
Night's argent orb reflected in the tide,
Rolling along the inverted arch of blue:
But more I love—yes more do I hold dear,
A *pickled Herring and a Pot of Beer.*

—

The following, though not close nor servile, is one of the most spirited versions we ever met, of the 13th Ode of the first book of HORACE.

When clasped within your lover's arms,
On his fine form and roseate charms,
Your tongue with ceaseless rapture dwells
My bursting heart with anger swells,
My cheeks, now red, now pale, proclaim
What passions agitate my frame;
My sighs, my tears, my anguish prove
Alas! too well, how much I love.
When the fond youth, half mad with bliss,
Prints on thy neck a burning kiss,
I burst with rage, of sense bereft,
To view the mark his tooth has left.
But hope not he will constant prove,
Who thus profanes the kiss of love;
That kiss with sweets and cordial filled,
From lovely Venus' cup distilled.
Thrice happy they whose hearts and hands
Are joined in soft Affection's bands,
Who free from care and void of strife,
Still loved and loving end their life.

—

The snowdrop is an interesting object in the fields or gardens of England, as the harbinger of Flora, and the contrast to winter. This flower has been finely described by Mrs. Smith.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

Like pendant flakes of vegetating snow,
The early herald of the infant year,
Ere yet the adventurous crocus dares to blow,
Beneath the orchard boughs thy buds appear.
While still the cold north-east ungenial lowers,
And scarce the hazel in the leafless copse
Or sallows show their downy powdered flowers,
The grass is spangled with thy silver drops.

Yet, when those pallid blossoms shall give place
To countless tubes of richer hue and scent,
Summer's gay blooms and Autumn's yellow race,
I shall thy pale inodorous bells lament.

So journeying onward in life's varying track,
Even while warm youth its bright illusion lends,
Fond Memory often with regret looks back
To childhood's pleasures and to infant friends.

—

TO A NOSEGAY

IN PANCHARILLA'S BOSOM.

Must you alone then, happy flow'rs—
Ye short-liv'd sons of vernal show'rs,
Must you alone be still thus blest,
And dwell in Pancharilla's breast?
Oh would the gods but hear my pray'r,
To change my form and place me there!
I should not sure so quickly die,
I should not so inactive lie;
But ever wand'ring to and fro,
From this to that fair globe of snow,
Enjoy ten thousand thousand blisses,
And print on each ten thousand kisses.
Nor would I rest till I had found
Which globe was softest, which most round;
Which was most yielding, smooth, and white,
Or the left bosom, or the right;
Which was the warmest, easiest bed,
And which was tipp'd with purest red.
Nor could I leave the beauteous scene,
Till I had traced the path between,
That milky-way so smooth and even,
That promises to lead to Heaven.
But ah! those wishes all are vain,
The fair one triumphs in my pain;
To flow'rs that know not to be blest,
The nymph unveals her snowy breast;
While to her slave's desiring eyes,
The heavenly prospect she denies:
Too cruel fate, too cruel fair,
To place a senseless nosegay there,
And yet refuse my lips the bliss
To taste one dear transporting kiss.

—

.....

In climes remote, on India's shore,
A banish'd lover droops and sighs,
When to his gloomy mind once more,
His fancy gives what fate denies.

For sad, and hopeless, and forlorn,
The blighted wretch who loves in vain;
To keenest misery is born,
Curs'd with a life of ceaseless pain.

No sordid interest made him roam,
Ambition vainly boasts his joys;
'Twas love that drove him far from home,
'Tis hopeless love his peace destroys.

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A nymph, enchanting as the morn,
Lovely as May in blooming charms,

Whose mind kind nature's gift adorn,
And whose pure heart each virtue warms.

Stole with a Syren's spell his heart;
A heart alas! too warm, too true!
No wish'd return could she impart,
For hope, delusive mock'd his view.

Now, frenzied and in deep despair,
Heedless of life, and gone his ease,
He flies the dear obdurate fair
And seeks the boist'rous stormy seas.

Where the loud gale's impetuous rage
Lifts to the skies the mountain wave,
Such kindred horrours grief assuage,
And pleas'd he hears the tempest rave.

Unconscious he of danger, fear,
With careless eye the glare is seen
Of livid flashes darting near
While darken'd horrours intervene.

Alas! no gleam of cheering light
Breaks on the tempest of his mind,
There all is gloomy as the night;
No ray of comfort can he find.

Condemn'd a wanderer far to roam,
He seeks a savage distant shore;
Dead to the world, a prey to love;
And thinks of happiness no more.

—

SONNET.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Short is the time the oldest being lives,
Nor has longevity one *hour* to waste;
Life's duties are proportion'd to the haste
With which it fleets away;—each day receives
Its task, that if neglected, surely gives
The morrow *double* toil.—Ye, who have pass'd
In idle sport the days that fled so fast,
Days, that nor Grief recalls, nor care retrieves,
At length be wise, and think, that of the part
Remaining in that vital period given,
How short the date, and at the prospect start,
Ere to the extremest verge your steps be driv'n!
Nor let a moment unimprov'd depart,
But view it as the *latest* trust of Heaven!

—

We do not instantly remember from what source the following remarks are drawn. While we praise their ingenuity we are not fully prepared to acknowledge their truth. Henry I, of England, Erasmus, Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and a host of eminent characters, were men of business as well as scholars and students.

They who endure the toil of study with a view to riches and honours will be very much disappointed. All the world has heard of a French treatise on the Miseries of the Learned, but none has appeared descriptive of their felicities. In fact, the retired life, the inactivity with respect to all business in common life, or publick employments, which an attention to study requires, and the abstraction of mind and love of solitude so peculiar to the student, are all circumstances averse to the acquisition of wealth. He on whom the muses have smiled in his infancy will scorn the praises of the multitude, the fascination of wealth, and the inticements of honours; and will find that his toil is the only adequate reward which can satisfy the mind of a scholar.

—

Dr. Beattie's beautiful translation of Metastasio's *L'onda del mare divisa.*

Waters from the ocean borne
Bathe the valley and the hill,
Prisoned in the fountain mourn,
Warble down the wand'ring rill.

But, wherever doomed to stray,
Still they murmur and complain,
Still pursue their lingering way,
'Till they join their native main.

After many a year of wo,
Many a long long wandering past,
Where at first they learned to flow,
There they hope to rest at last.

—

Some years ago, we amused ourselves with comparing Dryden's celebrated version, with Drummond's, of that famous passage in Persius where the poet introduces the clashing powers of Avarice and Voluptuousness exerting their respective influence upon the hesitating, though waxen mind of a juvenile nobleman. In one of our latest reviews, a new translation by an anonymous authour is announced. We give the following as a specimen. It is wonderfully spirited. It is in the very tone of the original, and perhaps we might be justified in saying, that

the translator has surpassed DRYDEN himself.

" Sluggard awake," imperious Avarice cries,
" See morning dawns; awake, I say, arise."
Yawning, you beg another nap to take,
" Up, up," " O spare me," wake ! I can't awake,
And prythee what are your commands, say you,
What, answers Avarice, why what *should* you do?
But run forthwith to port and issue thence
The oil, the fish, the flax, and frankincense,
The Coan wines? Be foremost to unpack
The pepper from the thirsting camel's back,
Go, turn the penny, traffick for the pelf,
And, if your interest needs, forswear yourself.
But what if Jupiter should overhear?
Fool, if you feel of Jupiter a fear,
If qualms of conscience choak the rising lie,
Give up your trade, and STARVE ON HONESTY;
Your salt dish still with patient finger bore,
And lick the emptied platter o'er and o'er.

All hands aloft, the voyage they prepare,
See, bales and baggage to the strand they bear.
And now no obstacles your bark retain,
Ready to waft you o'er the Egean main;
When lo! persuasive Luxury draws near,
And beckoning, softly whisper in your ear
" What are you seeking, madman, do you know?
Why all this hurrying, whither would you go?
What frantick fires within your bosom rage,
That loads of hemlock never can assuage?
You tempt the ocean, *you* the tempest brave?
You court the hardships of the wind and wave?
You get your dinner perched upon a cable?
The deck your parlour, and a plank your table?
You suck from the broad can, besmeared with tar,
The musty lees of Veian vinegar?
And all for what? why truly, not content
To nurse at home a modest five per cent,
You must, the faster to increase your store
From every hundred pounds thrust out five more,
Indulge your genius, drive dull Care away,
And seize the pleasures of the present day,
To Mirth and Joy the passing moment give
" For not to live at ease is not to live."

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

The sun was departed, the mild zephyr blowing,
Bore over the plain the perfume of the flowers;
In soft undulations the streamlet was flowing,
And calm Meditation led forward the hours:
I struck the full chord, and the ready tear started,
I sung of an exile forlorn, broken hearted,
Like him, from my bosom all joy is departed,
And sorrow has stol'n from the lyre all its pow'rs.

I paus'd on the strain, when fond mem'ry tenacious,
Presented the form I must ever esteem;
Retrac'd scenes of pleasure, alas, how fallacious!
Evanescent all, all, as the shades of a dream.
Yet still, as they rush'd thro' oppress'd recollection,
The silent tear fell, and the pensive reflection,
Immers'd my sad bosom in deeper dejection,
On which cheering hope scarcely glances a beam.

In vain into beauty all nature is springing,
In vain smiling Spring does the blossoms unfold;
In vain round my cot the wing'd choiristers singing,
When each soft affection is dormant and cold.
E'en sad as the merchant, bereav'd of his treasure,
So slow beats my heart, and so languid its measure,
So dreary, so lonely, a stranger to pleasure,
Around it Affliction her mantle hath roll'd.

But meek Resignation supporting the spirit,
Unveils a bright scene to the uplifted eye;
A scene, which the patient and pure shall inherit,
Where hearts bleed no more, and the tear shall be dry.
There souls, which on earth in each other delighted,
By friendship, by honour, by virtue united,
Shall meet, and their pleasures no more shall be blighted,
But perfect and pure as their love be their joy.

SONNET.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Seek not, my Lesbia, the sequester'd dale,
Or bear thou to its shades a tranquil heart;
Since rankles most in solitude the smart
Of injur'd charms, and talents, when they fail
To meet their due regard;—nor e'en prevail
Where most they wish to please:—Yet, since thy part
Is large in life's chief blessings, why desert

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Sullen, the world!—Alas! how many wail
Dire loss of the best comforts Heaven can grant!
While they the bitter tear in secret pour,
Smote by the death of friends, disease, or want,
Slight wrongs if thy self-valuing soul deplore,
Thou but resemblest, in thy lonely haunt,
Narcissus pining on the watry shore

Whether the following verses be new or old, whether they be of Paul or Apollos is of little moment. They are worthy of the perusal of the ladies.

VERSES TO A TEAR.

Pellucid drop of sacred dew,
In Sorrow's briny fountain bred,
That from the eye of mildest blue
Fall'st on the cheek of softest red.

Sweet tear! what orient gem reveals
A lustre to the Sun more bright;
Than what this limpid bosom steals
From the mild eye that swims in light.

Offspring of Sorrow, and its cure!
That through the eye reliev'st the heart,
As the descending rain drops pure
Exhaust the clouds from which they part.

Yes, to the heart thou giv'st relief,
As dews the parching flowrets cheer:
Sweet is the ecstasy of grief,
And sweet the rapture of a tear!

Hail, little sphere of ray serene,
I love thee for my Mira's sake;
Thou prov'st her heart to feeling keen,
And gentlest sympathy awake.

Pure is her bosom as thine own,
Now trembling on her cheek so fair,
That well might tempt an angel down
To kiss thee from the roses there.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPH.

Of late, the most malignant and injurious aspersions are hazarded in many a libel on our mother country.

At the name of Great Britain, many are ready to redden and to rage. But both Ancient Prejudice and Recent Rhodomontade with tongue of bluster and face of frowns must remember that we are under some trifling obligations to that hateful island.

We are indebted to her for our ancestors.

We have taken up some goods at her shop, for which even our *philosophers* have forgotten to pay. When we happen to be in a court of justice, what of that virtue is meted out to us, is borrowed from the store-houses of Hale, of Talbot, of Mansfield, and of Kenyon; who, as the devil would have it, were all "to be found in the precinct" of England. What little knowledge we have of religion, politicks, morals, literature, and the fine arts, we have derived from British sources. Thence come our best style and our purest taste.

Even our common newspaper diction, a plague upon the ingratitude of editors, is borrowed from Sir Roger L'Estrange, and Tom Durfey, and the bell-men of London and the loftiest garrets of Grub-street. Many of the Bibles, which we read were published at the *Clarendon Press*, and, if our loving countryman, the learned Dr. Morse, be right, this press is established at a place called OXFORD, which boasts of a Seminary rather ampler than that of our *Calvinistick* college of Cambridge. Several of the altars at which we kneel, and those, which *are by far* of the MOST SOLID CONSTRUCTION AND BEAUTIFUL DECORATIONS, are made from *Queen Elizabeth's pattern*. Some *scantlings* in our political building, and those the most durable and sound, were imported from Great Britain, and are to us what the pine of Norway and the hemp of St. Petersburg are to her. Lastly, with all our striving to pollute our dialect, in spite of Columbian spelling-books and dictionaries, in spite of the precepts of the Declaration and the example of the great Jefferson himself, we are still *Anglo* Galilians, and our speech betrayeth us. We speak English and it is our *mother* tongue.

EPITAPH.

On the tomb of a country apothecary,
Erected at the expense of the parish.

Hâc sub humo, per quem tot jacûere, jacet.
At length for him a quiet spot's provided,
Where, all thro' him, so many of us lie dead.

EPIGRAM.

The unlicked Cub.

When first to school a little urchin,
Fearless of usher—and of birching,
Jacky was sent;

Jack foremost was in every squabble,
And bustled well amidst the rabble,
Bold and impertinent.

Jack soon a bigger boy offended,
And in a boxing match it ended,
Spiteful they drub;

Jack owned his enemy was stronger
But, blubbering, bragged he was no longer
An unlicked cub.

MERRIMENT.

A very rich citizen of Lyons having had his nativity cast, had so arranged his affairs that his possessions should just last him to the hour of his death. However, outliving the expected period, he was absolutely reduced to beggary, and in the following terms would implore charity, "Pity a man who has lived longer than he expected."

A very young clergyman, who had just left college, presented a petition to the king, requesting his majesty would appoint him to a very important office. The king being much offended at his presumption, wrote under it, 2 Samuel, chap. x. ver. 5; and returned it. On turning to the place the young clergyman had the mortification to read these words, "Tarry at Jericho until your beard be grown."

The king of Prussia had heard that a corporal in one of his regiments, who was known as a handsome young man, wore, out of vanity, a watch-chain suspended from a bullet in his fob. He had the curiosity to investigate the fact, and walking purposely by him one morning, said "Why corporal, you are a brave fellow to have saved enough to buy a watch." "Sire," said the corporal "I flatter myself I am brave, but as for my watch, it is of little signification." The king pulling out a gold watch, said, "By my watch it is five; what is it by yours?" the corporal, pulling out his bullet with a trembling hand, replied, "My watch neither tells me five nor six, but shows me clearly that I must be ready at any time to die for your majesty."

It having been reported to the dauphin of France, that a man in that country had made a little coach so constructed as to be drawn by fleas, he asked the prince of Conti, who he imagined made the harness? "O!" replied the prince, "probably some spider in the neighbourhood."

A first rate singer being suddenly taken ill just before the curtain rose for the representation of an opera, an actor of inferiour powers undertook the character designed for him. He had no sooner opened his lips to sing, than he was violently hissed; but not in the least discouraged by his reception, he came forward, and addressing the pit, said, "Pray, did any of you suppose that for my salary of forty shillings a week, I was going to give you a voice worth twenty pounds?"

In besieging a certain town the soldiers had been strictly forbidden to give quarter to any one. An officer however, begged hard for his life of one of the besiegers. "Ask me any thing else," replied he, "but for your *life* I cannot consent."

The abbé G—— was once engaged in a violent dispute with a gentleman among a large party, who being at the bottom of the table, the distance between them rendered the accomplishment of any personal insult impracticable. "Sir," said the gentleman, "if I were near you, I should give you a box on the ear, *so you may consider the blow as given.*" "And sir," replied the abbé, "were I near you, I should draw my sword, and run you through the body, *so you may consider yourself as dead.*"

Henry the Fourth, king of France, always made his children call him papa, or father, and not the usual ceremonious title of "sir" or "your majesty." He used frequently to join in their amusements; and one day, as he was going on all-fours with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassadour entered his apartment suddenly, and surprised him in this attitude. The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, "Monsieur l'ambassadeur, have you any children?" "Yes, sire," replied he. "Very well then," said the king, "I shall finish my race round my chamber."

Some school-boys one day meeting a woman driving asses, said to her, "Good morning, mother of asses." "Good morning," she replied, "my dear children."

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A general, being on his travels, found himself indisposed, and was obliged to stop at a little village to be bled. The barber of the village was called in to officiate; but his appearance not being very much in his favour, the general drew back his arm, just as the lancet was on the point of entering. "Ah! what you are afraid of the blood!" said the barber. "No," returned the general, "it is the *bleeder*, not the blood, I am afraid of."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Agreeably to our just expectations, and sanguine wishes, the essays, under the signature of HAMILTON, have been republished in many of the most respectable gazettes of our country. Every Federal editor of stanch principles should make it a point of honour and duty to give publicity to politicks of so correct a complexion, as distinguish this gentleman's writings. His last essay, entitled No. VI, deserves to be dispassionately perused, not only by every scholar, but by the busy and humbler members of society, by every artisan, husbandman, and manufacturer. In this excellent speculation, the authour, in a manner very honourable to his genius, combines the energy of logick with the grace of rhetorick. His information is accurate, his assertions are valid, his details are skilful, his inference is just, AND HIS ARGUMENT INVINCIBLE.

Our classical correspondent, ASMODEO to whom not only ourselves but all the polite scholars in the country have been often indebted for some of the finest pieces of poetry which have adorned The Port Folio, has, to our great joy resumed his pen, and, in a spirit of friendship grateful to the Editor, and in a spirit of literary exertion honourable to the student, has pledged himself to furnish this paper with translations, imitations and parodies of passages from the best poets of antiquity. As, in the manner of the ROLLIAD, and of CANNING and ELLIS in the Anti-Jacobin, it is proposed to make many of these translations and parodies the vehicle of *political* satire, they will be sought for with keen curiosity by all the gentlemen, the scholars and men of virtue in America who delight in the disgrace of Democracy and the triumph of Genius and sound Principle over that miserable faction, which at once oppresses and disgraces the country, which makes us distracted at home and contemptible abroad.

Our ingenious correspondent has chosen for his first theme that cutting lampoon upon a commonwealth, the 14th ode of the first book of Horace. The application which our friend has made will not only appear obvious but just to every rational man in the community. The absurdity, impolicy, and danger of a war with Great Britain is now believed by all the sagacious statesmen in the country. Indeed the very idea of a contest with that nation is of a character more lunatick than ever arose in the romantick imagination of the Knight of the Windmills. The editor of this paper will combat without ceasing all war measures against England. Our nation is impotent; with a distracted head, a palpitating heart, and mortifying extremities. We have made much noise, we have uttered many a gasconade, we have strutted up and down with a *dagger of lath*, and the *wooden* weapon of Harlequin. But in bluster our warlike note began, and in bluster will it end. We are totally unprepared for warfare. We are cursed with a pusillanimous government, a divided people, and a defenceless frontier. We have no ships, no swords, and no soldiers. Every *puny whipster* may insult us with impunity, and the frigate of any nation lay our cities in ashes. To blows judiciously aimed by foreign force we could oppose no more resistance than the miserable victim of Palsy or Epilepsy could exert against a Hercules or a Patagonian.

The review of Judge Peters's Admiralty Decisions will appear soon. Sickness has interrupted criticism, and our readers scarcely need be told that

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the Influenza is not auspicious to mental exertion. As an atonement for any abatement of our industry and zeal, our patrons shall soon be furnished with MORE ORIGINAL and INTERESTING MATTER THAN HAS APPEARED AT ANY TIME SINCE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PORT FOLIO. While great and *expensive* exertions are thus making on the part of the Editor, he trusts that the *real* friends to that establishment will take care that his Press want not its *oil* in due season.

MORTUARY.

Died on Monday, 31st August, in the 44th year of her age, deservedly esteemed, and very sincerely regretted, Miss REBECCA WHARTON, daughter of JAMES WHARTON, Esqr. formerly of this city, deceased.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The commentators have supposed, that under the image of a ship, Horace meant the Republick; and that the xivth ode of his first book was a protest against a war into which his country appeared to be rashly entering, when in a situation very unprepared for the contest. How far it might be applied to ourselves I will not pretend to say; I have merely translated it for you.

ASMODEO.

O ship! what newly veering gale, 1
What sudden breakers thus assail
And all your timbers shock?
Why tempt, a wreck, the stormy main! 2
Come, helm a lee! about again, 3
And keep within your dock.

Behold your sails yet half unbent, 4
Your spars by *Southern Tempests* rent,
And all things out of places:
And yet, you thus would brave the seas! 5
Too frail to bear a mack'rel breeze,
Without new stays and braces.

Your canvass see, a fluttering rag, 6
Hangs as neglected as your flag,
Your safety once and pride too.
No Washingtons their aid to lend, 7
On whom, alas! can you depend
'Mongst rocks and shoals to guide you.

Your timbers, once the dock-yards' boast, 8
Are now unfit to leave the coast,
In idleness worm-eaten.
The wary sailor ne'er relies 9
On painted sides. O yet, be wise, 10
Weigh not, thus weather-beaten!

Source of my pain, my toil, my care, 11
For whom still love enough I bear 12
To make a patriot frantick;
May'st thou—the gods my wish inspire—
May'st thou avoid the tempests dire, 13
That howl o'er the Atlantick!

---

1 — O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus?

2 — O quid agis?

3 — Fortiter occupa
Portum.

4 — Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus,
Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennæque gemant?

5 — Ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius
Æquor?

6 — Non tibi sunt integra lintea:

7 — Non Dî, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

8 — Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile:

9 — Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit.

10 — Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

11 — Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,

12 — Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,

13 — Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, September* 12, 1807. [No. 11.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio

ON THE LATIN POETRY OF GRAY.

OF Mr. Gray it has been remarked, that *he was perhaps the most learned man of Europe.* This expression refers more expressly to the great extent of his knowledge; but under this general description is to be ranked that intimate knowledge of the Latin tongue which enabled him to write such poems in that idiom as have obtained a very high reputation. In this department, he is classed with Milton and those few other names which are allowed to stand upon commanding ground. His Sapphick and Alcaick Odes, addressed to Mr. West, his fragments De Principiis Cogitandi, and of an Heroick Epistle from Sophonisba to Massinissa, his Elegiack Verses occasioned by the sight of the Plains where the battle of Trebiæ was fought, his translation of a Sonnet by Buondelmonte, and his farewell to Florence, are monuments of his genius for Latin verse. The following Alcaick fragment has been thought so happily executed, as that the best critick might be deceived into a belief of antiquity:

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

Three other of the Latin compositions of Gray remain to be mentioned. His Alcaick Ode, written in the Album of the Grand Chartreuse; his description of the sudden rising of Monte Nuovo, near Puzzoli, and of the destruction which attended; and his Latin verses on the death of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, printed in the Cambridge Collection, and to be found only in one edition of his works. Of the two first what follows are translations:

DESCRIPTION

Of the Sudden Rising of Monte Nuovo, near Puzzoli, and of the Destruction which attended it.

No more the plough is seen to break the soil,
Or fruitful fields to crown the peasant's toil;
No more is heard the peasant's tuneful lay,
Or tuneful birds to hail the rising day:
So wide is spread a face of ruin o'er!
And oft the cautious seaman from the shore
Averts his slender bark, avoids the strand,
And pointing shows the inauspicious land;
Relates the horrours of the fatal night,
And all the dreary landscape rises to the sight.

Still rough with stones appears the mountain's head,
His former flames extinct, his terrours fled;
Whether the sulphurous rivers which supplied
Of old his bowels with a constant tide,
By time exhausted, with a fiery store
Suffice at length to feed the flames no more;
Or whether, while the ruin seems to sleep,
He hoards fresh matter in his caverns deep,
Prepar'd (tremendous thought!) with doubled rage,

To spread destruction in a future age.

The face of Nature now is chang'd around,
The hills appear with whit'ning olives crown'd;
And Bacchus, who so long the coast had fled,
Again delights to rear his festive head;
With trembling steps resumes his former stand,
And clothes once more with blushing vines the land.

The Alcaick Ode, written in the Album of the Grand Chartreuse, has been thus imitated by a gentleman of Sunderland, in Great Britain:

Oh tu, severi religio loci, &c.

Hear, awful Genius of the solemn grove
(And say what title best can please thine ear;
Those age-struck woods and native rivers prove
No common genius bears dominion here.

The trackless rocks, the mountain's solemn height,
The broken cliff, inviting fell despair;
The deep-brown grove where reigns eternal night,
And sounding waterfalls the god declare,
In glory more than if the citrean beam
And Phidian arts their nicest aid bestow'd;
Or high-wrought gold had shed its richest gleam
To deck the fane of the recumbent god)!

Hear then, dread Genius of the solemn grove!
Now be thy mighty pow'r on me confest,
Propitious to thy suppliant's wishes prove,
And give him to the placid joys of rest:

But if stern Fortune should forbid my flight
To taste the sweets of sacred silence' reign,
Should she recal me from the darling sight,
And dash amid the storms of life again;

At least allow to my declining age
A calm retreat from all the cares of life;
Safe from the busy world's tumultuous rage,
And far beyond the reach of vulgar strife.

The following was sent by Mr. Gray to his friend West, with a reference to the following passage in Sandy's Travels: "West of Cicero's Villa stands the eminent Gaurus, a stony and desolate mountain, in which there are divers obscure caverns, choked almost with earth, where many have consumed much fruitless industry in searching for treasure: The famous Lucrine Lake extended formerly from Avernus to the aforesaid Gaurus; but it is now no other than a little sedgy plash, choked up by the horrible and astonishing eruption of the new mountain; whereof, as oft as I think, I am easy to credit whatsoever is wonderful. For who here knows not, or who elsewhere will believe, that a mountain should arise (partly out of a lake and partly out of the sea) in one day and a night, in such a height as to contend in altitude with the high mountains adjoining? In the year of our Lord 1538, on the 29th of September, when for certain days foregoing the country hereabout was so vexed with perpetual earthquakes, as no one house was left so entire as not to expect an immediate ruin; after that the sea had retired two hundred paces from the shore (leaving abundance of fish and springs of fresh water rising in the bottom) this mountain visibly ascended, about the second hour of the night, with an hideous roaring, horribly vomiting stones, and such store of cinders as overwhelmed all the building thereabout, and the salubrious baths of Tripergula, for so many ages celebrated; consumed the vines to ashes, killing birds and beasts: the fearful inhabitants of Puzzoli flying through the dark with their wives and childen; naked, defiled, crying out, and detesting their calamities. Manifold mischiefs have they suffered by the barbarians, yet none like this which Nature inflicted. This new mountain, when newly raised, had a number of issues; at some of them smoking, and sometimes flaming; at others disgorging rivulets of hot waters; keeping within a terrible rumbling; and many miserably perished that ventured to descend into the hollowness above. But that hollow on the top is at present an orchard, and the mountain throughout is bereft of its terrours.—*Sandy's Travels, Book 4, page 275, 277, and 278.*

Of the *Description*, the subjoined English version was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1775.

Nec procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus, &c.

On the fam'd shore where fierce volcanoes glow,
And overlook the shining deeps below,
Old Gaurus lifts his inauspicious head,
His vines consum'd, and all his honours fled;
So near a new-sprung mountain now abides
Burning his groves and thund'ring at his sides.
For Fame reports of old, while all around
The country lay in solemn silence drown'd,
While rusticks, thoughtless of approaching woes,
Enjoy'd the grateful blessing of repose,
The swelling surges lash the sounding shores,
The lab'ring earth through all her caverns roars,
Loud echoes from the lofty woods rebound,
Fair Naples from her deeps and bay profound,
And dread Vesuvius, tremble at the sound.
Sudden the yawning earth discloses wide
Her dreadful jaws; forth-issuing in a tide,
Black pitchy clouds with bursting flames conspire
To whelm the landscape with a flood of fire.
The beasts are fled; along the pathless waste
The frighted shepherd flies with equal haste,
His ling'ring children calls, and thinks he hears
Their distant footsteps reach his list'ning ears;
Then lonely climbs a rock's stupendous height,
And backward o'er the plain directs his sight,
If still, perchance, to meet his longing eyes,
His much-lov'd woods and humble cottage rise.
No object meets his eyes, unhappy swain!
But dreadful gleams reflected from the main,
The earth beneath with flames of sulphur torn,
And fiery stones in whirling eddies borne.
The storms at length subside, the flames decay,
And op'ning heaven restores the face of day,
When lo! the gath'ring hinds are seen around,
With trembling steps to tread the dreary ground;
In hopes (if yet a slender hope remain)
To trace their dwellings on the desert plain,
Their wives' and wretched sires' remains to mourn,
And decent place within the sacred urn;
(Small consolation granted to their woes,
But all, alas! their hapless state bestows).
Unhappy men, no wives' nor sires' remains
Shall greet your eyes, or mitigate your pains!
For where your peaceful dwellings late were spread,
The new-rais'd mountain rears his ghastly head,
With rocks deform'd and hoary ashes
And proud o'erlooks the subject plains around,
With devastation threats the country o'er,
And reigns despotick on the lonely shore.
A name ill-omen'd hence the country gains
And long-neglected lie the barren plains.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

It has been a favourite system with many to attribute the development of learning and the display of genius, which are witnessed in some ages so much more than in others to the influence of particular modes of government. They advance many steps toward making the human mind a mere automaton, which performs certain operations by the application of certain particular powers, a plant that blooms or fades, as it is nurtured by the patronage of some favourable system or crushed by the power of an unpropitious season, directed by no spontaneous springs, and guided by no independent motives of action. "But higher far, and with mysterious reverence do I deem" the celestial gift of genius. A treasure of such countless worth cannot surely be given to man encrusted by an envelope whose removal is subject to casualty or caprice.

With one party of those who hold the opinion alluded to, it has been a favourite principle, that free government was the soil congenial to science. It has been stated that there, uncramped by the fetters of despotism and prejudice, the human mind is at liberty to expand itself into larger extension, to gain new comprehensiveness of views, and new brilliancy and freedom of thoughts. That it is, as it were, freed from a prison, and that it riots and rambles with all the gayety and sportiveness of newly acquired liberty.

Others, on the contrary, have considered monarchical or despotick governments as most advantageous to the interests of literature. In free governments, it is maintained, there is no order of nobility, no class of men aloof from the vulgar, and unconfined by the continual recurrence of new-

sary labour, who have leisure not only to devote their own time and talents to the cultivation of their minds and to the interests of science, but likewise who are well situated to discern the appearances of merit in others, to elicit and encourage rising talents and reward the exertions of the more matured. In free governments, wealth is the quality which confers preeminence and nobility. Minds, long inured to the slavery and drudgery attendant on the acquisition of wealth, are commonly diverted far from the pleasant paths of Parnassus. In them, therefore, is not the same disposition to encourage literature, as in a hereditary nobility, whose riches, easily obtained, neither cramp and distort the mind in their procurement nor contract it by their possession. In arbitrary governments, literary men are an order of no trifling consideration, and the merchant sinks in the scale of distinction. In free governments, the wealthy man is first on the list of honour. "*Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.*" Such are the reasons, by which the opinion of the superiour advantages of arbitrary governments to literature is supported.

In this question, literature must be considered in two different points of views. When we speak of promoting literary interests, we may be understood to intend either the general diffusion of information among all classes; or the exertions of particular individuals in the cause of science who possess uncommon talents, and advance to uncommon degrees of perfection. By the latter literature is advanced and perfected, by the former it is rendered useful and practical.

The general diffusion of information, and the advancement of a literary taste among the lower class of mankind may be considered as promoted by the influence of popular governments. In those states, the people rise into importance, their views are elevated and expanded. Sensible of the dignity of their mental powers, they turn their attention (in some measure) to their cultivation and improvement. The system of education is generalized, and all the orders and ranks of people are permitted, in some measure, to share its advantages. It is no longer a canal in the gardens of a great man, who enjoys it solely and exclusively; but a stream that invites the poor as well as the rich, to bathe in its pure currents, or to partake the luxuriance and verdure which beautify its banks. The opposite to a free government is, upon these principles, opposed to general information. For, it is certain, that while it is the interest of government to darken the minds of the populace (and this, in arbitrary governments, is undoubtedly the case) so long are science, improvement and literary taste at a stand.

There is another point of view in which literature may be regarded, where the effects of government are not precisely similar to those already considered. Individual genius, the exertion of mind above the common level, is but little dependent on the mode of government, or other external circumstances. If any particular political system is peculiarly advantageous, it is, perhaps, the monarchical, where, in some few instances, the spirit of Mæcenas has revived in his successour. But a Mæcenas will not produce a Virgil. It is the glory of genius, to possess universally that firmness and noble self-confidence which will support it, though chilled by poverty, or crushed by the oppressor. It is too often found, that the indulgence and luxury of splendid encouragement serves to effeminate, or if not, to turn that talent into the channel of adulation, which was bestowed for other purposes; and it is true, even to a proverb, that "Necessity is the mother of invention." That merit cannot flourish, unless its progress be forwarded by the smiles of greatness, is an opinion oftener asserted than examined, and to which we are willing to yield the assent of feeling, who could not grant that of conviction. To procure an honourable and respectable subsistence, if not the most plausible and well sounding, is, perhaps, as efficient as any motive in

exciting exertion. Besides which, a man of talent has often much of that visionary enthusiasm that leads him to contemn the judgment of the present age, and depend for reward on the plaudits of posterity. Nor is this enthusiasm wholly visionary. It has long been considered as an undeniable truth, that merit will ultimately be rewarded. The man of real genius, therefore, stands independent and regardless of modes of government. He marches on his course with a firm and confident step, "though fallen on evil days, on evil days though fallen and full of wo," his recompense is not the less brilliant, because it is depicted by the magick colouring of Fancy, rather than the sombre pencil of truth, and the sentiment of the brotherhood of bards is well expressed by their aged member.

"When the widows,' and the children's tears
"Shall sprinkle the cold dust in which I sleep,
"Pompless and from a scornful world withdrawn;
"The laurel, which its malice rent shall shoot.
"So watered into life, and mantling throw
"Its verdant honours o'er my grassy tomb."

Cumberland's Calvary.

A. H.

For The Port Folio.

Arguments against fortification, and in favour of combustion.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The fortification and combustion of our seaports being themes that at present agitate the publick mind, allow me to offer to my fellow citizens, through the medium of The Port Folio, a few remarks, founded on an impartial examination of these opposite subjects. As to the more momentous of the two, I am disposed to believe that nothing can offer to the visual faculty a more grand and striking spectacle than the inflammable principle, when properly brought into action; nor is my opinion wholly at variance with the sentiments and practice of antiquity. The elder Pliny voluntarily approached the flames of Mount Vesuvius, that he might be able to describe, with accuracy, so splendid a phenomenon. I will not undertake to say, that Nero visited either Mount Ætna or Vesuvius; but he kindled a bonfire, or in other words, combined much of the hydrogen of his metropolis, with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and he was, we are told, considerably gratified, though the consumption of not more than two thirds of the city was the result of such combination. The flames of Troy are repeatedly flaring on the imagin tion of Virgil: he mentions them in several parts of his second Æneid, and to them he is indebted for the simile contained in the last six of the eight following verses:

Tum vero omne mihi visum considere in ignes
Ilium, et ex imo verti Neptunia Troja.
Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum,
Cum ferro accisam, crebrisque bipennibus instant
Eruere agricolæ certatim; illa usque minatur,
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat:
Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta, supremum
Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam.

Æneidos lib. 2.

Homer holds the inflammable principle in such repute, that not content with human agony, he makes Achilles send Iris posting to the cave of Zephyrus, whose powers with that of the immortal Boreas, the many-coloured messenger solicits, and not in vain: they distend their cheeks, and blow into a blaze the pile on which twelve Trojan youths are offered to the manes of Patroclus. I will trouble you with but one more sentiment from antiquity: it is Cicero's in his fourth oration against Cataline: "videor mihi hanc urbem videre, lucem orbis terrarum atque arcem omnium gentium, subito uno incendio concidentem." So wrapped was he in the idea that he fell into this form of expression; a vision which has been universally admired. With all these authorities confirmatory of my opinion, I do not assume a magisterial tone, and say to my fellow-countrymen: set fire at once to *all* your cities—I propose the conflagration of Philadelphia only:

this will be a cheap experiment and enough, perhaps, to prove that the sublimity of the sight may justify a similar display of fire-works in other parts of America, whether lighted by our own hands, or the bombs of our friends.

As to fortification, where is there any reason for such a measure? what is there in the conduct of any foreign power that leads us to expect hostility? our flag attracts a thousand little attentions that can never be forgotten, and the cost of powder and ball is hardly considered when it is to be expended upon us. Our sea captains are not only rescued from the perils of the ocean, but very often released from the burden of both ship and cargo. Not long since a foreign naval officer wished to save Commodore Barron the trouble of mustering his own men, and though the Commodore thought proper to refuse the proffered service, the officer persisted, and may be said to have even killed several of the crew with kindness. Can it then be feared that a fleet of thirty or forty seventy-fours, ranged before any one of our defenceless sea-ports, will begin a bombardment, if a committee of citizens, duly authorized, wait upon the admiral, and assure him that after mature deliberation it is the will of a majority that the city be not reduced to ashes.—But can a majority (pardon the expression) be so mad? I do entreat my fellow-citizens seriously to peruse this paper, and especially that part of it which recommends conflagration. If they come into my ideas already suggested on the subject, the following will, in my opinion, be the most judicious mode of proceeding previously to, and on the day of combustion—this day, by the by, need not be deferred until the arrival of a foreign fleet: a bombardment would excite sublime sensations while it lasted, but the effect would be too transient; whereas, by properly husbanding the igneous fluid, Philadelphia might be made, I think, to emit fire and smoke for many days together. A timely and respectful motive must be sent to the mayor and corporations of New-York, Boston, Baltimore, and indeed of all our principal cities, advising them that to save a foreign fleet an unnecessary expense in setting fire to our houses, we have resolved to do it ourselves; and that they are invited, and requested to invite such of their fellow-citizens, as are in favour of combustion, to attend on the appointed day (naming the day) in the vicinity of Philadelphia. To this circular it would be well to annex a *nota bene* hinting that every family provide itself with a tent and baggage-waggon. To prevent confusion in the city itself, a committee of four may preside with unlimited powers over the progress of the fire, and lest the hose-companies interfere, let every individual of them be arrested the day prior to that of the grand spectacle, and during its continuance held bound hand and foot—unless it be deemed meet occasionally to toss one or two into the flames; this may amuse the spectators, by varying the scene. If the city be fired at once, at the four corners of the compass, and the wind happen to blow at the same moment from these four points, the gradual approximation and regular junction of the flames, must for so large a scale of fire-works yield an effect somewhat novel in pyrotechny. This, my fellow-citizens, will be an example which who can say will not be followed by the bodies corporate of our other cities?—certainly of New-York, where the good sense of the people has determined them to do nothing but talk about fortifications, the great obstacle to be apprehended in the way of combustion. Our cities consumed, what a lure will the country offer to the enterprize of foreign mechanicks? in what crowds will they arrive to assist us in rebuilding our edifices, and what employment will be found for our tailors in fitting every one as soon as he puts foot on shore, with a garb of our own fashion, that is a whole suit of clothes.

Yours respectfully.

SPEICOLA.

In the following beautiful passage in one of the visions in ADDISON's Spectator, the concluding clause is a striking proof that an

authour does not always know when to take his leave gracefully. The proper conclusion is at the verb *awaked.*

Whilst I was lamenting the sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished; in the room of the frightful spectres there now entered a second dance of apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand; the second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third, a person whom I had never seen, with the Genius of Great Britain; at the first entrance the lady revived; the bags swelled to their former bulk: the pile of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and for my own part I was so transported with joy, that I awaked; *though I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision if I could have done it.*

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 151.)

The kindnesses of a friend lie deep; and whether present or absent, as occasion serves, he is solicitous about our concerns.
PLUTARCH.

The term friendship has seldom been properly defined, much less understood; on the one side too much is expected, and on the other to little thought sufficient to constitute the title; the romantick mind finds it only in the ardent flights of his own imagination; and the more cool and splenetick measure it according to the narrow limits of their own contracted ideas of benevolence. Thus the virtue of friendship becomes degraded by the misapplication of the term; yet it is a plant indigenous to our climate, and, though rare, may be found in many places. It delights, however, most in retirement from the busy scenes of life, which check its growth; yet it is a hardy perennial, often survives the most chilling blasts of poverty, and stoutly keeps up its head amidst the tempest of adversity.

Among the best qualified to define from experience the nature and properties of friendship, was Harry Touchstone, whose varieties of fortune resembled a game at back gammon; though it must be allowed that he was rather a bad player; he was constantly neglectful of making points in his tables when he might, and was always leaving blots to the advantage of his adversary; yet Harry was a sensible fellow, and his remarks on life were shrewd and entertaining; but his experience was unhappily of service to every body but himself.

A few evenings since I had an opportunity of taking a lesson of life from this very able professor at a tavern, where I happened to dine with him in company with a circle of men, who, from the kind attentions they showed him, I presently conjectured to be some of his most valuable friends; on which circumstance I took care to congratulate him as soon as they had left the room; but Harry only shook his head at my observations, and, with a significant twist of the nose to the right side of the face, attended by a sarcastick movement of the buccinatory muscles, resembling something of a smile, whispered in my ear, "*Mere barometers, sir;* the weather-glasses of a man's fortune; you may tell how it is with me by examining one of these fellow's faces, without asking me a question. You observed how kindly they greeted me this evening, and that some of them even invited me to dine with them tomorrow. You might imagine, perhaps, that I stood high in their esteem; but these machines are not sensible of the merits or demerits of the man; it is his situation alone that they determine; it is the changes of your condition and the variations of your fortune, that they measure with exactness. You must know, the little gentleman that you noticed in the blue coat and ruffled shirt, who is an apothecary, happened to see Lord Gobblegruel take some notice of me today in Bond-street, and he told all the rest. To this *little* circumstance I am to give credit for seven low bows, fourteen shakes of the hand, twelve smiles

of affability, and three invitations to dinner. Yet had you but seen the difference last week! You must know I happened to borrow a guinea of the tall gentleman in black, whom you noticed reading the paper on my left hand; he is always talking of the value of a true friend, and of the pleasure of doing good; but then he has an ugly knack of telling all the world of the good that he does; the story of my necessity was soon spread; and when I entered the coffee room in the evening, I found the alteration in the weight of my personal consequence: some took little notice of me; others favoured me with a distant bow; and the most intimate answered my inquiries with the monosyllable *sir*, in lieu of "my dear fellow," or, "my dear Harry;" so that I presently found I had lost considerably more then a guinea's-worth of reputation. Thus the rain or sunshine of the hour, and the weight or lightness of the pocket, is admirably determined. It is astonishing how the quicksilver of friendship rises as the weight of consequence and importance increases; even the slightest circumstance, with mean minds, will cause it to mount; the influence of a new coat, a clean cravat, a handsome waistcoat, or a gold watch, have an astonishing effect. "But," continued he, "I have made an arrangement of the different classes or description of friends, which I will show you; it is on this piece of paper and is as follows:

The timid friend,
The lukewarm friend,
The redhot friend,
The romantick friend,
The fickle friend,
Nobody's friend,
Anybody's friend, and
Everybody's friend.

Among the first class, is *Bill Sensitive*, whose natural disposition is good-natured; but poor Bill is under a perpetual alarm lest his benevolence should get him into a scrape: thus his life is a constant scene of uneasiness and dread; he shrinks back at every familiar salutation, and is in pain at every word you speak, lest you should ask him a favour; the words, "You will oblige me very much," put him immediately in a fever, and, "I come to ask your assistance," "throws him into a perfect agony.

The Lukewarm Friend is a being of little value to any body; he will not go a step out of the way to serve you; and when you are in difficulty, all he says, is, "Indeed, I am very sorry to hear it; I wish that I could help you."

The Redhot Friend is not a jot more valuable than the last; he is all bluster, speaks continually of the pleasure of doing a generous action, and that for his part he can't deny any body a favour; but he usually cools before he comes to the point, and leaves you in the lurch when you had reason to expect every thing from his protestations.

The Romantick Friend is a pleasing companion in the hour of distress: but the consolation he offers is not true: it accords with our errours as it pities our sufferings; and instead of making us a sacrifice at the altars of Wisdom and Prudence, leads us into fresh absurdities and chimerical plans which the ways of the world will not acknowledge.

The Fickle Friend is a weak inconstant creature, who acts without any fixed principle; one time he is all warmth, and the next moment cool and reserved: he is at the same time contemptible and useless.

Nobody's Friend is that cool, torpid, and insensible being, whose avarice and meanness have choked the natural springs of benevolence, and contracted every idea within a narrow space, incapable of bestowing good on others, or happiness on himself.

Anybody's Friend is not much more valuable than the last, except that he acts from a totally different principle; for, indiscriminate in his views of benevolence, and careless of its effects, he serves the worthless, neglects the worthy, fosters the idle and forgets the good.

Everybody's Friend is the man who is at the same time benevolent and just, who measures his generosity by his ability, and never refuses to do a service to any one, but when it would do an injury to another.

I could not help smiling at the ingenuity of Harry's distinctions of friendship; but more serious reflections occurred on my return to my lodgings, when I endeavoured to form some rational idea of the value of true friendship, and what ought reasonably to be expected from its character.

The true friend appreciates the worth of the man he esteems from the measure and weight of his character and talents, without suffering prejudice, or the accidents of fortune, to throw any thing into the scale: if he rises, he is with him in affluence; if he falls, he owns him in distress; he rejoices with him in health, and consoles him in sickness; he abates not his regard with external circumstances of evil, nor increases it with the changes of prosperity; he has tried him in the standard of truth, finds him excellent, nor can the whole world make him alter his opinion.

Pecuniary assistance is probably one of the meanest offices of friendship; to put the man that you esteem in a way to exert his own talents and capabilities to advantage, is more extensive benevolence; and the obligation to him, though greater, is less burthensome.

Perhaps the noblest effort of friendship is, to acknowledge a man of worth, oppressed by adversity, and criminated by enemies. But this is the character of a very superiour mind, and is seldom found in the world. It was the cowardice of friendship that occasioned the Apostle Peter to deny his Lord in the hour of extremity, in the mean and selfish language, "I know not this man of whom ye speak."

The character of True Friendship is divine, and can only be found in its purity in the Deity himself, where no infirmities can interfere; and happy it is for man, that the best friend he can resort to in difficulty is the Being described in the emphatick language of the Scripture to be "without variableness or shadow of turning."

The following elegant inscription in the lapidary style is written by an Englishman, and intended to accompany a portrait of WILLIAM PITT, the guardian angel of Albion.

Behold the likeness of that man,
To whose incomparable wisdom and eloquence,
To whose unshaken firmness and resolution,
Magnanimity and perseverance
It was chiefly owing that we are now in
Full possession of all the rights and
Privileges peculiarly attached to the name of Britons:
The likeness of that man,
By whose transcendent talents, as a
Statesman and legislator,
Under the guidance of Divine Providence
It was ordained,
That while the revolutionary Demon
Of an usurped, a perjured, and a regicide empire,
Stalking like a giant, with garments rolled in blood,
Was treading and trampling whole nations down,
The beloved constitutions of
Great Britain and Ireland
Were united, consolidated, and preserved.
Reader! if haply thou aspirest
To be conspicuously good or great;
If, during thy intercourse with the world,
Thou hast often been misrepresented and traduced;
If thy best and worthiest actions
Have ever been ascribed to motives which thy soul abhors,
Let this subject on which thou art now contemplating
Sink deep into thy bosom,
For it affords an interesting and instructive lesson to thee.
If the noble and disinterested actions of such a man,
On whose private character the tongue of Slander was unable, justly, to utter a single reproach;
If his rare and splendid virtues;
If the honourable name,
The truly honourable name
of
WILLIAM PITT,
During whose arduous administration,
In times the most difficult and dangerous,
The Fleets of France, Spain, and Holland were nearly annihilated,
And the glories of the British navy carried to a pitch
Far, very far, surpassing that, which
Astonished the civilized nations of the world
In the days of his illustrious father;
If such a name could not escape detraction and disrespect,
From a certain class of his countrymen,
Canst thou or thine,
Weak morta
Expect to obtain their lasting applause;
Or to avoid the malignant shafts

Google

Of Envy, Slander, and Calumny!
Vain thought!
But, like him, the majestick oak of the forest,
Thou mayst RISE SUPERIOUR to
The poisonous weeds and *venomous reptiles*
Which shed their baneful influence
And *creep for shelter*
Beneath his all-protecting shade.
Sic itur ad astra:
Such is the arduous task of him
Who aspires to be conspicuously Good
or Great.
Viamque affectat Olympo:
And let him, who thus nobly presumes,
remember
That in this age, in this boasted age of
Reason and *Philosophy*,
The licentious tongues and the prostituted
pens
Of wicked and ungrateful men
Have neither spared
The PRESERVER OF HIS COUNTRY
Nor even
THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

For The Port Folio.

REVIEW.

Admiralty Decisions, in the District Court of the United States for the Pennsylvania District; by the Hon. RICHARD PETERS, containing also some decisions in the same court by the late FRANCIS HOPKINSON, Esqr. To which are added cases determined in other districts of the United States: With an Appendix, containing the Laws of Oleron; the Laws of Wisbuy; the Laws of the Hanse Towns; the Marine Ordinances of Louis XIV; a Treatise on the Rights and Duties of Owners, Freighters, and Masters of Ships, and Mariners: and the Laws of the United States relative to Mariners: in two volumes octavo. Philadelphia, published by William P. Farrand. Robert Carr Printer, 1807; pp. 749.

The striking contrast between the profound secrecy which for ages involved the proceedings of Doctors Commons, and the publicity given to the proceedings of the Courts of Common Law in England, has often been the subject of remark and exultation among the votaries of Westminster-Hall. It is not necessary for us to decide whether this difference ought to be attributed to the timidity of those who were conversant in the Courts of Civil Law, and particularly in the Courts of Admiralty: or whether it may have proceeded, as Godolphin seems to ppose, "from the paucity of such as are more specially therein concerned, in respect of that numerous host or retinue that in fealty to the other jurisdictions are most prompt notaries on all occasions; or rather in that it is of that excellent use in all maritime dominions, that the friends thereof are well assured its worth would be better valued, if the want thereof were more smartly felt." The Courts of Admiralty in England were undoubtedly long regarded with great jealousy and suspicion by the friends of the Common Law Courts; and, when the auxiliaries, which the latter derived from the popular feelings and the spirit of the times, are considered, it will not be wondered at, that, in the various conflicts for jurisdiction, the Lord High Admiral should generally have found it necessary "to strike his flag," or to content himself in the *silent* possession of so much of jurisdiction as his opponents were willing to leave him undisputed. Probably prudence, rather than pride, may satisfactorily account why "of all jurisdictions that of the Admiralty or sea-affairs hath been (or rather was formerly) the least beholden to the *auxiliaries of the press.*"

In the opinions of many, however, to whatever cause the silence of the *Instance* Courts may be referred, there can be no difficulty in assigning a motive for keeping from the publick view the proceedings of the British *Prize* Courts. If indeed, as there is too much reason to believe from the manner in which they are constituted * and the character of many of their decrees, they have been more willing to listen to the notions of expediency entertained by the King's Council, and more obedient to their orders, than sedulous to inquire how the *jus gentium*,

* The Lords Commissioners of Appeal, who decide in the dernier resort, on all cases which arise in the English or colonial Prize Courts, are composed principally of the King's Council, and by the St. of 22 Geo. 2. c. 3 it is necessary that a majority of the Commissioners present should be actually Privy Counsellors to give their sentences validity!

the Law of Nations, applied to any particular case, it is not to be wondered at that they should have been willing to keep their decisions *on their own records*, or that it should be regarded, in the language of Godolphin, "as an indispensable duty which every man owes his native country to keep as much as may be, *sub incognito*, from strangers and foreigners abroad, what possibly may not be absolutely perfect, *quoad modum procedendi*, at home.—It is believed that the anonymous reporter of the case of the ship Columbus in 1790 (about 700 years after the clerical judicature was separated from the temporal by William the conqueror) was the first to tear asunder the veil which concealed the proceedings of the British Court of Admiralty from publick view. An example so honourable to the individual and beneficial to the community has been followed with great ability by Dr. Robinson, who, beginning his reports of cases argued and determined in the High Court of Admiralty with the judgments of the Right Honourable Sir William Scott, in 1798, has continued them down to the present time, and has not only fully vindicated so much of the British Admiralty jurisdiction as is exercised by Sir William, from every charge or suspicion of improper bias or ministerial dependence, but has erected a monument of his professional learning and talents "*ære perennius.*"

In the United States, although neither of the causes above stated, can be for a moment believed to exist, the same mysterious silence has in almost the same degree been observed in relation to the decisions of our District Courts in Admiralty matters. Their jurisdiction being fixed and presented by the same constitution and law which limits that of other courts, and the Judges who preside in them holding seats also in the Courts of Common Law, a conflict about jurisdiction can hardly be expected to arise. There can be no motive of interest nor of vanity to impel a District Judge *ampliare jurisdictionem*, or to trench upon that of others. And with respect to the influence of State or Executive Policy, we have had so little to do with Prize causes, at least since the adoption of our present Constitution, that supposing it possible for any one of our Judges, disregarding his official oath, to listen for a moment to Executive whispers or be inclined to humour "the ebbs and flows of Executive opinion," no opportunity has yet occurred for so shameful an abandonment of principle and virtue. Should it ever occur, we confidently assert, that the virtue and Constitutional Independence of our Judges would not permit them for a moment to hesitate as to the course they should pursue. And yet (why it is so, we are not able to say) while great pains have been taken to make the publick acquainted with the judgments of our Courts of Common Law, excepting a small volume containing some of the decisions of the late Judge Hopkinson, and the books now under review, we have not heard of a single attempt to report the decisions of any of the numerous Courts of Admiralty in the United States!

"To leave the laws *sub incognito*, or jurisdictions *sub incerto*," says Godolphin, quaintly, "are both of national ill consequence, subjecting the people either to transgression, through ignorance, or to unnecessary expense, by the multiplying of law-suits." The truth of this opinion was never more fully confirmed than it has been in this country, with respect to maritime matters. When it is considered, how multifarious are the duties of a lawyer in this country,* (where, generally speaking, all those distinctions are disregarded which are intended to divide professional labour and diminish the portion of each individual) and how much of maritime law rests merely on the authority of *judicial decisions*, and *commercial usage*, it would not be surprising if professional men were sometimes to err, as to points already settled. Sill less surprising is it that *Merchants* should often find themselves perplexed as to matters of al-

* In Pennsylvania, a lawyer must not only be Attorney and Counsellor in the various Common Law Courts, but an Advocate in Chancery, and a Proctor in the Orphans' Courts and Courts of Admiralty!

most daily occurrence. Questions on Salvage, and the various other matters of Admiralty cognizance, and those which arise on Mariners' Contracts particularly (a prolifick source of litigation and vexation to the Merchant) receive so little light from *books* generally found in the counting-house, that it cannot be expected that the Merchant should be able, always, correctly to resolve them. Hence, being without a guide, and trusting entirely to his own judgment of what is right and wrong (labouring too under that bias which the most correct minds suffer from, self-interest) he is often found suffering the mortification of a defeat, and *payment* of costs, in controversies wherein he has engaged with most confidence. If he will take the trouble of looking into these cases, he will at least discover what has *been decided* as to the most common questions, and on these, he will learn "to deal with his adversary quickly while he is in the way with him."

To the Professional man, and to the Merchant, it cannot be doubted, that the publication of these Decisions must be beneficial:—nor will it be less so in another and more general view: it will tend to produce a uniformity of decision in the various Admiralty Courts of the different Districts. It is much to be feared, that this uniformity does not now exist, and that what is law in New-Hampshire may not be law in Georgia. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when the scales are so equally balanced, that unless precedent can be thrown into one, it is hard to say which ought to preponderate. It is true that in cases of importance as to amount, appeals are often made to the Circuit Courts, and sometimes eventually carried to the Supreme Court, whose decisions become the known and settled law, binding the inferiour jurisdictions: but in cases of small amount, involving common points, (and such most frequently vex and harass the man of business) uniformity of decision can only be expected from a free and publick communication of the decrees of the different Courts.

(To be continued.)

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tile, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

"I fear that you harbour vindictive intentions against the man who has injured you," said the physician.

"I know no other reason which you can have for your suspecting that I harbour such intentions," said the Portuguese, "but your thinking it impossible, after what you know of this man's behaviour, that it should be otherwise; could you be surprised if *it* were as you suspect."

"Nor shall I be surprised," rejoined the doctor; "if you are convicted and executed for gratifying your revenge in such an unjustifiable manner. This is the best argument that can be made use of to one who despises the Christian religion.

"I do not understand you! What do you mean?" said the Portuguese.

"Why that you are in that predicament," answered the physician.

"Who! I despise the Christian religion!" cried the Portuguese, in terrour and amazement. "Jesus Maria! you fill me with horrour! why! sir, I take the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, with St. Joseph her husband, St. James, and all the hosts of Heaven to witness, that I attend mass regularly, and have from my infancy believed in every article of faith which our holy mother church requires; and I am ready to believe twice as much whenever she is pleased to exact it; if this is not being a Christian, I should be glad to know what is."

"Nay, my good friend," resumed the physician, "it is matter of indifference to me what you do, or do not believe; but if you understood the *spirit* of the Christian religion half as well as you believe what the church

exacts, you will find that your attending mass regularly, confessing your sins sincerely, performing penance faithfully, not eating a morsel of meat on Friday, and with a most punctual perseverance repeating daily your Pater-Noster, Ave-Maria, and Credo to the last bead of the Rosary; that all your faith, in a word, into the bargain, will not make you a Christian, while you indulge such a violent spirit of revenge."

"As for that," replied the Portuguese, (and he spoke the true sentiments of his heart) "neither the church nor the Christian religion have any thing to do with it; that is my affair, and depends on my private feelings; and it is impossible for me ever to forget a villain who attempted to injure me."

"It is because he attempted to injure you, that it is in your power as a man, and your duty as a Christian to forgive him. Had he never injured you, nor even attempted it, it would indeed be impossible for you to have the merit of forgiving him."

The physician, founding his arguments on passages of a sermon to be found in the Gospel of St. Matthew, for this happened to be a physician who sometimes read the bible, endeavoured to give the Portuguese a different notion of these matters. At first he thought the passages in question of a very singular nature; and as they were plain and intelligible, containing nothing mysterious he could hardly believe that they were quite orthodox; yet on being informed who the person was, who had preached this sermon, he could not deny that it had a fair chance of being sound Christianity.

Dr. Moore.

SONG.

Of all Heaven gives to comfort man
  And cheer his drooping soul,
Show me a blessing, he who can,
  To top the flowing bowl:
When amorous Strephon, dying swain,
  Whose heart his Daphne stole,
Is jilted, to relieve his pain,
  He seeks the flowing bowl.

When husbands hear, in hopeless grief,
  The knell begin to toll,
They mourn awhile, then, for relief,
  They seek the flowing bowl.
The tar, while swelling waves deform
  Old ocean as they roll,
In spite of danger and the storm,
  Puts round the flowing bowl.

The miner, who his devious way
  Works like the purblind mole,
Still comfort for the loss of day
  Finds in the flowing bowl:
It gives to poets lyrick wit,
  To jesters to be droll:
Anacreon's self had never writ
  But for the flowing bowl.

Moisten your clay then, sons of earth,
  To Bacchus; in a shoal
Come on, ye volunteers of mirth,
  And, by the flowing bowl,
Become immortal, be ador'd,
  'Mong gods your names enrol—
Olympus be the festive board,
  Nectar the flowing bowl.

It was the gay season of the vintage. The country was crowded with peasantry of both sexes, and every age, all employed in gathering and carrying home the grapes. In all countries, this is the season of joy and festivity, and approaches nearest the exaggerated descriptions, which the ancient poets have given of rural happiness. Perhaps there is in reality not so much exaggeration in their description, as alteration in our manners. For if the peasants were allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labour, would not their lives be more delightful than those of any other people. In spite of poverty and oppression, a happy enthusiasm, a charming madness, and perfect oblivion of care, are diffused all over France, during the vintage. Every village is enlivened with musick, dancing, and glee; and were it not for their tattered clothes and emaciated countenances, one who viewed them in the vintage season, would imagine the French peasants in a situation as enviable as that formerly enjoyed by the shepherds of Arcadia.

INVESTIGATION.

The characters of nature are legible, it is true; but they are not plain enough to enable those who run, to read them. We must make use of a

cautious, I had almost said timorous method of proceeding. We must not attempt to fly, when we can scarcely pretend to creep. In considering any complex matter, we ought to examine every distinct ingredient in the composition, one by one; and reduce every thing to the utmost simplicity; since the condition of our nature binds us to a strict law and very narrow limits. We ought afterwards to reexamine the principles by the effect of the composition, as well as the composition by that of the principles. We ought to compare our subject with things of a similar nature, and even with things of a contrary nature, for discoveries may be and often are made by the contrast, which would escape us on the single view. The greater number of the comparisons we make, the more general and the more certain our knowledge is like to prove, as built upon a more extensive and perfect induction.

If an inquiry thus carefully conducted, should fail at last of discovering the truth, it may answer an end perhaps as useful, in discovering to us the weakness of our own understanding. If it does not make us knowing, it may make us modest. If it does not preserve us from errour, it may, at least, from the spirit of errour; and may make us cautious of pronouncing with positiveness or with haste, when so much labour may end in so much uncertainty. *Burke.*

MERRIMENT.

Talking on the subject of a * metempsychosis, a silly young man once observed, he remembered having been the golden calf. "Very likely," replied a lady, "as you have lost nothing but the gilding."

—

Bautru being in Spain, paid a visit to the celebrated library of the Escurial, which happened at that time to be under the care of a very *ignorant* librarian. The king of Spain asked him many questions concerning his entertainment. "It is a most incomparable treat," replied he, "but your majesty ought to make your librarian prime lord of the Treasury, as he never appropriates any of the *riches* in his care to his own use."

—

Dorian, a celebrated wit, having lost a large gouty shoe, being much afflicted with that disorder, said, "The only harm I wish the thief is, that my shoe may fit him."

—

An officer of a disbanded regiment, applying to the paymaster of the forces for his arrears, told him he was in the most extreme want. The treasurer, seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, told him, that his countenance belied his complaint. "For heaven's sake my, lord," said the officer, "do not mistake; the visage you see is not mine, but my landlady's; for she has fed me on credit this twelvemonth."

—

Alexander, in the heat of his warlike operations, was reading some secret despatches, of much importance. Ephestion, one of his generals, came and looked over him. The king said not a word, but taking off his ring made the sign of an impression (as of a seal) on the lips of his favourite.

—

Gonsalvo of Cordova, general under Ferdinand V, king of Arragon, heard the powder magazine blow up with a dreadful explosion, on the first discharge of the enemy. "My sons," said this brave man to his soldiers, "victory will be ours; Heaven announces to us the glorious tidings, and tells us by his thunder, we shall have no farther occasion for our artillery."

—

Two friends who had not seen each other a long while, met one morning quite by chance. "How do you do?" said one. "Why not very well," replied the other, "I have been married since I saw you." "Well done, that is good news however." "Not so

* *Vide* System of Pythagoras.

very good, for my wife was a most woful scold."—"That was bad."—"Not so bad neither, she brought me two thousand pounds."—"That was consolation though."—"Not entirely, for I speculated in sheep, which all died of the rot."—"That was very unfortunate!"—"Not so *very* unfortunate, for I made as much by their skins as I should have done by their flesh."—"Then you were as lucky as if it had not happened."—"Not quite; for my house was one night burnt and every note of the money consumed."—"What a most woful misfortune"—"Not so woful as you may imagine, for my *wife* and my house were burnt together."

—

A Grecian and a Venetian had a dispute concerning the different learned men their respective countries could boast of. The Grecian to prove at once that his country had the pre-eminence, said, "all or most of the wise men had come out of Greece." "True," said the Venetian, "for we do not find any left."

—

A young man, who boasted having discovered the secret of making gold, claimed a reward from his sovereign. The monarch appeared to acquiesce very graciously to his demand, and the alchymist promised himself the highest honours: when he went, however, for his recompense, he had the mortification to receive only a large empty purse, with this consolation, "That since he knew how to make gold, he needed but a purse to keep it in."

—

A country gentleman being complimented on the appearance of his horses, and being told that they were in excellent plight, said "To be sure, how should it be otherwise? they eat such hay and oats that the king himself never ate better."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of a very advantageous correspondence with London, and from the very courteous and marked attention of two of the principal booksellers in Philadelphia, we are now in the habit of examining perhaps *sooner* than most of our countrymen, the most curious and valuable productions of the British Press. We have recently had access to several articles of interesting Biography equally new and beautiful. These fine sketches of distinguished men shall occasionally adorn The Port Folio. For we are entirely of opinion with a certain Caledonian critick, whose decision will be supported by a great majority of our polite readers, that by a series of such Biographical Sketches, interspersed with enlightened Criticism, Polite Literature may be most effectually studied, and most extensively disseminated among the reading classes of the community; the taste and intelligence of the nation may be gradually improved; our notions of excellence may be enlarged and corrected; and the objects of liberal emulation and the sources of innocent enjoyment may be multiplied among us to a very great extent. Biographical writings, if ably executed, ARE BETTER CALCULATED FOR THESE PURPOSES THAN ANY OTHER SORT OF PUBLICATION; because they are less laborious, more entertaining, and more miscellaneous than any thing else, and necessarily let us into the peculiar character of the age and the nation, as well as the merits of the authour in question. When we toil through a formal dissertation, or even a selection of celebrated passages, we feel that we have a *task* to perform, from which it would be often agreeable to escape, and in which but a few can ever be expected to engage. But Biography is amusing and easy. The knowledge which it communicates assimilates readily with our general literature and the judgments which it suggests being formed without effort, and in the course of a pleasant occupation, are likely to be more candid and natural.

Though we are supinely indifferent to the martial renown of our holiday *militia*, yet as none are more anxious than ourselves to witness a regular army establishment in America, every scheme that can promote the views of the *real* soldier, we are constantly of opinion, should always have the cordial support of every man of honour and spirit in the community. Any cavalier of this class, who possesses a periodical work entitled The Military Magazine, will much oblige the Editor, by sending it to his address, or indicating to him how it may be obtained. He is requested by a gallant Martinet to ask, in this manner, for a book, which, it is believed, is very scarce in America. For ourselves we prefer magazines *miscellaneous* to magazines martial; and, tranquil in the shade, think but little of exchanging the pen for the sword, or throwing off our morning gown for the sake of the sash and gorget. We like a recess in the library better than a general's station in the tented field, and listen with more attention to a sweet

song of Burns than to the drum and trumpet.

We are much gratified to perceive that in the Boston Gazette one of the leading papers of that Capitol, the eloquent essays of HAMILTON are copied, and thus honourably noticed by *an able* editor. "A series of political essays have been commenced in The Political Register of Philadelphia. They are written with great candour and ability, and embrace every fact and circumstance relative to the present controversy with Great Britain and to THE SUBSTANTIAL INTERESTS of this country.

The gentleman of Maryland whose signature is T. R. and who has indicated to our notice "an erudite classical scholar" among his clerical acquaintance is very respectfully thanked for his hint. From the clergyman in question we should be happy to receive a specimen of his essays as soon as possible.

Our readers will smile at SPEICOLA's scheme for singeing the ships of war which infest us. It has become a fashion, of late, to talk of burning, and blowing up every thing that swims. But we shall always be more conspicuous for blowing up *bladders* than Seventy-fours. The arts of burning and destroying are better understood by certain female philosophers than by all the engineers, and who can be better acquainted with the *Greek* fire than the whole tribe of *Cyprians*. We are of opinion, therefore, if Capt. Humphreys should have the audacity to appear in the harbour of New-York, that, with the sanction of the Corporation, the women of the town should have the whole direction of the dumb torpedoes.

Our classical correspondent ASMODEO will annoy the democratick foe shortly.

Many interesting articles are preparing for this paper. The department of Political Satire will soon be ample. Much Literary Intelligence will be regularly given, and both the FINE and the USEFUL ARTS partake of our regard.

We wish to obtain, from the *proper source*, a sketch of the Bridge over the Schuylkill, which so elegantly and so usefully connects our city with a romantick and thriving country, which feeds us with her stores of corn, and the cattle "from a thousand hills."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Address to lieutenant J. on his return from the Mediterranean, with a breast pin inclosing the hair of a deceased friend.

Fortune, unsullied Fame, and smiling Love
On *William's* brow a triple chaplet hung,
O'er Time's illumined arch their radiance flung,
While gentle hands domestick pleasures wove,
And many a pæan soft the muse had sung.

Remembrance sweet a wistful glance had cast
O'er Tripoli's dark walls and foaming sea;
Full oft the patriot bosom hailed thee free;—
And when the lingering captive hour was past,
Hope plumed her fluttering wing, and soared to thee.

But ah! when this sad record meets thine eye,
(Tho' gratulation throbs at thy return)
Sorrow's warm tear bedews the silent Urn;
Claims for thy sainted friend, a tender sigh
And o'er this *cherished relick* bids thee mourn.

E.

For The Port Folio.

ELEGY

On the death of Miss Sarah Ann Withers.

By Lucas George.

Cold in the tomb lamented Sarah lies,
As death;—how awful when such virtue dies?
In one sad day a sister's grave to see,
The next deprived the weeping world of thee!
A spotless fame, a feeling soul was thine,
And every grace that made thee seem divine.
With knowledge, morals, and religion blest,
Prone to relieve, as pity the distressed.
Ye slaves of fashion, pause a moment here,
And view this bright example with a tear.

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(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, September* 19, 1807. [No. 12.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

WE remark with great pleasure that the works of HOGARTH, whose pencil rivalled the pen of his friend Fielding, are now publishing in London, and are illustrated with *biographical anecdotes* and a *commentary* by Mr. Nichols, the celebrated editor of The Gentleman's Magazine, and the late George Steevens, Esq. This beautiful and genuine edition of the works of an artist, whose comick genius has surpassed the luckiest efforts of the Flemish school, will be compressed in two volumes royal quarto. The proprietors, in offering this new edition to that patronage which it so richly deserves, remark that it has long been a subject of regret among connoisseurs in the imitative arts, and the admirers of genuine humour, character, and genius, that the early and valuable impressions of Hogarth's productions are no longer to be procured but at a most immoderate expense. It must be admitted, indeed, that a variety of editions have from time to time been ushered into the world on reasonable terms; but they have either been miserably executed, or, from their diminutive size, have been unworthy of publick patronage. From the publication of his own large first impressions, to the introduction of miniature imitations, the intermediate editions have wanted those masterly touches of character, those inimitable *traits* of humour, which may better be conceived than described, and which that great artist only was capable of furnishing. Hence, some of the subjects which are still sanctioned with the name of Hogarth as the designer, are become flat, tame, and uninteresting; and instead of adorning the superb cabinets of Taste and Opulence, are hardly worthy of admission into the parlour of a common inn. To obviate these objections it is now proposed to give a complete edition on a plan which will unite elegance with perspicuity and correctness; the letter-press of which shall be executed in a style worthy to accompany *one hundred and twenty plates* to be engraved by Mr. COOK in his best manner; in which the characters of Hogarth will be as distinctly delineated as in the original works of that great master; at the same time carefully avoiding the errours and absurdities which occasionally defaced the original plates, arising from the ignorance of the engravers to whom Hogarth was obliged to entrust his works. The acknowledged industry and experience of Mr. COOK in this department of engraving it is not doubted will give universal satisfaction to those who may honour the present undertaking with their patronage; especially when it is recol-

lected that a great part of his life has been employed on the works of this celebrated artist.

The Plates will be engraved from original Pictures when there is a possibility of obtaining them; when this is not the case, from proof impressions.

*** The Editor of this Journal has been favoured with a specimen of this masterly work by Mr. S. F. Bradford, Bookseller, who regularly imports the numbers as they appear and who supplies them upon reasonable terms. We should be blind to superlative merit if we did not strongly recommend this edition to the patronage of our men of wealth and taste. The Academy of the Fine Arts ought to have a copy of this work upon its table. It would amuse, and, by increasing the number of visitors, it would contribute to the emolument of the Institution.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

Of the Alcaick Ode described in our preceding number, another imitation, by Mr. Seward, was inserted in the European Magazine for 1791:

Oh, Genius of this hallow'd place,
(The seat of sanctity and grace),
Whatever name shall greet my ear,
Or holy, rev'rend, or severe,
(For, ah! no common pow'r pervades
These sacred streams, these antique glades)!
And sure we more conspicuous see
The presence of the Deity
In rocks abrupt, in foaming floods,
"In the meridian night of woods,"
Than if, on throne of iv'ry plac'd,
With gold and gems profusely grac'd,
In robe of Tyrian purple dress'd,
He Phidias' magick hand confess'd!
O, thus invok'd, propitious pow'r!
The rest of one, one short-liv'd hour
On thy poor suppliant here bestow,
A wand'rer through this wild of wo.
For ah! him cruel fate impels
To quit thy calm and peaceful cells,
Where Solitude and Silence reign,
With all the Virtues in their train,
(Where Contemplation, nymph serene!
With gentle step and placid mien,
With saints and confessors of old
High sacred converse seem to hold;
Where Piety, with upcast eyes,
Dissolv'd in holy ecstasies:
And scorning aught of this vile earth
That heav'n seeks that gave her birth;
Where Charity, above the rest,
E'en in the desert spreads a feast);
But ah! stern Fate, with ruthless force,
Impels him through life's rapid course,
Where his frail bark, by tempests tost,
May in the vast abyss be lost,
And, through the winds' and waters' roar,
Some pitying port in vain implore.

For the Latin verses of which the above are imitations, we have been content to leave our readers to refer to the common editions of the poems of the authour; but we insert as a *relique* those on the marriage of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, which, besides that the early and scarce production of a great poet, have been thought by the writer of a Fragment of an Ode on the Death of Mr. Gray, of a cast very superiour to the usual poems of Universities, where, he tells us, now, in regard to such matters,

—— Mute Dulness reigns:
Your echoes waft no more the friendly theme;

* * *

But when some publick cause
Claims festive song, or more melodious tear,
Discordant murmurs grate mine ear:
Ne'er modell'd by Pierian laws,
Then idly glares full many a motley toy,
Anacreontick grief, and *creeping strains of joy*.

Ignaræ nostrûm mentes, et inertia corda,
Dum curas regum, et sortem miseramur iniquam,
Quæ solum affixit, vetuitque calescere flammâ
Dulci, quæ dono divum, gratissima serpit
Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat ætus;
Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia nôrunt,
Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentiæ linguæ:

Scilicet ignorant lacrymas sævosque dolores,
Dura rudimento, et violentiæ exordia flammæ;
Scilicet ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro
Tela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi,
Irasque, insidiasque, et tacitum subpectora vulnus;
Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine Amoris
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia curæ;
Intus habent dulces Risus, et Gratiæ sedem,
Et roseis resupina toris, roseo ore Voluptas:
Regibus huc faciles aditus; communia spernunt
Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis

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Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima templi.

Tuque, oh! Angliacis, princeps, spes optima regnis,
Ne tantum, ne fuge metum; quid imagine captus
Hæres, et meritem pictura pascis inani?
Umbram miraris, nec longum tempus, et ipsa
Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovantes.
Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit amorem,
Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
Inmemor artificis calami, risumque; ruboremque
Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virginis ore:
Tanta Venus potuit; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere magna dies, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquat amœnam;
Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna secundos
Attolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore
Incipiunt agitare modos, et carmina dicunt:
Ipse animo sedenim juvenis comitatur euntem
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat,
Atque auras, atque astra vocat crudelia; pectus
Intentum exultat, surgitque arrecta cupido;
Incusat spes ægra fretum, solitoque videtur
Latior effundi pontus, fructusque morantes.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat juveni totam, propriamque dicabit;
At cituis (precor) oh! cedas melioribus astris;
Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis
Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam;
Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus umbras
Adsit Hymen, et subridens cum matre Cupido
Accedant, stemalque toros, ignemque ministrent;
Illicit haud pictæ incandescit imaginæ formæ
Ulterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venustam
Pygmaliona carunt; ante hanc suspiria ducit,
Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vulnera narrat;
Implorata Venus jussit cum vivere signum,
Fœminæam inspirans; quæ gaudia surgunt,
Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ
Luctari in vitam, et paulatim voluere ocellos
Sedulus, aspexitque novâ splendescere flammâ;
Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit
Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris
Immemor ardoris, nymphæque oblitus eburnæ.

THO. GRAY, Pel. Coll.

For The Port Folio.

ON THE OLYMPICK GAMES, &c.

From an Original Work, entitled, "Memoirs of Anacreon, Translated from the Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq."

CHAP. —.

Origin of the Olympick Games—Iphitus, Clymenus, Iolaus, the Charioteer of Hercules—Oracles of Delphi consulted—Iphitus and Lycurgus, the Spartan, summon the Greeks to meet in Elis—Importance of the Games—Sketch of Part of the Ceremonies. Chariot and Foot Races. Sophists, Musicians, Poets, Painters, &c. resort to Olympia. Dispute between two Rhapsodists on the Merits of Homer. Reflections on the Character of the Strolling Bards. Translation of Homer's Hymn to Latona, &c.—Poets derive their powers from inspiration. Griphical Amusements, or Conundrums. Epic and Amatory Poets. Ode on the Power of Beauty—A Vision and Ode on Cupid being imprisoned.

About this time all Greece was in agitation at the approach of the periodical celebration of the Olympick Games. These festivals, the origin of which seem to defy all investigation, are said to have been invented by Iphitus. But it is certain that they were in use much earlier than his time. It is said that Clymenus, a descendant of the Idæn Hercules, instituted them in Olympia, fifty years after the deluge of Deucalion. He was deprived of his kingdom and his honours by the rude usurpation of Endymion, and the Games were, for a time, discontinued. After an interval of nearly a century, they were reestablished by Amythaon, the son of Cretheus, who had expelled the sons of Pelops.

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It is also well known, from the legends of tradition, that at one of the

festivals, Iolaus, the famous charioteer of Hercules, was crowned by him for his skill in the chariot race, and that Josius Archas was successful at the same time in the race of the single horses. Hercules himself did not disdain to engage in the feats of wrestling and in the Pancratium, and he was victorious in each of these exercises.

But it is, perhaps, owing to the slight estimation in which they were held for a long time, and to a temporary discontinuance, that the sole honour of their establishment has been usually ascribed to Iphitus, who merely revived them with uncommon grandeur and dignity. The celebration had been neglected for many years, when Iphitus, who had obtained the province of Eleia, in the division of the Peninsula, being anxious to avert the storm that was impending over his little domains, sought the advice of the Oracle at Delphi. The Pythia replied that the gods were offended at the long neglect of the festivals, anciently celebrated at Olympia, on the banks of the meandering Alpheus, which had been particularly grateful to them.* Iphitus next consulted with Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, on the most proper means of putting the recommendation of the Oracle in execution; and a plan was devised for renewing and perpetuating the ceremony thus dictated by the authority of the gods themselves. Heralds were immediately despatched to the different States of Greece, and although most of them were engaged in quelling internal commotions, or repelling foreign incursions, they yet agreed upon a general truce, and all their heroes hastened to the place appointed by the invitation of the son of Oxylus. The spot which he selected was worthy of the magnitude and importance of the occasion. It was amid the mountains of Olympus whose lofty tops defied the gaze of the most ardent eye and seemed to mock the efforts of the most indefatigable perseverance. Indeed, it was believed in those days that Jupiter sometimes assembled his counsels on one of the highest summits,† and many of the divinities and the terrestrial gods who are intermediates between the inhabitants of Heaven and Earth, had selected the romantick foldings of these mountains for their abode or their worship.‡ There they were protected from the rude pelting of the storm and their fancy was delighted by the variegated appearance of venerable trees and fragrant flowers; they were lulled by the gentle murmuring of the rivulet or roused by the impetuous torrent of the descending cataract.

After the death of Iphitus they were again discontinued until the age of Coræbus, who revived them with such splendour that they have ever since been regularly celebrated.

Every Grecian is sensible of the advantages which his country has derived from this excellent institution. The preparatory discipline to which the youth must submit who are ambitious of the wreath of honour, inures the body to hardship, and the generous emulation that prevails expands the soul.‖ By these means a noble band of youth is trained to become the ornament and protection of the country. When the clarion of war resounds through the States, they are alert to display the boldest deeds of valour, or in the Agora their commanding eloquence persuades the passions and stills the tumults of the multitude.

But these are not the only benefits that result from the Olympick Games. Our country is divided into many States which differ in their internal policy, their dialects, and customs. When threatened with invasion it is necessary that all should unite in the

* Phlegon apud Eusebius.

† Hom. Il. xix, v. 40. Od. vi. v. 42.

‡ Κατὰ πτυχας Ολυμποιο.
Along the foldings of Olympus. Phlegon.

‖ The youth who strives the Olympick prize to gain
All arts must try and every toil sustain.
Hor.

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common defence. As it was a festival which every Grecian considered it a duty to attend, men from the most remote quarters were assembled at Elis every fourth year: and the united worship of a common Divinity was of admirable effect in producing a harmony of disposition and similarity of manners. Men of knowledge imparted to each other the result of their researches, and soldiers organized systems of defence against the hour of peril. The weak solicited and obtained the protection of the strong and the emulation of the young was stimulated and cherished by the renown of the aged.

Pisistratus, having been apprized that many famous men were to be present at the Games which were now to be held at Elis, had spared no exertion to make his preparations excel the most magnificent that had hitherto been witnessed. Nor was he disappointed. Perhaps there never was such a galaxy of genius assembled in one city, and the splendour of the dresses and decorations would have vied with the richness of the Persian Court. The Games, which commenced on the eleventh day of the month Hecatombæon, lasted five days. The last day is appropriated to the distribution of the laurels, the well-earned rewards of ingenuity, perseverance, and valour.

To an inquisitive mind, fond of contemplating the various pursuits and dispositions of man, this scene exhibits a prospect where he may be fully gratified. All the anxiety of hope and the pride of success, the timidity of fear and the boldness of confidence, are to be seen in the different competitors.

At the moment we arrived, the charioteers were prepared for the eager contest. A number of chariots with four horses abreast in each, were seen in regular array. The generous animals, by the fire which shot from their eyes, their widely extended nostrils, and a violent pawing of the earth, seemed to sympathize in the ardour and impatience of their masters. The long-expected signal was at length given, and in an instant the light was almost obscured by the dust which arose from the feet of the coursers and the evolutions of the wheels. At intervals the clouds were dispersed, and we saw the streamers of the charioteers cleaving the air. Not a whisper is heard from the multitude, but the air resounds with the hissing of the burning wheels, the cracking of whips, and the animating cries of the competitors. At one moment all the chariots appear but as one compact body; the rival steeds bend their heads low to the earth as if to catch new vigour; the drivers, wound up to the highest tone of emulation, can no longer retain their giddy seats; they rise upon their feet and are poised by the well-pressed bit. Lo! the phalanx is broken. The nimble steeds of Philothos of Mitylene, by a sudden leap have extricated their wheels from the line, and their heads are seen before those of their neighbours. But the victory is of short duration. The youthful Nomantor of Téos encourages his steeds by reproachful cries. At his well-known voice the car is borne on the chaffed bit, and they dash forward with foaming mouths and snorting nostrils by the side of the milk-white steeds of Philothos. Already the goal is within their leap when the wheels of the Télan car burst from their scorching axle. The unfortunate charioteer is thrown over the beam and dragged through the dust. His horses, regardless of the fate of their master, press on the beaten course. But in vain! Their rivals exulting in this disaster, redouble their speed; and a glittering helmet and the loud plaudits of the multitude soon reward the hopes of the hero of Mitylene.

While we were examining the various countenances of the unsuccessful candidates, the cheering sounds of musick summoned us to another ground where fresh honours awaited triumph and new mortifications were prepared for defeat.

Fifty foot racers were seen arrayed in short garments and a flowing mantle thrown lightly over their shoul-

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ders. They were regularly arranged at the foot of the vestibule of the temple, and they testified by the angry glances which they threw upon each other, their impatience for the contest and the eagerness of their hopes. At length the signal so wished and so dreaded, is given: the mantle is thrown off, and their well-formed limbs are displayed. For some time the speed of all is nearly equal: but at length two seem to outstrip the others, and victory for many minutes hangs dubious between them. As neither can pass the other by the swiftness of his steps, they are obliged to resort to those innocent expedients which are sanctioned by the laws of the Pancratium. One endeavours to trip his rival, who retaliates by striving to push him aside. Thus the contest is continued doubtful until one of Chios, who from his nimbleness was surnamed Achilles, gets the start. Then the shouts of the people animate and encourage his rapid steps. He presses on, alert and vigorous, until he arrives at the spot where the olive-branch awaits his arrival. The Judges decree the dearly-earned honour, and the approving acclamations of the surrounding multitude sanction the decision. The unfortunate candidates retire in confusion from the tumultuous scene to conceal the mortification that shadows their brows, and to wash off the sweat and dust that covers their exhausted limbs.

(To be continued.)

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(Continued from page 169.)

"Attaca wears the lock of a bear."

PERUVIAN TALES.

In the very entertaining and instructive volumes, called "The Peruvian Tales," is a story of the beautiful Attaca; which, for the excellent moral it contains, and its analogy to the subject of this Essay, I shall briefly relate to my readers.

The fair and unfortunate Attaca was the daughter of a magician, named Capallu; her beauty was so transcendent, that it engaged numerous admirers: among whom was the son of a potent enchanter, who was not more successful than his rivals, but who, stung with disappointment, determined to obtain the completion of his wishes by force. Accident favoured his designs; for one day he happened to discover the lovely Attaca asleep, and by the power of his enchantments, he enwrapped her senses in slumber until he had fulfilled his villainous intentions. Attaca, when she awoke, was sensible of her dishonour; and catching up her bow and arrows, immediately pursued the ravisher, who had fled to a considerable distance, but in vain, for the injured Attaca, by means of an arrow from her bow, arrested him in his flight, and brought him breathless to the ground. The dying groans of the young criminal reached the ears of his father, the potent and malicious Mauli, who made use of the power of his art to revenge the death of his son, and by means of a magick incantation transformed the beautiful person of the lovely Attaca into that of a shaggy bear; and which transformation was to continue until a man descended from the race of the prophets should become enamoured of her in that shape; and which event afterward arrived, through the circumstance of a young prince, named Houac, having been left alone in the woods, and who became indebted to her for his life. The spell was now at an end, but a cruel difficulty remained; for though the magician relented, at the solicitations of the prince Houac, he could not from the nature of the enchantment, restore her to her original form and beauty without leaving some mark upon her of disgrace; but, that it might be effectually concealed, he left a lock of a bear upon her head, among the beautiful tresses of her own hair. For a time the lovers remained in a state of uninterrupted felicity, until the wife of the magician, who hated the unfortunate Attaca, contrived to get the secret from her husband under a promise not to divulge it: but that injunction was useless; for she instantly exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all those who were near her, "exquisite Attaca wears the lock of a bear." The unhappy Attaca, unable to bear the calumnies that were spread against her, fled, with her beloved Houac, to a retired spot far off in the country, where they enjoyed, for a time, the sweetest tranquillity; till one day, being seated under a tree, to their astonishment they heard the same hateful words repeated, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!" They looked about them with surprise, but saw no creature near: till at length they discovered that the sound proceeded from a parrot seated on one of the branches of the tree above them. The injured Attaca again made use of her bow, and shot the feathered babbler through the body. But how great was the amazement when they beheld the branche[illegible] of the tree immediately covered [illegible]

merable birds, of different kinds, all of whom repeated the same words, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!" The distressed Attaca fainted away at these insolent reproaches, which her enemy, the wife of the magician had taught even the birds to propagate, and which now laid her open to the contempt of her companions, who treated her with the most mortifying raillery, and which she endured until she fell a victim to the cruelty of her enemies, by an arrow shot from the bow of one of her calumniators.

Poor Attaca! how just a lesson may thy story convey to the world, who sport with the errours of the unfortunate, who publish, like the talking birds, the infirmities of their neighbours, and who let fly the poisoned arrows of reproach till they destroy.

How many an Attaca is there at this hour, who flies from place to place, pursued by the whispers of scandal and ill-deserved severity. Methinks I see the wife of the Enchanter in the habit of some antiquated prude, and the birds transformed into the babbling visitants of a fashionable rout, crying out together in one tone, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!"

The learned Judge who defined truth to be a libel, was well acquainted with the human character, and therefore would not permit the wounded breast to be exposed to the merciless assassin of reputation, who knew too well where to stab.

A good character might properly be called one of the most valuable acquisitions that man could be capable of enjoying, were it not for the precariousness of the tenure, and the difficulty of proving that we have a good title to it.

A good character is not so often obtained by good actions and upright intentions, as from accidental circumstances, which place a man in an advantageous position, frequently above his deserts and beyond his expectations. Thus one who pays his debts, for his personal convenience only, is said to be honest; the General who obtains a victory by mere chance, is called a great officer; and many, from ostentatious gifts and promises, are pronounced to be extremely generous; though, when unmasked, fraud would be conspicuous in the character of the first, ignorance in the second, and the meanest parsimony in the last. The world, who is but a poor logician, bestows a bad or good character according to the report it receives. It is too indolent to inquire into facts, and frequently too censorious to show a willingness to become acquainted with them.

The game of life has a number of tricks in it; and we must deal a great many times to understand it thoroughly; it would make strange confusion if we were to know each other's hands.

Tom Touchem was one of these people who had a bad opinion of the world, because it entertained no very good opinion of him: he was without principle, extravagant, and careless; yet Tom once had a good character: it was upon an occasion where he gave references to his friends, being candidate for a lucrative situation. All of them spoke of him in the highest terms of panegyrick; Tom was honest, industrious, and clever. The fact was, he owed them all money, and the only way to get themselves paid was to get Tom into place.

It is no very easy matter to know the real character of the man puffed up with good fortune. Wealth and prosperity give him an air which the French call *l'imposant;* he passes through every gate, the crowd make way for him with respect, and he has enough to do to return the bows that are made him: it is vanity that causes such a man to act with propriety. Disappointment and ill-fortune, on the other side, impoverish, by degrees, the natural nobleness of the mind, and enfeeble virtue, till the man sinks into baseness: when, finding he can no longer support the character he admires, and actually deserves, he gives up the attempt altogether, and his actions, from that moment, begin to be consistent with the part the WORLD has *allotted* him; they will no longer allow him respect or esteem, and he begins to be careless of both; they level him with the brutes, and he commences a beast of prey; they have exposed the lock of the bear, and he presents its claws. Happy is the man who, through the vicissitudes of life, has fortitude to abide by those certain fixed principles of truth, which outlive prejudice, triumph over circumstances, and ultimately conquer the calumnies of his enemies.

But there are in the world a set of men who are well matched for the contest; who use, in their intercourse with it, a kind of varnish, which brings the portrait of their characters forward to advantage, and which, by its lustre, conceals the defects. Such are frequently taken for originals, though they are mostly vile copies of honour and honesty.

Another set of men are those who laugh off their vices and errours, and, by a well-timed jest, turn aside the censure that might have fallen on their conduct. These are among the most successful, and always men of the world.

Of the last number was Dick Brilliant, who once, having occasion for a sum of money, applied to a person with whom he had but a slight acquaintance to lend it him, but who took the precaution to inquire into his character, and found it to be a bad one. On their next interview, Dick's friend began to make excuses for withholding his supply. "I have heard," said he, "Mr. Brilliant, some very unpleasant things of your character; and I am extremely sorry"—"Sorry! for what?"—"That I must refuse you the money."—"Is that all?" cried Dick. "My

dear fellow, don't be unhappy; you ought to be very glad that you will keep it in your pocket."

A celebrated wit, of the present day, having heard from a gentleman at table the quotation from Pope "An honest man's the noblest work of God;" made answer, "yes, that may possibly be true, but it is a piece of workmanship that nobody ever saw *complete*."

The best way to have a man act respectably, is to make him believe that he is already respectable. This maxim will suit all ranks and professions. To make your servant trusty and faithful, cause him to believe that you already consider him so. To cause your lawyer to act with punctuality and honour, endow him with both those qualifications; and to make your wife constant, persuade her that you have the highest opinion of her love and constancy. Vanity does a great deal to make people good.

After all, I believe the truth is, that there are lights and shades in every character; and if all were examined at the bar of rigid justice, few would be found who did not carry about them the lock of the bear!

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

The seven qualifications which every man would wish to find in a wife are, beauty, discretion, sweetness of temper, a spritely wit, fertility, wealth, and noble extraction.

Cervantes somewhere makes a cunning chambermaid say that a lover should be distinguished for the four S's. He should be sightly, spritely, sincere, and *secret*.

The following is a Rhetorical description of an indefatigable traveller:

He had been in higher latitudes north and south than is incident to the most adventurous of mortals. He had conversed with nations who live many degrees beyond the frozen Laplander, and he had travelled among all the barbarians who scorch beneath the burning zone.

SONG—*by Sir John Suckling.*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her:
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

Of Mayerne, the celebrated physician, who had the distinguished honour of being employed by no less than four of the British Princes, it is said he had this singularity, that he kept no regular meals, but had his table constantly covered, so that he could eat whenever he found himself disposed.

In a famous book, written by the above physician, there occur certain formulæ which serve to show the superstition, in Physick, so low as the time of Charles I. He describes a gout powder, one of the ingredients of which is *rasp ings of a human skull unburied*. Moreover, there is a recipe, in the same book, of an unguent for hypochondriacal persons, which he calls his *balsam of bats*. In the composition of this enter bats, adders, sucking whelps, earth worms, hogs' grease, the marrow of a stag and of the thigh bone of an ox: ingredients fitter for the witches' cauldron in Macbeth, than a learned physician's prescription.

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Men of various ideas and fluent conversation are commonly welcome to

those whose thoughts have been long fixed on a single point, and who find the images of other things stealing away.

—

The *frivolous* part of female society is well described somewhere in Johnson's writings: "Their diversions are only childish play, by which a mind accustomed to stronger operations could not be kept busy. They run from room to room, as a bird hops from wire to wire in his cage. They dance for the sake of motion, as lambs frisk in a pasture. No satisfaction is to be hoped from their conversation, for of what can they talk? They have seen nothing, for they have lived from early youth in a narrow spot, of what they had not seen they could have no knowledge, for they never read. In short they have no idea but of the objects that are within their view, and have hardly names for any thing but their clothes and their food.

—

As the young enamour'd vine
Round her elm delights to twine,
As the clasping ivy throws
Round her oak her wanton boughs,
So close, expanding all thy charms,
Fold me, my Chloris, in thy arms!
Closer, my Chloris, could it be,
Would my fond arms encircle thee.

In vain shall Nature call for sleep,
We'll Love's eternal vigils keep:
Thus, thus forever let us lie,
Dissolving in excess of joy,
Till fate shall with a single dart
Transfix the pair it cannot part.

Thus join'd we'll fleet like Venus' doves,
And seek the blest Elesian groves;
Where Spring in rosy triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyous plains:
There lovers of heroick name
Revive their long extinguished flame,
And o'er the fragrant vale advance
In shining pomp to form the dance.
Or sing of love and gay desire,
Responsive to the warbling lyre;
Reclining soft in blissful bowers
Purpled sweet with springing flowers,
And covered with a silken shade,
Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made:
Where flaunting in immortal bloom,
The musk-rose scents the verdant gloom:
Through which the whispering zephyrs fly,
Softer than a virgin's sigh.

Disorders of the intellect happen much more often than superficial observers will easily believe. Perhaps, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is always in its right state. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason, who can regulate his attention wholly by his will, and whose ideas come and go at his command. No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not tyrannize and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability. All power of Fancy over Reason is a degree of insanity; but while this power is such as we can control and repress, it is not visible to others, nor considered as any deprivation of the mental faculties: it is not pronounced madness but when it becomes ungovernable and apparently influences speech or action.

To indulge the power of fiction and send imagination out upon the wing is often the sport of those who delight too much in silent speculation. When we are alone we are not always busy; the labour of cogitation is too violent to last long; the ardour of inquiry will sometimes give way to idleness or satiety. He who has nothing external to divert him, must find pleasure in his own thoughts, and must conceive himself what he is not; *for who is pleased with what he is?* He then expatiates in boundless futurity, and culls from all imaginable conditions that which for the present moment he should most desire, amuses his desires with impossible enjoyments, and confers upon his pride unattainable dominion. The mind dances from scene to scene, unites all pleasures in all combinations, and riots in delights which Nature and Fortune with all their beauty cannot bestow.

In time, some particular train of ideas fixes the attention, all other intellectual gratifications are rejected, the mind in weariness or leisure recurs constantly to the favourite conception and feasts on the luscious falsehood whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of Fancy is confirmed;

she grows first imperious, and in time despotick. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of anguish or of rapture.

—

The greatest pain I can suffer, says the modest Addison, is the being talked to, and stared at. It is believed, that most men of talents, combined with excessive sensibility, feel this sort of anguish when exposed to the gaze of multitudes. I once knew a sensitive man of this class, whose face was crimson, and whose heart was a trembler, whenever he walked up the aisle of a crowded church, or was obliged to cross the Exchange *when merchants most do congregate.*

—

ANACREONTICK.

As a garland once I wove,
I found, amid the roses, Love;
Fast by the wings the rogue I caught,
And drench'd him in a copious draught,
Heedless wretch! I took the cup,
And drank it to the bottom up.
Still I feel his tingling dart,
Still he flutters at my heart.

—

Pope has been severely blamed for his characters of women. It is a singular circumstance that Lady Montague has described her own sex with equal asperity. Whether the following remarks be just or not we submit to the judgment of the *reasonable* ladies.

My knight-errantry is at an end, and I believe I shall henceforward think freeing of galley-slaves and knocking down windmills more laudable undertakings than the *defence of any woman's reputation whatever.* To say truth, I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex; and my only consolation for being of that gender has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them. Men generally agree in the reflection that nothing hinders women from playing the fool, but *not having it in their power.* The *many instances* that are to be found to support this opinion, ought to make the *few* reasonable more valued—but *where are the reasonable ladies?*

—

The Abbe Bellegarde gives a right reason for women's talking overmuch, that *they know nothing*, and every outward object strikes their imagination, and produces a multitude of thoughts which, if *they knew more*, they would know not worth their thinking of.

I do not doubt that God and Nature have thrown us into an *inferiour rank;* we are *a lower part* of the creation; we owe *obedience and submission* to the *superiour sex*, and any woman, who suffers her vanity and folly to deny this, rebels against the law of the Creator and indisputable order of nature.

—

In the whole range of Romance writing what is expressed with more ease, more grace, and more simplicity, than the following passage in Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, where the unfortunate parent is described as journeying home with the seduced Olivia.

The next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove by every persuasion to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of the country through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we to each other; and that the misfortunes of Nature's making were very few. I assured her that she should never perceive any change in my affections; and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and instructor. I armed her against the censure of the world; showed her that books were sweet unreproaching companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

—

Lady Montague is justly famous for the ease and grace of her epistolary style. Her

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first series of letters descriptive of her adventures in Turkey are sufficiently known to every polite reader. But her subsequent epistles lately published by Mr. Dallawy are not familiar in America. The avidity with which she perused the novels of Fielding, will please the admirers of that admirable genius.

I have at length received the box with the books enclosed, for which I give you many thanks as they amused me very much. I gave a very ridiculous proof of it, fitter indeed for my grandaughter than myself. I returned from a party on horseback; and after having rode twenty miles, part of it by moonshine, it was ten at night when I found the box arrived. I could not deny myself the pleasure of opening it; and falling upon Fielding's Works was fool enough to sit up all night reading. I think Joseph Andrews better than his Foundling.

Her opinion of another eminent novelist is expressed more at length:

I began by your direction with Peregrine Pickle. I think Lady Vane's Memoirs contain more truth and less malice than any I ever read in my life. When she speaks of being disinterested, I am apt to believe she really thinks herself so, as many highwaymen, after having no possibility of retrieving the character of honesty, please themselves with that of being generous, because whatever they get on the road they always spend at the next alehouse, and are still as beggarly as ever. Her history, rightly considered, would be more instructive to young women than any sermon I know. They may see there what mortifications and variety of misery are the unavoidable consequences of gallantry. I think there is no rational creature that would not prefer the life of the strictest Carmelite to the round of hurry and misfortunes she has gone through. Her style is clear and concise with some strokes of humour which appear to me so much above her, I cannot help being of opinion the whole has been modelled by the authour of the book in which it is inserted, who is some subaltern admirer of hers. I may judge wrong, she being no acquaintance of mine, though she has married two of my relations. Her first wedding was attended with circumstances that made me think a visit not at all necessary, though I disobliged Lady Susan by neglecting it; and her second, which happened soon after, made her so near a neighbour, that I rather chose to stay the whole summer in town than partake of the balls and parties of pleasure to which I did not think it proper to introduce you; and had no other way of avoiding it, without incurring the censure of a most unnatural mother for denying you diversions that the pious Lady Ferrers permitted to her exemplary daughters. Mr. Shirley has had uncommon fortune in making the conquest of two such extraordinary ladies, equal in their heroick contempt of shame, and eminent above their sex, the one for beauty and the other wealth, both which attract the pursuit of all mankind, and have been thrown into his arms with the same unlimited fondness. He appeared to me gentle, well bred, well shaped, and sensible; but the charms of his face and eyes which Lady Vane describes with so much warmth, were, I confess, always invisible to me; and the artificial part of his character very glaring, which I think her story shows in a strong light.

—

THE INCONSTANT.

My dear mistress has a heart
  Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art
  And her eyes she did enslave me:

But her constancy's so weak,
  She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
  Killing pleasures, wounding blisses:
She can dress her eyes in love,
  And her lips can warm with kisses:

Angels listen while she speaks,
  She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

Labour is a commodity, and as such, an article of trade. If I am right in this notion, then labour must be subject to all the laws and principles of trade, and not to regulation foreign to them, and that may be totally inconsistent with those principles and those laws. When any commodity is carried to market, it is not the necessity of the vender, but the necessity of the purchaser that raises the price. The extreme want of the seller has rather (by the nature of things with which we shall in vain contend) the direct contrary operation. If the goods at market are beyond the demand, they fall in their value; if below it, they rise. The impossibility of the subsistence of a man, who carries his labour to a market, is totally beside the question in this way of viewing it. The only question is, what is it worth to the buyer?—*Burke.*

—

SONG.

When morning shot enlivening gleams
Across the sky in lucid streams;
When night roll'd slow in mist away,
And nature's musick hail'd the day,
With bounding heart and cheerful haste
The spangled path I gayly traced;
I gazed upon the prospect round,
I heard the animating sound:
The sound was sweet, the prospect fair;
But, oh! Eliza was not there.

At noon with pensive step I stray'd
Beneath the aromatick shade,
Where gentle gales with fond delay
Among the twining branches play:
There Contemplation rears her throne;
The muses call the shade their own.
Bright was the muse's blooming wreath,
And mild was zephyr's gentle breath;
Refreshing was the balmy air;—
But, oh! Eliza was not there.

Evening's meditative hour,
Stored to fancy's fairy power,
When the fair crescent of the night
Pour'd on the earth her modest light,
I gazed upon the lovely scene,
Calm, solitary and serene,
The solitary scene was fair,
But, oh! Eliza was not there.

Where'er by contemplation borne,
Whether I meet the ray of morn,
Or catch the fragrant breeze of noon,
Or rove beneath the inspiring moon,
Reflection comes to damp my joy
And Hope's enchanted scenes destroy;
Forbids the fleeting bliss to share,
And tells "Eliza is not there."

—

Labour is not only requisite to preserve the coarser organs in a state fit for their functions; but it is equally necessary to these finer and more delicate organs on which, and by which, the imagination and perhaps the other mental powers act. Since it is probable, that not only the inferiour parts of the soul, as the passions are called, but the understanding itself makes use of some fine corporeal instruments in its operation; though what they are, and where they are, may be somewhat hard to settle: but that it does make use of such, appears from hence; that a long exercise of the mental powers induces a remarkable lassitude of the whole body; and on the other hand, that great bodily labour, or pain, weakens and sometimes actually destroys the mental faculties. Now, as a due exercise is essential to the coarse muscular parts of the constitution, and that without this rousing they would become languid and diseased, the very same rule holds with regard to those finer parts we have mentioned; to have them in proper order, they must be shaken and worked to a proper degree.

—

TO THE MOON.

Thou silent moon, that look'st so pale,
So much exhausted, and so faint,
Wandering over hill and dale,
Watching oft the kneeling saint—
Hearing his groans float on the gale—
No wonder thou art tired and pale.

Yet I have often seen thee bring
Thy beams o'er yon bare mountain's steep;
Then, with a smile, their lustre fling
Full on the dark and roaring deep;
When the pilgrim's heart did fail,
And when near lost the tossing sail.

Sure, that passing blush deceives;
For thou, fair nymph, art chaste and cold!
Love our bosoms seldom leaves;
But thou art of a different mould.

Hail, chaste queen, ! for ever hail!
And, prithee, look not quite so pale!

Yet stay—perhaps thou'st travell'd far,
Exulting in thy conscious light;
Till, as I fear, some youthful Star
Hath spread his charms before thy sight;
And, when he found his arts prevail,
He left thee, sickening, faint, and pale.

—

Loud was the storm; the rattling hail
Beat fast upon my humble shed;
I careless, dreaded not the gale
While on my arm lay Chloe's head.

Rage, furious storm, in vain you rage
To daunt a heart so pure, so true;
Me, softer, gentler scenes engage;
In Chloe's arms, I heed not you.

O Chloe, when thy mild blue eye
Bends its sweet lustre on my gaze;
What dear emotions thrill—I sigh—
And think of love and tell thy praise.

What sweet delight with thee to dwell,
And softly breathe the constant tale,
To see thy snow-white bosom swell,
Thy cheek now blushing and now pale.

Then rage, thou furious storm, in vain
Thy whirlwind's force, thy lightning's glare,
I care not but for love's dear pain,
And blessed with it no dangers fear.

—

The interests of the farmer and labourer are always the same, and it is absolutely impossible that their contracts can be onerous to either party. It is the interest of the farmer that his work should be done with effect and celerity: and that cannot be unless the labourer is well fed, and otherwise found with such necessaries of animal life, according to its habitudes, as may keep the body in full force, and the mind gay and cheerful. For of all the instruments of his trade, the labour of man (what the ancient writers have called the *instrumentum vocale*) is that on which he is most to rely for the repayment of his capital. The other two, the *semivocale* in the ancient classification, that is, the working stock of cattle, and the *instrumentum mutum*, such as carts, ploughs, spades, and so forth, though not all inconsiderable in themselves, are very much inferiour in utility or in expense; or without a given portion of the first are nothing at all. For in all things whatever, the mind is the most valuable and the most important; and in this scale the whole of agriculture is in a natural and just order; the beast is as an informing principle to the plough and cart; the labourer is as reason to the beast; and the farmer is as a thinking and presiding principle to the labourer. An attempt to break this chain of subordination in any part is equally absurd; but the absurdity is the most mischievous in practical operation, where it is the most easy, that is, where it is the most subject to an erroneous judgment.

It is plainly more the farmer's interest that his men should thrive, than that his horses should be well fed, sleek, plump, and fit for use, or than that his waggon and ploughs should be strong, in good repair, and fit for service.

On the other hand, if the farmer ceases to profit of the labourer, and that his capital is not continually manured and fructified, it is impossible that he should continue that abundant nutriment, and clothing, and lodging, proper for the protection of the instruments he employs.

It is therefore the first and fundamental interest of the labourer, that the farmer should have a full incoming profit on the product of his labour. The proposition is self-evident, and nothing but the malignity, perverseness, and ill-governed passions of mankind, and particularly the envy they bear to each other's prosperity, could prevent their seeing and acknowledging it, with thankfulness to the benign and wise disposer of all things, who obliges men, whether they will or not, in pursuing their own selfish interests, to connect the general good with their own individual success.

—

The genial ray of Spring returns,
And April's tender blooms appear;
The joyful heart with rapture burns,
And welcomes in the smiling year.

The sullen gloom of winter past,
And all his train of horrours fled;

Come! let us to the forest haste,
Or on the turf's soft verdure tread.

Haste, let us join yon woodland throng!
And taste of pleasure while we may;
Wander the rural scenes among
And by the pebbly streamlet stray.

For there behold the violet blows;
The yellow wallflower rears its head;
To greet the sense, the blushing rose
Is seen to grace the rural bed.

What bursts of joy along the grove!
All nature joins in choral song;
All nature grateful warms with love,
And pours the various strain along.

Alas! soft tones of grief I hear!
The train so late with pleasure gay,
In solemn sadness drops the tear,
And pensive take their gloomy way.

For one they mourn, who lately known
In health's full pride, her friends' delight:
Beheld the Spring's young flowrets blown,
And, ere they faded, sunk in night.

The blast of death is on the plain,
The aged oak defies its power,
The blast of death blows not in vain,
And prostrate lies the tender flower.

Behold in yon sequestered vale,
There rests a nymph by all adored;
Her name is wafted on the gale;
Her various worth by all deplored.

RONDEAU. (Dans vôtre lit.)

Where Delia sleeps, no cares invade
The bosom of the gentle maid;
Dissolved in peaceful luxury,
She never turns a thought on me:
While love distracts my throbbing breast,
And vainly wishes to be blest
Where Delia sleeps.

But all my hopes and sighs are wind;
For she, still cruel, still unkind,
With cold neglect my suit returns,
Nor heeds how fiercely Hafez burns.
Relent, dear maid, and let me prove
The constant ardour of my love
Where Delia sleeps

Italian Geographers.

"Father, perhaps you never were at Paris?"

"Never in my whole life," answered father Mulo.

"Nor at Moscow, neither," added the Surgeon.

"No, never, though I have heard a good deal about Muscovy, particularly of late; some people tell me it is larger than Naples. What is your opinion? which do you believe to be the largest city, Naples or Muscovy? said father Mulo.

"Why I should think Naples the most populous," answered the Surgeon, "though Muscovy stands upon rather more ground."

"I had some suspicion of that kind myself," replied father Mulo.

Give me, my girl, thy warmest kiss
And let my heart be pressed to thine,
Thy azure eye adds waking bliss,
And in thy arms delight is mine.

O let my wandering hands essay
To press thy swelling snowy breast,
Around thine angel form to stray,
While love is fired and I am blest.

What is the world, its nonsense all?
When Chloe tempts with blooming charms;
She can alone my heart enthral,
Tis she alone my bosom warms.

In anger or in pity, sure
The gods, my love, have sent thee here;
None can thy killing scorn endure,
And blest with thee, all heaven is near.

Laws prescribing, or magistrates exercising a very stiff, and often inapplicable rule, or a blind and rash discretion, never can provide the just proportions between earning and salary on the one hand, and nutriment on the other: whereas interest, habit, and the tacit convention, that arise from a thousand nameless circumstances, produce a *tact* that regulates without difficulty, what laws and magistrates cannot regulate at all.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO HER WHO ALONE CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.

OH! we have met—again thine eye
Has pour'd its radiance on my heart;
Again thy voice's melody
Has bid each trembling fibre start.

Yes, we have met—again I've felt
My pulses throb with rapture's tide;
My heart beat strong—my breath subside,
My soul in fond delirium melt.

Google

But while I gazed upon thy face,
And hear'd thy voice, and touch'd thy hand,
Not one emotion could I trace
Of all that flattering hope had plann'd:

No crimson flush'd across thy cheek,
No pleasure lighten'd in thine eye,
Nor did one hesitating sigh
Thy bosom's dear confusion speak.

No—the presumptuous hope was vain,
By fond delusive fancy taught;
That, absent, *I* could give *thee* pain,
Or, present, claim one tender thought.

Tis past—the reign of hope is o'er:
Farewell the dear enchanting theme,
Farewell to fancy's glittering dream;
For these I strike the lyre no more.

No more shall these thy peace invade,
Silent, alone, I'll muse on thee,
Till on my voice thy name shall fade,
And life's last struggle set me free.

A French lady distinguished for wit, having remarked the ingenuity of a footman belonging to a man of high quality, who was as ugly and stupid as his servant was the reverse, said, "*Il faut àvouer que la Nature n'est pas Aristocrate.*"—If Nature has been partial to Democracy, it must be confessed, however, that the democrats of France, have been most ungrateful to Nature, by violating all her laws, and wounding all her feelings.

France has been renowned for politeness, before all traces of politeness, as well as humanity, were banished from the nation. I have heard it remarked, however, by some who have had opportunities of comparing the characters of the various nations of Europe, that though Frenchmen were more polite than their neighbours by art, yet they were less so by nature, owing to an impetuosity of temperament, which, on the shadow of provocation, makes them forget restraints of every kind, and hurries them into imprudencies and difficulties, from which even submission and adulation cannot extricate them.

MERRIMENT.

A very awkward squire, being obliged to mount a horse rather higher than he had been accustomed to ride, exclaimed, while putting his foot in the stirrup, "Jupiter, assist me;" in saying this he made so violent an effort that he fell over on the contrary side. "Oh! Jupiter," said he, "you gave me more assistance than I asked."

A countryman once took a fancy to hear the Latin disputes of doctors at the university. He was asked, what pleasure he could derive from viewing such combatants, when he could not even know which of the parties had the better? "For that matter," he replied, "I am not such a fool, but I can see who is the first to put the other in a passion."

A clergyman, who had received an invitation to spend a fortnight with a friend in the country, found, to his great surprise, he had brought but one sermon with him. The distance was too great to send for another, as he did not discover the neglect until the second Sunday morning, of course, it was in vain then to attempt composing a new one. He, therefore, ascended the pulpit with the usual dignity, and before he gave out his text, thus addressed his auditors: "Having been informed the sermon I preached last Sunday was judged exceptionable by some very respectable inhabitants, I think it my duty to show that they misinterpreted my doctrine, by repeating it word for word. I beg your most serious attention."

It is a well known custom in England, to give to the servants of the nobleman at whose house you dine; or, indeed the sum you are obliged to give is generally according to the quality of the master. An officer having frequently given more than the worth of his dinner, when he dined with a certain duke, one day requested a list of his servant's names. The duke, astonished at such a request, wished to know his motive. "Why really," replied the officer, "as I cannot *now* afford to pay for the many good dinners I make at your table, I wish to

know your servants' names, that I may remember them in my will."

—

The love of christian names by the Spaniards has frequently been an object of ridicule. A Spaniard on his travels, arrived in the night at a little village in France, in which there was but one hotel. As it was almost midnight, he knocked at the door a long while without hearing any one stir. At length the host putting his head out of his chamber window, asked who was there. The Spaniard replied, "Don Juan, Pedro, Hermandez, Rodriguez, Alyarez de Villa-nova, Count de Malafra, Cavellero de Santiagog d' Alcantara." "Mercy on me!" said the host, as he shut the window, "I have but two spare beds, and do you ask me lodging for a score?"

—

A French dancing-master asked one of his friends, if it was really true that Harley was made Count of Oxford, and Chief Treasurer of England. On being answered in the affirmative, "That amazes me," said he, "what merit can the queen have found in this Harley? for my part, I have had him under my hands these two years, and cannot make any thing of him."

—

A Frenchman having frequently heard the word *press* made use of to imply *persuade*, as "press that gentleman to take some refreshment," "press him to stay tonight;" thought he would show his talents by using (what he imagined) a synonimous term; and therefore made no scruple one evening to cry out in company, "pray *squeeze* that lady to sing."

—

A Lacedemonian having fallen in in battle, his conqueror aimed a blow at his back. Wounded and weak as he was, he made an effort to turn himself; "strike me before;" he cried, "that my friends may not blush for me after my death."

—

A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber by three physicians, how to "cure the fever, and abate the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, "I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the *fever*, and I will abate the *thirst* myself."

—

Some young officers had indulged one night a little too freely in a social glass, and (as is the usual consequence of intemperance) had likewise given their tongues rather more liberty than propriety could authorize, having spoken very disrespectfully of their general. Being overheard, and the general having been told of their different reflections on him, he made them appear before him the next morning, and asked them if what he had heard was true. "No doubt of the truth of it," replied one, "and its very probable we should have said much more, if the wine had lasted any longer."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

TO MARY.

By Lucas George.

I have a secret tale to tell,
But cannot, must not, now reveal it;
Yet still I think 'tis known too well,
The more I'm anxious to conceal it.

Whene'er I strive to make it known,
Thy awful presence makes me waver;
Swift from my mind all thoughts are gone,
But those that would preserve thy favour

Shall I declare it, Mary dear?
Say, will not those sweet lips reprove me?
Will not those features frown severe,
When I have told how much I love thee?

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Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, September* 26, 1807. [No. 13.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

POLITE LITERATURE.

Even in the opinion of the most crabbed criticks, a Biographical work has never issued from a *French* Press, written in a more fascinating manner, or exciting a stronger interest than The Memoirs of Marmontel. This delightful book was seized on with avidity by the British Booksellers, and a translation was hastily published, in a few days after the receipt of the original from Paris. The consequence of this zeal, on the part of the proprietors to forestal the literary market, may be easily imagined. Portions of the original were doled out to journeymen translators, whose employers pay them, not according to the elegance of the workmanship, but the *quantity* of the materials, and the facility with which the task has been accomplished. The result of this clumsy and illiberal process was a strange uncouth version, more execrably bad than the barbarous style of a schoolboy in the lowest form of his noviciate. What renders the tameness of this travesty of Marmontel the more inexcusable, is the wonderful simplicity and perspicuity of the original. But the garreteers, who worked at the job, seem to be alike ignorant of French, and the first principles of Taste and Composition. Gross Gallicisms pollute every page; and as for their version of many poetical passages, interspersed through the original, such was the egregious absurdity of the style, that we could not peruse a single line without loud laughter at the expense of these * *Doers into English.*

But intrinsick merit is never to be long obscured by the clouds of ignorance or the misty haze of confusion. It will shine forth gloriously at length, and, like Shakspeare's youthful Harry, "as gorgeous as the Sun in Midsummer." We have, at length, obtained a *closeé* interview with Marmontel himself, heard him narrate his own interesting adventures, and seen through the purest medium that genius which instructed mankind in *Belisarius* and charmed them in *Moral Tales.*

From this amusing Biography, which among those who have a taste for nature and simplicity in France, will rank as high as Goldsmith's Vicar does among a similar description of readers in England and America, we shall now make an extract extremely interesting to the conductor of every literary Journal: may we add that it will be interesting, peculiarly interesting, to the readers of such a work.

At a time when Polite Literature was greatly in vogue in France and when excited by the munificence of a Monarchy, men of genius and learning thronged its capital, Marmontel undertook the management of *The Mercury*, a Miscellany, which at once

* In the titlepages to most of those vile Translations, which at one time swarmed from the English Press, the unhappy reader was generally apprized that the work was *done into English by a person of honour.* This same person of honour probably slept in the same bed in a garret with three other persons of a rank as noble as his own. Sometimes this person of honour appeared in the shape of Mrs. Manly or Mrs. Behn, or some other kind one, with reputation equally unblighted. One *Edmund Curl*, a Bookseller, at one time famous in the Courts of Judicature, and immortalized by Pope in the Dunciad, was very intimate with all these persons of honour, most of whom were his stipendiaries.

obtained the favour of the Court and the contributions and applause of the literati. Here we have his own history of the foundation and success of that establishment. It is only necessary to add that Marmontel himself furnished most of the materials of this Journal, and in the execution of this arduous and delicate task condemned himself to the labour "of Sisyphus, or to the toil of the Danaides."

For the present Translation, which has been carefully revised and compared with the original, the editor is indebted to a gentleman who has a sound judgment in the choice of foreign literature, taste to relish its beauties, and skill to transfer them. We shall from time to time very gladly avail ourselves of his able assistance, and introduce to the mere English reader interesting passages from the works of those great men, who basked in the patronage of Louis XIV, at once the Mæcenas and the AUGUSTUS of the French Monarchy.

For The Port Folio.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF THE MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL.

THE Court was at Fontainbleau, and I frequently went there to pass an hour of the evening with Quesnai. I was one night with him, when Madam De Pompadour sent for me and said—"Do you know that La Bruere is dead at Rome? He enjoyed the privilege of The Mercury: this privilege produced him an annual revenue of twenty-five thousand livres; here is a sufficiency to make more than one happy man; and it is our intention to attach to the new Patent for The Mercury some pensions for men of letters. I request you, who know them, to name those, who may have need of pensions, and would accept them." I mentioned the names of Crebillon, D'Alembert, Boissy, and some others. As for Crebillon, I knew well that it was useless to recommend him; with regard to D'Alembert, perceiving that she gave a slight sign of disapprobation: "he is, said I, Madam, a Geometrician of the first rank, a very distinguished writer, and perfectly honest man." "Yes, replied she, but a hot head." I gently answered, that without a little heat in the head, there was no great talent. "He is become, said she, a passionate admirer of the Italian Musick, and has placed himself at the head of the Buffon party." "He has, however, answered I modestly, composed the Preface to the Encyclopedia." She spoke of him no more; but he had no pension. I believe that a more operative reason for his exclusion, was his zeal in favour of the King of Prussia, whose declared partisan he was, and whom Madame De Pompadour hated personally. When Boissy's turn came, she asked me: "Is not Boissy rich? I believe him at least to be in easy circumstances: I have seen him at the Theatre, and always well dressed." "No, Madam, he is poor, but he conceals his poverty." "He has composed many Dramatick pieces," said she. "Yes, but all those pieces have not been equally successful and productive. But, Madam, shall I tell you? Boissy is so far from being rich, that without the aid of a friend, who discovered his situation, he would have died of want during the last winter. Destitute of bread, too proud to ask of any one, he had confined himself with his wife and son, resolved to expire together, and about to kill themselves in each other's arms, when this protecting friend forced the door and saved them. Oh God! cried Madame De Pompadour, you make me tremble. I am going to recommend him to the King.

On the morning of the succeeding day, Boissy enters my house, pale, bewildered, beside himself, with an emotion, which resembled joy on the countenance of grief. His first movement was to throw himself at my feet. I, who thought him suddenly attacked by indisposition, hastened to assist him, and raising him, I inquired what could have thrown him into the situation in which I saw him. "Ah! sir, said he, do you not know? You, my generous benefactor, you, who have preserved my life, you, who, from an abyss of misery, have transported me into an unexpected state of happiness and prosperity! I went to solicit a small pension on The Mercury; and M. De Saint-Florentin announces that it is the privilege, the very patent of

The Mercury that the King has just granted to me. He informs me that I am indebted to Madame De Pompadour for this favour; I go to present her my thanks; and in her apartment M. Quesnai tells me that it is you, who, in speaking of me, have touched Madame De Pompadour so tenderly that her eyes were drowned in tears."

Here I wished to interrupt by embracing him; but he continued: "what then have I done, sir, to merit this tender interest on your part? I have seen you only transiently; scarcely do you know me; and in speaking of me you have the eloquence of sentiment, the eloquence of friendship!" At these words he attempted to kiss my hands. "This is too much, sir, said I, it is time for me to moderate this excess of gratitude; and, after having suffered you to unburthen your heart, I wish in my turn to explain myself. Assuredly I wished to serve you; but in that I have only been just, and without it I should have betrayed the confidence with which Madame De Pompadour, honoured me by asking my advice. Her sensibility and her goodness have performed the rest. Permit me then to rejoice with you at your good fortune, and let both of us return thanks for it to her, who is its authour."

As soon as Boissy had taken leave of me, I went to the Minister; and perceiving that he received me, as if he had nothing to communicate, I asked him if I had not an acknowledgment to make to him? He replied no. If the pensions on The Mercury were disposed of? He told me yes: If Madame De Pompadour had not spoken to him respecting me? He assured me that she had not said a word to him with regard to me, and that if she had mentioned me, he would willingly have placed my name on the list which he had presented to the King. I confess that I was confounded; for, without having named myself, when she consulted me, I felt perfectly confident of being among the number of those, whom she would propose. I went to her house; and very fortunately found in her parlour Madame De Marchais, to whom I circumstantially recounted my mischance. "Well, said she, does this astonish you? it does not surprise me; this is characteristick of her. She must have forgotten you." At the same instant, she enters the dressing-room, where Madame De Pompadour was; and immediately after I hear bursts of laughter. From this I drew a happy presage; Madame De Pompadour indeed, when going to mass, could not look at me without still laughing, at having left me in oblivion. "I was exactly right in my conjecture, said Madame De Marchais when she next saw me; but reparation shall be made." I had then a pension of twelve hundred livres on The Mercury, and I was satisfied.

If M. De Boissy conducted it himself, he remained at his ease; but it was necessary for him to support it; and for that purpose he had neither the connexions, nor the resources, nor the activity of the Abbe Raynal, who, in the absence of La Bruere, conducted it, and performed that duty well.

Destitute of succour, and finding nothing tolerable among the papers which had been left to him, Boissy wrote me a letter which was a true signal of distress. "It will be to no purpose, said he, that you have obtained for me the gift of The Mercury; this benefit is lost to me, unless you add to it that of coming to my aid. Prose or verse, what you please, every thing from your hand will be valuable to me. But hasten to extricate me from my present embarrassment: hasten, I conjure you, in the name of that friendship, which I have vowed to you for all the rest of my life."

This letter deprived me of sleep; I saw this unfortunate man exposed to ridicule, The Mercury depriciated under his management, and its tameness completely exposed. It gave me a fever during the whole night; and it was in this state of crisis and agitation that the first idea occurred to me of writing a tale. After having passed the night, without closing my eyes, in ruminating upon the subject of that which

I have entitled Alcibiades, I rose, I wrote it in a breath, *currente calamo*, and sent it to Boissy. This tale had an unexpected success. I had exacted the suppression of the authour's name. The world did not know to whom to attribute it; and at the dinner of Helvetius, where the most acute connoisseurs were present, they did me the honour to ascribe it to Voltaire or Montesquieu.

Boissy, elated with joy at the increase which this novelty gave to the sale of The Mercury, redoubled his intreaties to obtain from me some more pieces of the same kind. I composed for him the tale of Soliman II, afterwards that of the Scruple, and some others. Such was the origin of those moral tales, which have since had so much vogue in Europe. Thus did Boissy render me more essential service than I had rendered to him. But he did not long enjoy his good fortune; and at his death, when it became necessary to replace him: "Sire, said Madame De Pompadour to the king, "will you not give the Mercury to him, who has supported it." The patent was conferred upon me. It was then necessary for me to resolve on quitting Versailles. But, at that moment, an establishment was offered to me, which appeared to be better and more permanent. I know not what instinct, which has always guided me tolerably well, prevented my giving it the preference.

The Marshal De Belle-Isle was Minister at War; his only son, the Count De Gisors, the best educated and most accomplished young man of the age, had just obtained the lieutenancy and command of the Carabiniers, of whom the Count De Provence was Colonel. The regiment of Carabiniers had a secretary attached to the person of the commandant, with a salary of twelve thousand livres, and this place was vacant. A young man, named Dorlif, presented himself to occupy it, and mentioned that he was known by me. "Well, said the Count De Gisors, invite M. Marmontel to pay me a visit; I shall be very glad to converse with him." Dorlif composed short pieces of poetry, and sometimes came to communicate them to me: in this consisted our acquaintance. I considered him, beside, as an honest and good young man. This was the testimony that I gave respecting him. "I am going, said the Count De Gisors, whom I then saw for the first time, to speak to you with confidence. This young man is not calculated for this place: I want a man who from tomorrow may be my friend, and upon whom I may rely, as upon another self. M. the Duke De Nivernois, my father-in-law, has proposed one to me; but I distrust the facility of the great in giving their recommendations; and if you have a man to offer me who possesses your confidence, and is such a one as I require, not daring, added he, to pretend to have yourself, I will accept him from your hands." "A month sooner, M. Count, I should have requested for myself, said I, the honour of being attached to you. The patent of The Mercury of France, which the King has just granted to me, is an engagement which, without levity, I cannot so soon break; but I am going among my acquaintance to see whether I can find the man who will suit you.

Among my acquaintance there was a young man at Paris named Suard, of an understanding refined, acute, correct, and discreet, of an amiable character, of gentle and attractive manners, sufficiently imbued with the Belles Lettres, who conversed well, wrote in a pure, easy, and natural style, and with the most correct taste; above all, prudent and reserved, with honourable sentiments. I cast my eyes upon him, I begged him to visit me at Paris, whither I had gone for the purpose of saving him the journey. On the one hand, this place appeared to him to be advantageous; on the other, he found it slavish and laborious. France was then at war; it was necessary to follow the Count De Gisors in his campaigns; and Suard, naturally indolent, would have very well liked to possess a fortune, but not at the expense of his liberty and repose.

He asked me for twenty-four hours to make his reflections. In the morning of the following day, he came to tell me that it was impossible for him to accept this place; that his friend, M. Delaire solicited it, and that he was recommended by M. the Duke De Nivernois. I knew Delaire to be a man of genius, a perfectly honest man, of a solid and stable character, and of the most rigid morals. "Conduct your friend hither, said I to Suard; I will propose him, and the place is assuredly his." We agreed with Delaire merely to say, that in my choice I happened to coincide with the Duke De Nivernois. M. De Gisors was charmed at this coincidence, and Delaire was accepted. "I depart, said the valiant young man to him: there may soon be an affair at the army; I wish to be present. You will come and join me as soon as possible." Indeed, a few days after his arrival, the battle of Crevelt was fought, in which he was mortally wounded at the head of the Carabiniers. Delaire arrived only in time to bury him.

I asked M. De Marigny whether he thought my place of Secretary of the Publick Edifices was compatible with the privilege and labour of The Mercury. He replied that he thought it impossible to give due attention to both. "Give me then my discharge, said I; for I have not courage to ask you for leave to retire." He gave it to me, and Madame Geoffrin offered me a lodging at her house. I accepted it with gratitude, requesting her to permit me to pay her the rent: a condition to which I obliged her to consent.

You here see me driven back by my destiny to that Paris, whence I had with so much pleasure retreated; you see me more than ever dependent on that publick from which I thought myself disengaged for life. What then was become of my resolutions? Two sisters in a convent, at an age to be married; the facility of my old aunts to give credit to every one who asked it, and to ruin their trade by contracting debts which I was obliged to pay every year; a provision for the future of which it was necessary to think, having hitherto placed in reserve only ten thousand livres which I had employed as security for M. Odde; the French Academy to which I could only attain by pursuing the career of letters; finally, the attraction of that literary and philosophical society which recalled me to its bosom, were the reasons, and must be the excuses for the inconstancy which induced me to renounce the sweetest, the most delicious repose, to come to Paris to conduct a Journal, that is, to condemn myself to the labour of Sisyphus, or to that of the Danaides.

For The Port Folio.

CLARA D'ALBE.

The French, in the happy talent of telling a Story with liveliness and ease are universally allowed to excel every other nation. This is, in part, perhaps, to be ascribed to their vivacity and spriteliness of character, but more certainly to the beauty and perfection of their language. Cultivated and formed in courts, of which it may properly be said to be the dialect, it has long since acquired an elegance and precision for which our language has some years been slowly exchanging a rude and uncouth phraseology. It is happily calculated to support the unstudied elegances of conversation, and of all others, the most susceptible of embellishment from a skilful and delicate hand. The French, therefore, have always excelled in Novel writing and in familiar and epistolary composition. Many of their Novels are unequalled for spritely and animated narration, and we have nothing, perhaps, in our language, that approaches in this respect, the inimitable Gil Blas of Le Sage. Mr. Fielding's Novels are exquisite in their kind, but every reader must remember how much the admirable humour of that writer suffers from the coarseness and vulgarity of his expressions. I would not, however, be understood as applying this observation with very great latitude to the

writers in our language: in the elevated and more dignified walks of composition we have many who leave the French far behind, and some who equal, if they do not surpass them, in the softer and spritelier graces of style. I shall mention only two, whom it will be nearer my purpose and more in harmony with the design of this Essay to notice here: Mrs. Radcliffe as a Romance writer yields to none I am acquainted with in the French language. In the inimitable performances of this lady, I recognise at one time the wild and mysterious strain of Dante, at another, the spritely and luxuriant imagination of Ariosto. She has, indeed, stolen from the caverns of the Florentine muses their sacred fire, their magick spells, and enchantments, by which they so imperiously sway the fancy and the heart. At one time I am transported amidst the gayety of Venice to sport among its gondolas on a summer's moonlight evening upon the waters of the Adriatick, at another I am carried into the cliffs, the steeps, and precipices of the Appenines and conducted under the shades of night to the mysterious transactions at Udolphus. The Chateau of St. Aubert, the little picture of domestick quiet exhibited there, the vineyards, the landscapes, and variegated banks of the Garonne, would not more have embellished the inimitable pieces of Poussin or of Claude Lorrain, than the torrents, the rocks, and the pine-clad brows of the Appenines together with the troops of banditti and the terrour-frowning battlements of Udolpho would have been worthy the romantick pencil of Salvator Rosa. Having mentioned Mrs. Radcliffe as a Romance writer, I shall adduce Lady Montague as a no less illustrious exception in the department of epistolary composition. The accomplishments, attainments, and learning of this lady were once well known to the polite and literary world. The graces and captivations of her person are now no more, but the radiant image of her mind remains and flourishes in immortal youth. She has the spriteliness, the playful manner and easy badinage of madame Sevigne, without her talkativeness and silly anecdotes. And let me say, that the translator of Clara D'Albe is not among the least of those who have been successful in copying the graces, and spirit of French composition. Of the original it would be superfluous to say much. It has long supported some claims to excellence in its own language, nor do I think, in its present dress, it will be less acceptable to the reader of discernment and taste. Of the translation, however, I would say a few words: the first duty undoubtedly of a translator is to give the meaning of the authour pure and unsullied. This however is not all. Every work of merit is distinguished by a peculiar cast of thought and diction, which stamps and marks its character. This is the soul and animating spirit of writing: and in transfusing and preserving this it is that the skill and address of the translator is displayed. Here we may apply with safety those lines of Horace:

Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio: sectantem levia nervi
Deficiunt animique: professus grandia turget:
Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ.

The translator must keep that path which steers between coldness and timidity on one hand, and a licentious paraphrastick manner on the other, these two extremes the translator of Clara D'Albe has, I think, happily avoided. The promptitude and spirit with which she gives the meaning of the original not only evince a native energy and vivacity of mind, but they show us, too, she is in the possession of that art which is the result of long and laborious practice, I mean that art which depends upon a knowledge of just and harmonious expression. I am proud to find in my native city a lady, who, to a thorough conception of the force and delicacy of our language joins such brilliant powers of mind: and I have only to regret that such estimable talents should be employed in the servile task of translation. The little work, the version of which she has given to the publick, possesses considerable merit. The sentiments

without being overstrained are animated and glowing, and calculated to interest the best feelings of the heart. The story is carried on in a series of letters, which is a style of composition that has peculiar advantage. It enables the writer more fully to display the heart, and to paint those delicate shades of character which too often escape in narrative. In private familiar letters the soul is as it were laid open; we penetrate into its inmost recesses; and see it naked, stripped of the studied artifices of behaviour and disengaged from those restraints which a regard for society and the world put upon it. It is to this circumstance we owe many of those inimitable touches which charm us in the Nouvelle Heloise of Rousseau. That celebrated work has never been translated into our language; I mean it has never been rendered with the spirit and eloquence of the original; and did I not fear the consequences of that alluring book, if its bewitching sentiments, its tender pathos, were supported by an eloquence equally glowing and captivating with Rousseau's, I know no one more adequate to the translation than the lady whose work I have presumed to criticise. These observations however, will be unheard amidst the din of business, and perhaps but superficially attended to by those who have leisure for literary recreation. The period so anxiously waited for by the friends of true taste and learning approaches with tardy and hesitating steps. That period when the general voice will render unnecessary such feeble testimony as this, and when a generous and enlightened publick will discriminate and reject the spurious and tinselled productions that are thrown to us by surrounding nations, and explore and cultivate that native mine of genius which has hitherto been suffered to moulder and decay. P. F. S.

For The Port Folio.

REVIEW.

Admiralty Decisions.

(Continued from Page 172.)

Having said thus much to show the general usefulness of reporting cases in Admiralty, we shall submit to our readers a brief account of some of the principal questions, the decisions of which will be found in the Reports of Mr. Peters. A minute review of the cases themselves, in regard to the correctness of the judgments of the Court, is neither necessary, nor would it be decorous. Proceeding from Judges, whose personal and professional respectability demand great respect and deference, and, who, after listening to and weighing the arguments of learned advocates, have pronounced the law of the land on each particular case, it would not become us to indulge our private opinions in criticism or to question their judgments. If any of them be erroneous, it is for the Superiour Courts to correct their errours: were we to usurp *their* jurisdiction our proceedings would be "*coram non judice.*"

In the case of Jenning's *v.* Carson's Executors, upon a plea in abatement to the jurisdiction of the District Court in matters of *prize*, the plea is overruled, and the reasons therefor stated at large by the Judge. The case having been removed to the Circuit Court on the point of jurisdiction it was there affirmed; and consequently it is holden that the several District Courts possess all the powers of a Court of Admiralty, their jurisdiction extending as well to matters of prize, as to those which regularly belong to the Instance side of that Court.

In Findlay and *al. v.* the ship William, 1st. vol. p. 12. and Moxon and *al. v.* the brig Fanny, vol. 2 p. 309, a question of jurisdiction is decided upon facts, which at the time they took place excited much publick feeling. These were British vessels, captured by French privateers in 1793, within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States, and afterwards brought into the port of Philadelphia, where they were claimed by their respective owners and restoration demanded in the District Court. The jurisdiction of the Court was excepted to, on the part of the captors. A summary of the arguments of the counsel (which appear to have been ingenious and elaborate) is found in the decisions of the learned

Judge, by whom the claims of the libellants were dismissed, as proper subjects for executive and diplomatick interference, but not cognizable in the *Courts* of the *neutral nation*. These captures, with others of a similar nature became afterwards the subjects of diplomatick discussion between the French minister, Genet, and Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, the latter declaring, that in case restitution of the prizes should be refused "the President considered it, as incumbent on the United States to indemnify the owners. The indemnification to be reimbursed by the French nation." The illegality of these captures will be found very ably established in Mr. Jefferson's despatch to Gouverneur Morris, Esq. then Minister of the United States to France, of August 16, 1793, in which the decisions in the case of the Fanny and William are spoken of, and the cases mentioned as being then *sub judice*, an appeal having been made to the Court of last resort. "If finally," says Mr. J. "the judiciary shall declare that it (the validity of these captures) does not belong to the civil authority it then results to the executive charged with the direction of the *military* force of the Union and the conduct of its affairs with foreign nations. But this is a mere question of internal arrangement, between the different departments of the Government depending on the particular diction of the Laws and Constitution, and it can in no wise concern a foreign nation, to which department these have delegated it."

The doctrine of salvage on ships and cargoes deserted at sea, or rescued from an enemy will be found very fully and learnedly discussed and laid down in the cases of Warder *v.* La Belle Creole, p. 31, Concklin *v.* Harmony, p. 34, and Morehouse *v.* Jefferson and Cargo, p. 46. (in notes, decided in the District Court of New York.) Taylor *v.* goods saved from the Cato, p. 48, Clayton *v.* ship Harmony, p. 70, Brevoor *v.* Fair American, p. 87, Bell *v.* sloop Ann, 278, Small *v.* goods saved from the schooner Messenger, p. 284, Coulon *v.* brig Neptune, p. 356, and Bond *v.* brig Cora and Cargo, p. 361. In these cases the principles on which the quantum and distribution of salvage are to be determined, are very satisfactorily stated and explained.

The cases on the subject of seamen's wages are very numerous,—and we again recommend them, as an admirable preventive of unprofitable litigation, to the attentive consideration of the intelligent merchant. We must content ourselves with citing but a few of them in this place.

In the case of Joseph Hart *v.* ship Little John p. 115, on the general principle "that, where a mariner is prevented by force, when he is not in fault, from performing his voyage, he is to be paid his full wages," full wages for the voyage (deducting a proportion of salvage) are decreed to the libellant, who shipped at Edenton, on a voyage to Liverpool and back: the ship (American) delivered her cargo at Liverpool, and on her return was captured by a French cruizer, then recaptured by a British frigate, carried into Lisbon and restored on payment of salvage. Hart having been taken by the French cruizer and carried into France as a prisoner was afterwards released and *worked* his passage home. Had he during the continuance of the voyage earned wages in other service, these, agreeably to the practice of the Court, would have been also deducted from his claim. The same principle governs the decision in the next succeeding case of Howland *v.* brig Lavinia, p. 123. In a note p. 123, these cases are distinguished from that of the Friends, 4 Rob. Admy. Rep. 143. where wages were refused by Sir W. Scott to an English mariner, captured in the ship and taken out and carried to France, the ship being afterwards retaken and carried to the port of her destination, which case has been questioned in Beale *v.* Thompson, 4 East Rep. 560. The principal cases are supported by that of Brooks *v.* Dorr, p. 39 of Tyng's Reports of cases in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts (1806.)

Bordwin and *al. v.* brig Elizabeth, p. 128, an American vessel, sent in for adjudication, her seamen the libel-

lants, forcibly taken on board the capturing vessel and carried into a distant port of the captor, and there liberated, but neglected to join their ship, which was acquitted, proceeded on her voyage and earned her freight. Wages were decreed to the time the seamen were liberated and might have rejoined their ship, *but no more.* On similar principles, in the case of Williams *v.* brig Hope, p. 138, *wages for the voyage* were refused to a sick mariner who recovered, but refused to rejoin his ship. Watson *v.* brig Rose, p. 132, libellant, a citizen of the United States, was impressed from an American ship by a British cruizer. He claimed wages for the voyage, but they were refused. "He must rely on the protection due to him by his Government for the redress he is entitled to. The unlawful impressment is an injury done to him specially and individually, and has no ingredients common to all the crew."

In Walton and *al.* v. ship Neptune, p. 142, wages for the voyage were decreed to the administrator of a deceased mariner who died through accidental illness, while in the service of the ship. The law, as laid down in this case, is confirmed by the decision of the Circuit Court in the case of Sims *v.* Jackson's Admx. p. 157, in the notes.

In Whitton and *al.* v. master of the brig Commerce, p. 160, held that forfeiture for desertion was *waived* by the master's having afterwards voluntarily received them on board again. So in King *v.* Castlechurch, 1 Burr, Set. Cases 70. Lord Hardwicke said, "where a servant returns, and the master receives him, it is always esteemed a dispensation of the master and helps the discontinuance and works in the nature of a remitter." Same doctrine in King *v.* Eaton in the same book p. 48.

(To be continued.)

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith

(Continued from Page 184.)

"Eternal Providence exceeding thought,"
Where none appears, can make herself a way.

"Never despair" was the motto which the religious and benevolent Jonas Hanway caused to be engraven on his seal; he having, in numerous instances of his life, experienced the most signal and uncommon interferences of Providence.

The existence of what is called a special or particular Providence has been attempted to be denied, on the ground of its being contrary to the impartial character and universal love of the Deity; but whoever carefully examines the subject will find it congenial with, and growing out of those principles of the Creator's goodness; since the great business of Providence is the preserving, regulating, and restoring the harmonies of nature, reason, and religion, whenever they become disturbed, or shaken by the effects of moral or physical evil; and therefore it acts at times in a more peculiar and especial manner, as circumstances may require, making the most trifling incidents subservient to its designs, keeping the balance by which all things are weighed from the mortal eye, and giving men prosperity or adversity, success or disappointment, as may best conduce, individually, to their future good in this life, and the ultimate happiness of all.

Whoever contemplates the vast scale of the universe, its beautiful symmetry and perfection, and the great movements of nature in the order of things, must admit the existence of a Deity; and whoever believes that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without divine permission, only spreads wider the glory of the Creator, and, by a just and natural analogy, unites in the same grand scheme a universal and a particular Providence.

The Sacred Volume beautifully unfolds the mysteries of a particular Providence in the lives of Joseph, David, and many others; and numerous proofs of its existence are to be found in every page of biographical history; while the best and greatest men of every country have owned its influence in their affairs producing success and prosperity, from circumstances apparently full of disappointment and misfortune, causing them to bend with gratitude to the Great Disposer of Events, and

to acknowledge that no human prudence could have governed and directed, as the hand of Providence had governed and directed for them; and which ought to teach us the delightful truths, that there is no evil which may not be removed; no danger, however imminent, from which we may not be preserved; and no difficulty, however great, which may not be overcome. And yet, such is the perverse disposition of man, that he frequently refuses to entertain so rational and desirable an opinion. Ignorantly proud, he falsely imagines that he owes his deliverance from danger to his own management, or what is commonly called good luck: though there are innumerable instances every day, too strongly marked with divine interpositions to be set down either to skill or chance. One would think that a doctrine so flattering to human nature as divine aid, would find an easy access to the mind of so weak and imperfect a being as man. The ancients felt the impression, and the savage embraces the idea with ecstasy; it is lost only in a busy world, where every thing is familiarized by custom, and where the sun is viewed only as bringing day. Here a few selfish and contracted ideas constitute the mind of man, who becomes a species of clock-work, a machine, or automaton of the particular occupation which he fills. Business and money form his providence; he cannot conceive that the race may not be to the swift nor the battle to the strong: and yet one would think that a belief in divine assistance would aid and animate the pursuits of every honest man; and that prudence, joined with religion, would be worth more than prudence without it: the resources of the one may fail, but the resources of the other are plenteous and eternal. Happy is the man who does his best in the situation in which he is placed, and trusts to Providence for the rest.

A striking example of the insufficiency of prudence and moral conduct in life may be produced in the character of Eusonius, who had obtained a fortune by his industry, and enjoyed domestick happiness with his family. Eusonius had a favourite daughter. His fortune he placed to the account of his good management; and the health of his child, and the accomplishments she possessed, to the regimen he had established for her, and the education he had bestowed: Providence was not acknowledged through the course of such happy events. But in the midst of prosperity and joy, the daughter of Eusonius suddenly sickened and died. "Ah!" cried the disconsolate father, "although I have never acknowledged the power of the Almighty to bless and preserve his creatures, I am compelled to acknowledge his power to destroy."

But though every man, even in the common occurrences of life, may easily trace the hand of a Divine Providence, yet none are so capable of judging of its wonders and effects as he who has seen it displayed in the hour of imminent danger or distress, and who has, perhaps, been himself the object of preservation, when no visible relief was at hand, and when every hope was gone by. *But Providence can find herself a way.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

Dr. CHAPMAN, of this city, who, greatly to the satisfaction of the admirers of Genius, and the cultivators of Eloquence, sometime since proposed editing many of the most brilliant Speeches of distinguished oratours, has ably fulfilled a very interesting portion of his task. Rejecting, for reasons sufficiently valid, the regular order of publication, he has just published the third and fourth volumes of the proposed series. His motives are thus explained in the Preface, and it is presumed his argument will satisfy every subscriber.

PREFACE

To the Third and Fourth Volume.

Yielding to the eager and importunate curiosity of his subscribers, the editor is indu-

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ced to depart from the regular order of publication, and to commence with these intermediate volumes of the series, as being that section of the work which he thinks may most advantageously be put to press.

He consents the more cheerfully to this arrangement, because, it holds out the prospect of enabling him to introduce into the initial volumes, the proper place of their insertion, several Speeches of a remoter date, of great value, which he had not at first procured, but which, according to expectation, the diligence of his research has since put into his possession. Nor does he conceive that any serious objection can be raised against the innovation, when applied, as in the present instance, to a miscellany, in which there is no coherence or dependence of its parts. Moreover, if additional apology be required, the editor can plead the sanction of precedent for the license he has assumed. However novel this mode of publication may appear on this side of the Atlantick, it is frequently adopted by British booksellers and authours, and publick criticism has more than once applauded the utility of the practice. Mr. HUME printed his History of England exactly in this manner, and many other instances of equal weight might be cited, if necessary, to the editor's justification.

The subsequent volumes of the work shall appear with "all convenient despatch." The first and second of which, will contain some speeches of the "olden time;" *many* of *Lord Chatham's*, and of his brilliant cotemporaries, and further specimens of *Irish eloquence*. The fifth, and final volume, it is meant to devote, exclusively, to Speeches Forensick and Parliamentary, of our own country. Thus will the work present a more complete view of modern eloquence than hitherto has been exhibited.

In vindication of the brevity, with which some of the *prefatory notices* are written, it may be observed that they comprise whatever is necessary to the explanation of the case, in which the speech was delivered; and that they could not well have been extended, even if it were demanded, without narrowing those topicks which are reserved for the general introduction of the work.

In the collation of the speeches, contained in these volumes, the editor, rejecting vague reports, and newspaper authority, has been particularly solicitous to select such orations and pleadings, as have undergone the revision, or been published under the actual superintendence of the authour. He has been sedulous to follow with fidelity the text, nor ever presumed foolishly, if not flagitiously, to interpolate the copy; a practice, which of late, has become a sort of fashion in America, to the confusion of authours, and to the prejudice of learning.

The editor, in preparing this compilation for the press, felt none of the incitements of literary ambition, nor does he now arrogate any of the pretensions of authorship. The motives which led him to undertake it were of a very different kind. He contemplated it as an enterprise, certainly of a useful, splendid, and honourable nature, peculiarly calculated to recreate his leisure, and to deceive the burthens of an anxious and arduous profession.

Having thus incidentally alluded to his walk in life, he hopes that neither his medical brethren, nor the publick at large, will deem him a *reprehensible* wanderer, though, in the *intervals* of professional duty, he has excursed to the Bar or the Senate to make no inaccurate report of the dexterity of wit, and the dictates of wisdom, the sagacity of statesmen, and the eloquence of oratours.

By the mythology of the ancients, which has often a fine, though not always an obvious moral, we are instructed that the study and practice of physick was most conspicuously connected with the love of the liberal arts, and of polite literature.

In a mood of no censurable enthusiasm, may the editor exclaim, as to an Apollo, the tutelary god, not only of the disciples of Esculapius, but of the votaries of the muses,

Phœbe, fave, novus ingreditur tua templa sacerdos.

We should be unfaithful to friendship, merit, and elegant literature, if we withheld our hearty approbation both of the plan and the execution of these valuable volumes. The Doctor's selections are made with taste and judgment; and may be very profitably perused by the student, the lawyer, and the statesman. Indeed, among this leading description of our men of talents, we understand that the editor has found some of the warmest friends to his work. Their zeal is not misplaced. The orations which he has preserved in his collection will richly requite the attention of the reader. In the front of these volumes Mr. BURKE appears in his best array. Mirabeau's speech in support of the *absolute veto* of Louis XVI, next appears. Mr. Erskine's speech on the trial of Stockdale, Curran's on the trial of Rowan, Mr. Pitt's on revenue and expenditure, Burke's previous to the Bristol election, together with his speech on declining the poll, Curran's against the Marquis of Headfort, Fox's on the Westminster election, Mira-

beau's on the right of making war and peace, Pitt's in defence of certain grants of money to the Allies without the authority of Parliament, and Curran's on the trial of Finerty for a libel, form the highly interesting contents of Volume III.

Volume IV commences with Lord Mornington's speech delivered on the 21st of January, 1794, in the House of Commons, on a motion for an address to his Majesty at the commencement of the session of Parliament. This admirable, argumentative, rhetorical, and historical harangue, which we believe has never before appeared in America, furnishes the statesman and the moralist with such a perfect portrait of the loathsome demon of the French Revolution, such a full length, and such a horrible, but just resemblance of the malevolent genius of Jacobinism, that, if this book contained no other specimen of mental power eloquently and virtuously employed, the speech in question would be equivalent to the whole price of the work. It is not the frothy declamation of a juvenile Peer, too solicitous for splendid expression to be careful of propriety of thought. But it is a legitimate record, and a conclusive argument. It is an accurate history of a conspiracy of bandits to exterminate from the face of the earth all honour, humanity, justice, and religion. It is an exact description of French fraternity, of that union of "the utmost savageness and ferocity of design with consummate contrivance and skill in execution." Such a speech adds to the blandishments of Rhetorick the potency of Truth and the dignity of History. Like the patron of Horace, it is *et præsidium et decus*, at once pleasing and powerful. We read an instructive lesson whose diction is elegance, and whose conclusion is wisdom and morality.

We are next presented with Mr. Curran's speech on the right of election of Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin. Mr. Fox's speech on Whitbread's resolutions respecting the Russian armament. A nervous and impassioned speech of Lord Clare. Two speeches by Pitt and Fox follow, and the volume is closed with Mr. Erskine's pleadings in the case of T. Paine, an obscure staymaker, once infamously distinguished for the folly of his politicks, and the vulgarity of his deism, but now forgotten and neglected even by those zealots who once advanced him to his "*bad eminence.*"

On the whole, this compilation will redound to the honour of the editor and the advantage of its readers. We have perused these speeches with singular satisfaction; and as we wandered through all the mazes of eloquence with such guides as BURKE and CURRAN, we could not help remembering the couplet of Lucretius:

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur AUREA DICTA.

For The Port Folio

ON THE OLYMPICK GAMES, &c.

From an Original Work, entitled "Memoirs of Anacreon, translated from the Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq.

(*Continued from page* 182.)

I am now old, but the blood in my veins yet throbs with the melancholy pleasures of retrospection when I think on the days I have described. Although many Olympiads have scattered their snows over my forehead, my mind yet springs with all the elasticity of youth as my feeble tongue recounts the times that are past, and Memory, faithful to her trust, presents the picture of the ardour and enthusiasm of youth in the vivid colours of reality.

It was not a parcel of obscure men who had assembled to contend for a few paltry leaves, or to satisfy a little vanity by displaying the pageantry of wealth, but it was a collection of the greatest men in the Greek States.*

* The Romans, who regarded the refinements of their neighbours with a jealous eye, saw nothing but a spirit of commerce in all the religious festivals of Greece. These games in particular were termed THE COMMERCE OF OLYMPIA. *Olympiorum initium autorem habuit Iphitum Elium. Is eos ludos, mercatumque instituit.* Paterc. lib. I.

Some were dignified by a long line of illustrious ancestry, and others were enobled by their own merit. There, young men, actuated by that noble spirit which a general emulation excited, resorted, with high aspiring hopes, to earn the sweet rewards that glory gives. Each competitor that presented himself felt conscious of the purity of his life, for he had to undergo the scrutiny of collected Greece. When the Athletæ or other competitions came forward at the proclamation, the herald announced their names and the states which they represented. Those who had distinguished themselves by renowned deeds or signal services to their country were welcomed by loud shouts from the people. After the herald had concluded this ceremony, the lists were opened, and other officers proclaimed in a solemn manner:

"GRECIANS! *these are the men who are about to contend for the palm of fame. If there be any among you who can reproach one of them with a crime, or know of his having been in bondage, come forward and declare it, that he may not sully the honour of the games.*"

He who had the temerity to challenge such a test was sure to have his guilt detected and his effrontery severely punished.

The Hippodromus, where the horse and chariot races were held, exhibited the most brilliant spectacle. Monarchs have not disdained to train their generous steeds to contend in this part of the ceremony—and republicks have appropriated large sums for the same purpose. Here they strive to surpass each other not only in the fleetness of their horses, but in the splendour of their trappings and the generosity of their rivalship.

But the amusement is not confined to those who are engaged in corporeal exercises. The games attract all who are ambitious of displaying whatever talents they may possess. You may find the invention of the poet, the subtlety of the metaphysician, the colouring of the painter, and the melody of the lyrist. In one corner, we met a knot of sophists, who were perplexing their audience with premises and conclusions, and, in another, a mathematician was describing figures on the sand. I was particularly entertained by a young poet, named Lycon, who, mounted on a rostrum, composed verses with admirable facility upon every subject that was proposed to him. Rhapsodists were seen wandering in all directions repeating passages from the most eminent authours. He who appeared to be the most popular, was reciting detached parts of Homer, with all that zeal of admiration, which only such poets were born to inspire. Another, jealous of the attention which was paid to his selections, thus interrupted him:

"Who is this Homer, this strolling bard, whom you are eulogizing with all the extravagance of panegyrick? It had been well if the tyrant of Athens had relieved the wants of the living poets who surround him, instead of lavishing his treasures upon the useless rhapsodies of an obscure beggar. Has he displayed that judgment which is so essential in a poet, in his Iliad? His characters are not heroes endued with the power of volition; they are mere subordinate agents, who never act but by superiour influence. Look at his famous chieftain, Achilles: where does he perform a deed of bravery without the intervention of some deity? Who inspired

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There can be little doubt but that among such a concourse of people many attended solely for the purposes of traffick, to which the Grecians were generally addicted. The immunities offered by the general armistice σπονδαι 'Ολυμπικαι, which was sacredly observed at such periods, enabled the traders to transport their merchandize towards Olympia, with perfect safety. The advantages resulting from this periodical influx of men and wealth could not have escaped the discernment of such a monarch as Iphitus, who advanced the prosperity of Elis as much by the arts of peace, as the glory of Sparta was promoted by the horrours of war, under the rule of his rival and friend Lycurgus. The Elians, however, became too knowing in the petty tricks of trade, and they were as regardless of the faith of obligations as a modern Gaul. For their notorious knavery they were wholly excluded from participating in the Isthmian Games.

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his great rival for glory with the boldness which he displays in his combats with the various Greek leaders but Jupiter? And when the poet is so profane as to represent the king of gods as withdrawing his protection from the Trojans, where is the mighty courage of Hector? He becomes a coward, and flies is disgrace to hide his diminished head. In another instance when Glaucus encountered Diomed, although they are in the heat of battle, when every nerve is strung, and the eye looks only to the banners of victory or the trophies of an honourable death, Diomed is dismayed by the majestick mien of his antagonist, and he endeavours to save himself by declaring that he will not fight with an immortal. We are then carried from the field of battle, and instead of contemplating the deeds of heroes we are amused with a nursery tale of the life and parentage of Glaucus—and all this is to prove that he is a mortal and provoke his enemy to combat."

"This same Diomed in a council of chieftains, when Agamemnon desired them to deliberate on some new and more effectual means of carrying on the war, enters into a long account of his genealogy and obliges his companions by a particular description of each of his ancestors. He then gravely concludes by advising the Generalissimo to exhort the soldiers to courage and perseverance!"

"He evinces a very vitiated taste by many of the similes which he introduces. Thus, he compares Ulysses to a piece of beef broiled on the coals, and Ajax to an ass. Such comparisons neither illustrate nor dignify; on the contrary they obscure the sense, and make the objects ridiculous."

"He has introduced gods enraged with anger and inflamed with lust; and even produced before our eyes, their wars, their wrangling, their duels, and their wounds. He has exposed, besides, their antipathies, animosities and dissensions; their origin and death; their complaints and lamentations; their appetites indulged in all manner of excess, their adulteries, their fetters, their amorous commerce with the human species; and from immortal parents derived mortal offspring."†

"Can you claim the wreath of fame for a poet who thus sullies the dignity of epick poetry by making the gods more abandoned, more profligate, weak, and unsteady than men? who summons them from their ethereal seats in every trifling emergency? who converts his heroes into cowards and garrulous old women, and makes his wise men fools?"

"I see" answered the rhapsodist "that you are one of those unsuccessful poets who are envious of the opening buds of Homer's laurel—you are thrown in the shade by the lustre of those rays which now begin to shine around his tomb, and you would strive to dim their splendour. But the bright beam of his glory is coming on, and I need not the gift of prophecy to predict, that in many ages after us, his fame, which but now appears like a meteor twinkling in the horizon to relieve the obscurity of the night, will shine resplendent as a star of the first magnitude."

"You say he wants judgment to conduct an epick poem. Does he not display his wisdom in ascribing every thing to the source from which it is derived? are not our passions and propensities instilled into our bosoms by the all-pervading influence of the gods? and was it not the duty of the poet to inculcate that reverence for them, which we ought to feel? but whatever he wants in judgment, and perhaps his discretion sometimes slumbers, is amply supplied by his intuitive and luxuriant genius. His eye excursive rolls over the boundless expanse of the Heavens, or descends to describe the transactions of the sublunary world. Yet he disgusts us not with the mean and the familiar: like a skilful provider he

† This last passage is from Cicero's first book, DE NATURA DEORUM. Plato expelled Homer from his imaginary Republick on account of the vitiousness of his Theology.

selects the choicest viands and he lavishes them with no unsparing hand.

"Every art must have a commencement, and every inception must, in some degree, be imperfect. The age of Homer was rude and its taste as well as its manners, was uncultivated. By comparing the period at which he wrote, with the present time, we shall find that we have made a rapid progress in improvement; and yet I doubt whether we can exhibit so wonderful a genius. None of our poets have caught so fervid a flame to illumine their conceptions as that which he respired. And even with this model before our eyes no one evinces such maturity of judgment, and such excellence of execution.

"‡ Homer seems, as in a concert of musick, to have sung all the different parts which can possibly be introduced into poetry, and to have surpassed all his cotemporary poets in the very art in which each of them excelled. He is more noble and lofty in his language than Orpheus; his verse is sweeter than the melody of Hesiod, and in other respects he has excelled the rest. The subject he treats is the Trojan story, into which Fortune had collected and, as it were, displayed all the virtues both of the Greeks and the barbarous nations. There he has represented wars of all kinds; sometimes of men against men, and sometimes opposed to horses: sometimes against walls and rivers, and sometimes even against gods and goddesses. He has likewise represented Peace in all her attractions; and Discord with all her horrours: he has described dances and songs, and loves and feasts; he has taught what belongs to agriculture, and has marked the seasons that are fit for rural toils: he has sung of navigation, and of the art of working metals by fire, and has painted the different figures and manners of men, he has given the soundest lessons in government, and has inculcated the purest principles of morality. All this I think Homer has done in a wonderful and almost supernatural manner; and those who are not in love with him are not in their senses."

(*To be continued.*)

‡ This passage is from Philostra. Heroicks Lib. ii.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The description of the Olympick Games our classical readers will peruse with pleasure.

In a former volume of The Port Folio, we published a copious extract from The Memoirs of Anacreon, a work designed after a classical model, planned ingeniously, and executed faithfully, with the approbation of one who is most interested in the reputation of the work. Independently of the great names of the Abbe Barthelemy and the Earl of Hardwick, the successful example of Florian, certainly one of the politest of the modern French scholars, is fully sufficient to justify our American adventurer in this curious walk of composition, where Truth and Fable are found side by side. Perhaps the Numa Pompilius of the Gallick Goldsmith is a personage more interesting than even in the Roman page. May we not hope that the memoirs of the merriest of the ancients, enlarged by the industry and embellished by the talents of C. S. Esq. will be read with interest and pleasure by those who feel a laudable pride in the encouragement of indigenous genius. As a favourable specimen of the performance we are recommending, we are copying the authour's description of those Games instituted by a polished people, where the wisest displayed their sagacity and the swiftest tasked their alertness, where strength exerted all his muscle, and art displayed all her enchantment.

In the Review of Judge PETERS's Admiralty Decisions, see Port Folio, page 172, an *omission* occurs fatal to the sense, which the reader is desired to rectify—For "Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when the scales are so equally balanced," &c. read, "Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when, IN MANY CASES, the scales are so equally balanced," &c. Such an injurious omission as the above the editor thinks it his duty to correct very cheerfully. though he is not in the habit of exhibiting *errata*, or of making apologies.

To expect *immaculate* sheets from an American Press is, to use the homely proverb of Sancho, "looking for *pears* from an *elm*." In a *new* country, few are found capable of the accurate revision of a proof, especially where any other language than the vernacular is employed; and if, by a sort of miracle, a man of learning should appear, who to the hundred eyes of Argus and the piercing eyes of a lynx added the patience of Job, the perseverance of a Jones, and the diligence of a Dutchman, still that *stinginess* which Franklin recommended, who was himself a sort of journeyman printer, would

deny him the recompense of his care. As the deficiency of literature and the niggardly system alluded to grow out of the character of the country, and are not chargeable upon the individual, any correspondent, who complains of an editor for mangling his manuscript, finds fault, not with him, but America herself.

An unfortunate, though very ingenious writer, who some time since favoured us with remarks which occurred to him in a pedestrian tour through part of the principality of Wales, warmly expostulates with us for representing the *stag* as one of the inhabitants of the cottages of that country. It seems that the *hog* was the animal intended, both to give our readers a lively idea of the taste of the *common people*, who naturally choose a swine for their companion, and because, unluckily for our reputation in Natural History, there is no such creature as a stag to be seen in North Wales, either *for love or money*, as my chambermaid happily expresses it.

A young gentleman, who recently favoured us with an occasional essay, with the signature of SALADIN, puzzled us, and astonished the town, by an allusion to the mountains of *Heloctia*. Not having the honour of the slightest acquaintance with their *Eminences*, we tasked our humble powers of remembrance to assist in exploring our way to these same unheard of hills. We were ashamed to consult an historical dictionary, as being altogether a vulgar expedient, and sometimes conjectured that these mountains might be found in China, or in Asia Minor at least. A few days after these stupendous mountains had reared their proud heads in The Port Folio, as we were pensively sitting in company with coffee and Carr's Stranger in *Ireland*, who should enter the room but Saladin himself. His namesake, of tremendous memorial, could not look more grim than our correspondent when he demanded what the devil we meant by the mountains of *Heloctia?* Sir, says the enraged authour, I swear by the Lake of Lausanne and the Castle of Chillon, and the tomb of Eloisa, that you have disfigured one of the finest countries in Europe. You ought to ask pardon of all Switzerland for thus shamefully abusing the mountains of *Helvetia*.

But in justice to our dear country, for errours of the Press, America has not an exclusive privilege. Oscitancy sometimes affects the London Printers, and, as Caleb Whitefoord has merrily demonstrated, blunders in printing are not confined to the Press of George Faulkner. For Dove read *Vulture*, and for Jackall read *Giantess*, is a salutary caution by which a newspaper reader will profit abundantly. Nay, our learned brother, the sometime editor of The Morning Chronicle, whose Jacobinism and whose Genius were equally amazing, thus writes with all the gravity of an historian:

"*Ostriches* are so *common* and so *strong* in Egypt, that the *Arabs* ride upon them." Upon which precious article of information the Anti-Jacobin wits thus delightfully comment:

"Here are several *errours of the Press* in this paragraph. These our well known respect for the *Geographical* and *Historical* accuracy of *The Morning Chronicle* incline us to attempt to rectify: for *Ostriches*, therefore, read *Crocodiles*, a word very easy to be mistaken for it *at the Press;* and for *Arabs* read *Egyptians*. The remark that Ostriches are so *strong* in Egypt is well put in, they being *so weak* everywhere else!!"

MERRIMENT.

One day, just as a French officer had arrived at Vienna, the empress knowing that he had seen a certain princess, much celebrated for her beauty, asked him if it was really true that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. "I thought so yesterday," he replied.

A beggar once asked charity of a man whose circumstances were far from easy. "Alas! my friend," he replied, if you had not prevented me, I was going to make the same request of you."

A ruined debtor, having done his utmost to satisfy his creditors, said to them, "Gentlemen, I have been extremely perplexed till now how to satisfy you; but having done my utmost endeavour, I shall leave you to satisfy yourselves."

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, October* 3, 1807. [No. 14.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

Some years since, a periodical work, abounding in easy poetry, and gay mirth, appeared in London, with the dazzling, though not deluding title of "*The Meteors.*" Its eccentrick manner and sparkling wit justified the appellation. Certain of our correspondents who are unwilling to enlist for a long term in the service of Literature, are disposed, however, to try their fortune in a few skirmishes, as in the commencement of the American revolutionary war it was the custom for our gallant militia to stipulate their services for *three* and *six* months only, to the infinite benefit of the country and the great comfort of Gen. Washington. Seriously, as according to some computations there are but six Planets, according to others seven, and certainly not more than ten, even if Herschel and the French astronomers are believed, our correspondents have styled their speculations "The Planets," more for the sake of brevity than any thing else. As our literary wanderers rove from one to the other, they will, with such quick eyes as we know them to possess, see something new and strange. The Moon, madness out of the question, will throw a mild and pleasing radiance over their speculations. From Venus we may certainly expect love, and wit and eloquence from Mercury. As for this vile globule, the Earth, Saturn the leaden, and Jupiter the frosty, I swear, by the three goose quills, that constitute the whole of my *real* property, that, were I in the place of my correspondents, I would not say a word which had not the sting of an epigram. But for Mars, that gallant captain with the smart cockade, pray gentlemen, follow the drum with a row dow dow; and, at this *warlike* season, when the *boys* in our streets can scarcely forbear *marching* to London, and, with both hands tied behind them, engaging in single combat the British Lion himself, say the finest things imaginable in praise of war. So shall we, at length, be blessed with the smiles of the populace, the grin of Gallatin, and even the patronage of the President himself. By publishing fine things of Mars and his myrmidons, who knows but that we may supersede Barker in the command of the militia, and Commodore Barron, *without* his gunboat.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. I.

I'll ride upon the dogstar,
And then pursue the morning;
I'll chase the Moon, till it be noon,
And make her quit her horning.

SINCE the expulsion of our first parents from the garden of Eden, travelling has been common in all ages and countries, and among all classes of mankind. Originating in a curse, it has become a blessing. To point out all the advantages derived from this source would be a vain attempt. A community of soil and climate is among them. The fruits of the earth, no longer procured by the sweat of the brow, are presented to the traveller in all their luxurious variety. The teeming cluster melts within his grasp, and friends as distant as the Poles partake its nectar; richly it sparkles in their goblets; and sheds around the mind the genial influence

of softer climes. Nature displays herself only to the traveller. The inmost recesses of her temple are open to his view. The placid lake overshadowed by the grove, at noon invites his weary limbs to lave. The gelid fount arising from the hill with chrystal surface, tempts his parching lips. The varied landscape greets his eager eye. Potosi's richest mines are laid before him. Golconda's gems sparkle beneath his tread. Arabian spices scent the gale he breathes.

* * * *

Such were my reflections, when I found myself insulated from the world; without one friend to whom my existence was important. My patrimony had placed me in a situation to gratify my wishes, and the indulgence of them was my only care.

In infancy my travels commenced. My schools were earth, and ocean; admiration the first lesson I learned. But the mind cannot long wonder inactively; it is unhappy when dissatisfied with itself, and the desire of knowledge, is a principle, as deeply seated as the desire of happiness.* Actuated by it I traversed various countries and eagerly inquired into their productions, and peculiarities. The frozen Lena† did not chill my ardour; borne on her icy bosom I have breathed the gale which the same hour howled around the Pole. Siberian deserts, robbed of their horrours, taught me that novelty can always please. Hence to the realms where fiery sunbeams scorch the vale, I traced my eager way. But Africk's sands of gold could not impede my steps. The busy East upon whose mart a thousand nations meet, to bear her products round the globe, I next approached. Bramins, and Faquhirs upon Ganges' bank, have warned me that my life was short; but Jos, and Juggernaut‡ have not destroyed me, and HE who counts my days has kept me for scenes of greater wonder.

Although absent from my native country many years, they now appear as the short dreams of Summer. Since my return I have found, that if nations differ, individuals do also: that if the Tropicks differ from the Poles, man as widely differs from his neighbour. The tour of a city, and the tour of the world, alike convey this truth to the mind. I resolved therefore to contemplate the characters of men, and here novelty met me at every step. I found a man who called himself my friend, and whom I supposed ready to lay down his life to serve me: a single word uttered in anger, made him my most inveterate foe. Those with whom I mixed appeared all to have some grand object in view, which was to insure them happiness. That attained, another assumed the ascendency, and verified the remark of the poet, "man never is, but always to be blest." The pursuits of Ambition, Love, and Wealth, occupy the time of youth, manhood, and old age. But how variously do they operate! Ambition has led Napoleon to the conquest of nations, the subversion of kingdoms, and the pinnacle of glory. It has led millions to the grave. Love has impelled its votaries, to every variety of wretchedness and wo; and to vicissitudes of unbounded rapture. The pursuit of Wealth has done more than Love or Ambition. It has humanized mankind, and taught that chains of gold are firmer than any bonds of affection. It has saved millions and destroyed millions. What has it not done?§ Whilst so many are engaged in the pursuits of Wealth, Love, and Ambition, I am occupied in pursuit of Novelty. This has always been the motive of my actions. This has led

* My friend differs with the "wise man" who asserted that "whoso increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." He has however the sanction of another wise man for his opinion: "*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*"—A.

† This river rises in Siberia in Asiatick Russia, and running northward from lat. 55° to 72°, empties into the Frozen Ocean. The Russians hope to find it communicating with China.

‡ The names of Pagan gods.

§ Sacra auri fames, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?"

me through dangers which might appal a fainter heart. Thunders have rolled over my head in vain. In vain the impetuous billows have dashed my bark upon the rocks. The hungry tenants of the wood have howled around my couch, and adders lurked beneath the grass I trod. Not these dangers have curbed my roving spirit; home has no delights for me, or rather I have no home to delight me. The world is my abode, and even this has become insipid. Eagerly, anxiously have I wished to be transported to other planets. Surely, I have thought, other worlds there are, where beings different from man reside. Fancy's wings are unable to waft me to them. In vain Montgolfier mounted his ærial car. Pialtre was dashed from the Heavens into atoms.* Less vain, however have proved my own attempts. My resolution formed, no obstacles appeared insurmountable; nor were they: but let me never disclose what to mortal eyes must be veiled in mystery! My prayers have been heard! I am on the wing.

Adieu.

For The Port Folio.

ON THE OLYMPICK GAMES, &c.

From an Original Work, entitled "Memoirs of Anacreon, translated from the Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq.

(*Continued from page* 207.)

The lively animation with which the last speaker defended the character of Homer, produced in my mind a train of reflections upon his life and profession.

To poverty we are not less indebted for the songs of olden time, than for many of those of a modern date. The sad historian of the plains of Troy could find no liberal heart and loosened purse to cheer his grief and administer to his wants. This compelled him to resort to the profession of an Αοιδος (or strolling bard), a character well known in those days. It was the policy of the Egyptian law to interdict all Musick as tending to enervate the mind, and Poetry, her sister art, was so shackled by the proscription of authority as to droop her head. But in Greece, where the very spirit of the government expands the mind, and the mildness of the climate invigorates the fancy, they have ever been cherished with the fondest care. This passion for poetry gave rise to the profession of Homer. In those day-dreams which imagination sometimes inspires, I have contemplated the Αοιδος, strolling from city to city, free from care, unrestrained by the discipline of the law, and uncontrolled by the power of magistracy; eliciting tears from the tender, and commanding the homage of the powerful—such a man have I wished to be.

We are told by Hecatæus, who lived not long after Homer, that an Αοιδος must know Πολλα θελχτηρια, *many soothing* tales, to win the ear: his subjects must be εργα Ανδρωντε θεωντε, *the deeds of Gods and men*, for theirs it is

Θεοισι τε και ανδρων φοιτι αοιδη

To mortals and immortals both to sing.

That Homer was of this profession all historical testimony concurs in avouching: but it is more particularly declared in his own hymn to Latona and her offspring, Apollo and Diana, whose feast was held at Delos, and was attended by a vast concourse of people from Ionia and the adjacent isles.

"*Hail, ye Heavenly Powers,*" exclaims the poet, "*whose praises I delight to sing: let my name be remembered in the ages that are rolling on: and when the weary traveller reclines in our porticos and inquires* who is the sweetest among the singers of the flowing verse, who strikes the harp most melodiously at your banquets, and whose songs steal most pleasantly on your delighted*

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* Pilâtre du Rozier, the celebrated and intrepid philosopher. He was sailing in a balloon filled with inflammable air, a thunder storm arose, a flash of lightning struck the balloon: it exploded, and the unfortunate youth was dashed to the earth. A.

* —Τις δ' υμμιν ανηρ ηδιστος Αοιδων
Ενθαδε φοιτατι; ϗ τιν τερπνοτατη μαλιστ

ears. Then do ye, Powers who inspired me, make answer—it is the blind man who dwells in Chios; his songs are sweeter than all that can be sung."†

When the bard entered a house he was greeted with welcome words by the host. In the words of Homer himself, he gladly received *the bard diving to cheer him with a song.* His wearied limbs were placed upon a couch, where his thirst was allayed and food was liberally provided. Next he bathed, and after he had drank some Μη λιδεα ' ινον (*heart-cheering wine*), he was called upon to contribute his mite towards the general entertainment. Then the bard pours a libation to Jupiter Hospitalis, and sings to his generous entertainer:

I know thou lov'st a brimming measure
And art a kindly cordial host;
But let me drink and fill at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the liquor most.‡

Then he attunes his harp, his voice is raised, and they feel that benignant influence which is powerful to banish grief, to assuage our angry passions, and to cast a pleasing oblivion over all those causes of discontent and distress, which strew the rugged path of life with thorns. After suffering the wants of hunger, having been pressed down by fatigue, while he vainly strove to shelter his body from the blast, how joyful is it to experience a cordial reception and find a lavish banquet. The sensitive heart of the bard, alive to every impression, is warmed to the enthusiasm of genius. He opens his whole soul in strains of poetick inspiration. The boldest metaphors sparkle in his vivid verse, and figures dart through his lines with a splendour and rapidity which defy the feeble grasp of criticism.

* Certainly the most beautiful madness and amiable possession is, when the love of the Muses seizes upon a soft and sensible mind. It is then that it exalts the soul, throws the votary into ecstasies, and bursts out into hymns and songs and other strains of poesy, and at once celebrate the high achievements of ancient times, and instruct generations to come. This is so certain, that whoever he be that pretends to the favours of the Muse, without partaking of this madness, from an opinion, perhaps, that art alone is sufficient to make poetry, he may assure himself that he will fail in his character: his work will be lame; and while the productions of the inspired poetick train, are read and admired, his sober performance will sink into oblivion.

My reflections were interrupted by the loud laughter of a group of young men who were amusing themselves with griphical amusements,† or enigmatical questions so incongruous, that it seemed impossible for the liveliest ingenuity to reconcile their apparent contradictions. One of these wits asked, "What is that which is very large at its birth and also in old age, but very small when at maturity?" The various answers which he received increased the diversion, and the reiterated peals of laughter that followed each unsuccessful attempt almost prevented any one from proposing another solution. At length a happy thought relieved our curiosity. It was a *shadow*, which is large in the morning and evening, and diminutive at mid-day. Another said, "There are two sisters who continually beget each other." These parents, children, and sisters, we learnt were, *Day*

† Τυφλος ανηρ οικει δη χιω ενι παιπαλοεσσυ.
Τω παντες μετοπισθεν αριστευουσιν Αοιδαι.
Ομηρ' Υμνος εις Απολλωνα.

This hymn is ascribed to Homer on the authority of the authour of the very ingenious "Inquiry in the Life and Writings of Homer." Fourth Edition. Glasgow, 1761. I have found the original preserved in Thucydides, lib. iii, ch. 134.

‡ Maxwell's edition of Moore's Anacreon, page 280.

* This passage is from Plato in Phædro.

† Griph, from γριφος, which signifies a net. This *classical* and diverting pastime has continued to the present time. There is no doubt of its having been known among the ancients. Suid. in Γριφ. Schol. Aristoph. in Vesp. v. 20. Theodect. of Athen. lib. 10, 20, &c.

and *Nights*.‡ Those who offered solutions which they were unable to support were obliged to pay certain forfeits.

(*To be continued,*)

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

The present article is composed of extracts from the writings of Sir William Jones.

"The Persian style is said to be ridiculously bombastick, and this fault is imputed to the slavish spirit of the nation, which is ever apt to magnify the objects that are placed above it: there are bad writers, to be sure, in every country, and as many in Asia as elsewhere; but if we take the pains to learn the Persian language, we shall find that those authours who are generally esteemed in Persia, are neither slavish in their sentiments, nor ridiculous in their expressions: of which the following passage, in a moral work of Sadi, entitled Bostan, or The Garden, will be a sufficient proof:

"I have heard that King Nashervan, just before his death, spoke thus to Hormus:—"Be a guardian, my son, to the poor and helpless; and be not confined in the chains of thy own indolence. No one can be at ease in thy dominions, while thou seekest only thy private rest, and sayest, *it is enough*. A wise man will not approve the shepherd who sleeps while a wolf is in the fold. Go, my son, protect thy weak and indigent people; since through them is a King raised to the diadem. The people are the root, and the King is the tree that grows from it; and the tree, O my son, derives its strength from the root."

"Are these mean sentiments, delivered in a pompous language? Are they not rather worthy of our most spirited writers? And do they not convey a fine lesson for a young King? Yet Sadi's poems are highly esteemed at Constantinople, and at Ispahan; though a century or two ago, they would have been suppressed in Europe, for spreading with two strong a glare the light of liberty and reason."

The following is remarkably beautiful:

"O sweet gale, thou bearest the fragrant scent of my beloved; thence it is that thou hast this musky odour! Beware! Do not steal. What hast thou to do with her tresses? O rose! what art thou, to be compared to her bright face? She is fresh, and thou art rough with thorns. O Narcissus! What art thou in comparison of her languishing eye? Her eye is only sleepy, but thou art sick and faint. O pine! compared with her graceful stature, what honour hast thou in the garden? O Wisdom! what wouldst thou choose, if to choose were in thy power, in preference to her love? O sweet basil! what art thou, to be compared to her fresh cheeks? They are perfect musk; but thou art soon withered. Come, my beloved, and charm Hafez with thy presence, if thou canst but stay with him for a single day!"

The succeeding little song is not unlike a sonnet ascribed to Shakspeare, which deserves to be cited here as a proof that the Eastern imagery is not so different from the European as we are apt to imagine:

The forward violet thus did I chide,
"Sweet thief! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? Thy purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
Those flow'rs I noted, yet I none could see,
But scent or colour it had stolen from thee."

In another place, the same critick expatiates on the extent and dignity of Persian Poesy.

"The Heroick Poem of Ferdusi might be versified as easily as the Iliad; and I see no reason why the delivery of Persia by Cyrus should not be a subject as interesting to us as *the anger of Achilles* or *the wandering of Ulysses*. The Odes of Hafez, and

‡ These words are feminine in the Greek language.

of Mesihi, would suit our Lyrick measures as well as those ascribed to Anacreon; and the seven Arabick Elegies, that were hung up in the Temple of Mecca, and of which there are several fine copies at Oxford, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and the admirers of native genius."

"As to the great Epick Poem of Ferdusi, which was composed in the tenth century, it would require a very long treatise to explain all its beauties with a minute exactness. The whole collection of that poet's works is called Shalmana, and contains the history of Persia from the earliest times to the invasion of the Arabs, in a series of very noble poems; the longest and most regular of which is an Heroick Poem of one great and interesting action, namely, the Delivery of Persia by Cyrus from the Oppressions of Afrasiah, King of Transoxan Tartary, who, being assisted by the Emperours of India and China, together with all the demons, giants, and enchanters of Asia, had conquered very far, and become exceedingly formidable to the Persians. This poem is longer than the Iliad; the characters in it are various and striking; the figures bold and animated; and the diction every where sonorous, yet noble; polished, yet full of fire. A great profusion of learning has been thrown away by some criticks in comparing Homer with the Heroick poets who have succeeded him; but it requires very little judgment to see, that no succeeding poet whatever can with any propriety be compared with Homer: that great father of the Grecian poetry and of literature had a genius too fruitful and comprehensive to let any of the striking parts of nature escape his observation; and the poets who have followed him, have done little more than transcribe his images, and give a new dress to his thoughts. Whatever elegance and refinements, therefore, may have been introduced into the works of the moderns, the spirit and invention of Homer have ever continued without a rival: for which reasons I am far from pretending to assert that the poet of Persia is equal to that of Greece; but there is certainly a very great resemblance between the works of those extraordinary men: both drew their images from nature herself, without catching them only by reflection, and painting in the manner of the modern poets, *the likeness of a likeness;* and both possessed in an eminent degree, *that rich and creative invention, which is the very soul of poetry.*"

It is but justice to the authour to subjoin the following paragraph:

"I must request that, in bestowing these praises on the writings of Asia, I may not be thought to derogate from the merit of the Greek and Latin poems which have been justly admired in every age; yet I cannot but think that our European poetry has subsisted too long on the perpetual repetition of the same fables; and it has been my endeavour for several years to inculcate this truth, that, if the principal writings of the Asiaticks, which are reposited in our publick libraries, were printed with the usual advantages of notes and illustrations, and if the languages of the Eastern nations were studied in our great seminaries of learning, where every other branch of useful knowledge is taught to perfection, a new and ample field would be open for speculation; we should have a more extensive insight into the history of the human mind; we should be furnished with a new set of images and similitudes; and a number of excellent compositions would be brought to light, which future scholars might explain, and future poets imitate."

For The Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

Busts of PENN, WASHINGTON, and HAMILTON have lately been added to the collections in The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The first of the common marble of the country, and the two last of the marble of Carrara. The bust of Hamilton is an admira-

ble likeness of that great man and very honourable to the genius of the sculptor. The sectary wig, and the formal band of the benevolent quaker, and the full frizzed foretop of Gen. Washington have rather a ludicrous effect and we believe the adoption of such a costume is utterly repugnant to every correct principle both in painting and statuary. From this ridiculous errour the bust of Hamilton is perfectly free. It is a head *a l'antique*, and indeed has a strong resemblance in feature and expression to the bust of many an illustrious Roman.

Two small statues in marble of Flora, and of Marsyas punished by Apollo are exquisitely beautiful. The latter, in particular, merits the attentive study of the amateur and the artist. It would be an admirable and appropriate ornament for the reading room of some of our classical scholars. The fable on which the sculpture is founded is one of the most pleasing in ancient Mythology. A mountebank in musick, contending for the mastery with the god of the art, and justly punished for his absurd audacity, very correctly represents the triumph of Genius over the Democratick insolence of vulgar pretension.

Ellen—an Irish Tale.

By the late R. B. Davis Esq.

Slow roll'd the mist up *Denard's* height,
And sweetly beam'd the morning ray,
The friends of Kavan, with delight,
Saluted Ellen's nuptial day.

For Ellen was the loveliest maid
That 'mongst Hibernia's daughters smiled;
And wide her aire's domains were spread,
And Ellen was his only child.

And Donnel was the youth so blest,
To whom were destined Ellen's charms;
He hail'd, with palpitating breast,
The day that brought her to his arms.

His voice was sweet, his harp well strung;
And while still slumbering Ellen lay,
Thus in the notes of love he sung:
"Arise, my fair, and come away:

"The morn is clear: the lovely voice
"Of birds is heard on every spray;
"The vales, the hills, the fields rejoice:
"Arise, my fair, and come away.

"'Tis Donnel calls thee—come, my love,
"We'll meet with glee the charming day;
"We'll mount the hill—we'll trace the grove:
"Arise, my fair, and come away."

She rose—the trumpet's thrilling sound
The festival of love declared;
The voice of mirth was heard around,
And all the genial banquet shared.

There many a maiden heavenly bright,
Threw round the captivating glance,
And join'd with many a gallant knight
In the blithe song and varying dance.

Not so poor *Carrol*, son of grief!
Who raved, by fiercest passions torn;
Joyless he wander'd for relief;—
Joyless he view'd the brilliant morn.

For Ellen was his promised bride,
His only love in early youth,
Till *avarice*, and unfeeling pride
Had burst the sacred bands of truth.

Richer than Carrol's was the land
Of Donnel;—nobler was his sire;
Great was his heart, and strong his hand;
Yet Carrol's virtues mounted higher.

No form, with manly beauty graced,
To gen'rous Carrol's could compare:
His heart was soft, and honour traced
Its best, its warmest virtues there.

Yet, vain is honour, vain is grace,
Where gold and prejudice decide—
Reluctant, Carrol yields his place,
And sadly quits his promised bride.

Now high the notes of joy resound,
Gay is the feast in Kavan's hall;
The cup, the song, the laugh go round,
And sportive mirth embraces all.

The bards now touch their high toned strings;
Love is their theme—successful love;
When lo! a stranger minstrel sings;
His strains in other accents move.

With charms of plaintive sweetness flow
The finely modulated notes—
Each bosom feels a magick glow,
While softly round the musick floats.

Fair Ellen knew the impassion'd sound:
'Twas Carrol—well she knew the sign,
When (while the festive bowl went round)
His look said, "Ellen, thou art mine."

She felt—she thought on former days;
For Carrol still her heart possess'd;
Again she felt that passion blaze
Which long lay smother'd in her breast.

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And, while the guests, inspired with wine,
Gay spent the unnoticed midnight hour,

"My friend," she cried, "I still am thine;
"Oh, constant love! I own thy power."

She spoke, and unperceived withdrew;
Her faithful minstrel follow'd soon;
And ere the sun had kiss'd the dew
Carrol and Ellen both were one.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from Page* 202.)

The following remarkable fact, which happened about twenty-three years ago in North America, will display the power of Providence to preserve, even under circumstances the most desperate and forlorn, and possesses all the character of a miracle: it is the narrative of

THE BOAT-WRECK.

It was in the year 1783, in the inhospitable clime of Nova Scotia, that a party was sent one day from a frigate then lying in Halifax Harbour, to a small spot situated at its entrance, called Partridge Island, for the purpose of obtaining wood and water for the ship. It was the morning of Christmas Day; and though the cold was extremely severe, yet the sun illumined the icy shores with its enlivening rays.

Alcander was one of the party sent in the cutter on this piece of service; which having completed, they set off, with the longboat in tow. For a while they rowed cheerfully for the ship; but a quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, before the scud, the sure prognostick of a storm, was seen at a distance; the clouds began to gather; the gale blew from the bason above the harbour; and the sea began to run high; while the snow was swept in icy currents before the wind.

The crew continued, however, to row with unceasing perseverance; till at length, seeing the impossibility of reaching the ship with the long boat, they cut it adrift, and pulled away in the cutter with fresh spirits. But the gale had now increased considerably, and the tide had set against them. The whole day was spent in strenuous endeavours to gain the ship; till incessant labour began to be succeeded by the stupor of despair. The cutting cold had now benumbed every faculty; such of the crew as wore their long hair tied, found it frozen to their jackets; their eyelashes became incrusted with frost and snow; and their feet were without any sense of feeling. It was now that the accumulating waves came rolling on, till huge mountains of sea raised the boat on their fearful heights, and then, breaking at once, discharged it, as it were with scorn, into the valley of waters beneath. On each of these seas, Death appeared to ride in his triumphal chariot with the Dæmon of the Storm. Happily, the officer who was with Alcander, a veteran seaman, watched their approach with calmness, judgment and fortitude; and, when he beheld the tremendous sea rolling its foaming waves, dexterously presented the boat's head to meet their fury, while in their retiring and absence he encouraged the almost exhausted crew to pull with all their strength for the nearest shore. A marine who rowed the bow oar laid it down in the agony of despair, but was made to renew his exertions by the intrepid helmsman. A fresh danger now presented itself as they approached the land; the breakers appeared under their lee, and they found themselves close to the most rocky part of the shore: the wreck of the boat was inevitable; the awful moment arrived; she struck; and another sea carried her forward with such rapidity upon the rocks, that her frame was instantaneously shook to pieces, and the planks separated, which, with the thwarts and oars, drifted upon the tops of the billows.

The exhausted crew, frozen in every limb, wounded by the sharp points of the rocks, and up to their necks in water, were scarcely able to reach the shore. The youth Alcander, who was the last of the number, lay for a time senseless, and only awakened from his stupor to meet the horrours of a more dreadful situation.

The crew who had first reached the beach, after having turned round a point formed by some trees, had the good fortune to discover a path, and called to the unhappy Alcander to follow them; but he heard not the friendly summons. Exquisite was the distress of Alcander when he found himself alone. In vain did he halloo to his companions; the loud wind swallowed up the sound, and it was lost. He, however, kept along the beach, hoping that that was the way the people had taken. Nothing surely could be conceived more dreary and forlorn: the rocks marbled in frost; the tall pines and firs bending their branches incrusted with snow, over his head; the sea beating the shore with all the violence of the storm; the moon visible in a full glare at one moment, and hid the next by the black clouds scudding before its disk. At length the weary and comfortless Alcander came to a sloop lying on its beam ends upon the beach, and, overjoyed at the sight, sought to find some shelter from the cold, and rest from his fatigue within its deck; but great was his disappointment when he found it completely filled with ice. Disheartened at this attempt, he pursued the beach for another mile, dejected and in despair. Presently drowsiness, a sure symptom of the cold having almost reached the heart, came over him; he sunk down upon the snow, and, uttering an imperfect prayer,

resigned himself to death. The sound of guns firing at a distance, in the harbour, from the ships which were celebrating the festival, recalled his senses. The love of life and its enjoyments rushed upon his mind; he thought of his family and friends, and that they were, perhaps, at that moment, drinking the cheerful glass to his health. Roused at the thought, he made an effort to get up, and hallooed as loud as he could, hopeless of being heard; but Providence, *where none appears, can find herself a way.* Two figures presented themselves at this moment before him, dressed in fur caps and great coats; they started, and Alcander started in his turn; he could scarcely believe them human; it appeared a miracle that two men should be with him, as it were in a moment, on the dreary shore at that hour; for it was now late at night. They spoke English to him; and he answered them with astonishment. They were two natives, who were employed in clearing some land that belonged to them, and for that purpose, constantly kept a fire in the woods, in a temporary log-house, on the spot where they worked. It was to this place they carried the exhausted Alcander, who reviewed the circumstances of his deliverance with amazement; he could scarcely believe it real. To add to his happiness, he discovered the kind features of humanity in the rude faces of his deliverers: they immediately used every expedient to restore the circulation of the blood, but found the frost had seized the extremities, and had made a rapid progress to the heart: they revived his drooping spirits with some liquor, which they prudently mixed with water, and presented him some biscuit and dried fish: the American settler was kind and courteous. The next morning these friendly natives conveyed Alcander, on a hurdle between them, the nearest road to their own house, where they placed him under the care of Arina, the daughter of the eldest of them. Arina was tall; her features soft and complacent; and her manners engaging. She immediately procured some rich milk from the cow, and presented it to him with that natural grace which outvies the most studied politeness. Her native simple manners pleased Alcander; and she listened with astonishment to the stories he related of a more polished world. Thus did Alcander pass his hours with a kind and sensible American, until he was able to join his ship, whose brave commander rewarded the generous natives with six months provisions, and a new set of rigging for their schooner, named after Arina; for almost every American settler is possessed of a small vessel. Thus did the immediate interposition of Providence snatch Alcander from the arms of death, to prove, that where none appears, she can make herself a way, and *that every day we live, is a day of mercy.*

POLITE LITERATURE.

In our last, we commenced the publication of a new translation of the Memoirs of Marmontel, and we believe sufficiently interested our readers, by an artless narrative of his early adventures, as the editor of a literary Journal. We now resume the subject, and give a *complete* history of his management of The *Mercury*, a paper, which, under his judicious direction, combined with the powerful aid of a numerous tribe of wits, attained a degree of celebrity, little short of that of the Tatler or Spectator. Indeed, it is believed that there never was a Journal of such variety of contents, and upon a plan so liberal and comprehensive, conducted with more address and ability. The proprietor, who was eminently gifted with all the talents requisite for a work so arduous, so boundless, and so versatile, had the rare good fortune to form a league with many of the finest scholars of France, and this combination, which undoubtedly contributed much to the success of the work, was never broken by the petty pretensions of the vain, or the malignant machinations of the envious. Nothing can be more charming than our authour's description of the alacrity, with which men of Genius and Learning embarked in his cause, and nothing more conclusive can be offered with respect to the *effects* produced by such an *harmonious concert* of the disciples of Literature. It was a favourite opinion of Pope, Swift, and Arburthnot, that such an alliance among a few men of acknowledged ability, would be potent enough not only to form the taste, but to chastise all the knaves and fools of a nation. We believe implicitly in the truth of this sentiment, and, indeed, it has been remarkably verified both in England and France. The satyrists above alluded to, together with Steele, Addison, and others, repressed the dunces of the age, quelled the spirit of false criticism, formed the taste of the town, excited a general passion for elegant letters, and effected a complete revolution in the national character. During the eventful year of 1798, one of the most embarrassing epochs in Mr. Pitt's ministry, when England was deplorably factious at home, and horribly menaced from abroad, a paper, published during only one session of Parliament, we allude to the Anti-Jacobin or Weekly Examiner, changed national gloom at once into sunshine, joy, and gladness. A *band* of political and literary *brothers* of the finest genius and the soundest principles, by telling the truth with all boldness; by gayly animating the courage of their friends; by honestly stating the real resources of the country; by paying due honours to its constitution, laws, literature, and religion; by exposing the blasphemy of the Atheist, and detecting the lies of the Jacobin, gloriously accomplished what no

single mind could perform, no, not BURKE, nor JOHNSON, nor Chancellor BACON himself.

So, to return to the subject of this article, Marmontel and his compeers diffused elegant and instructive literature among the remotest provinces of the French monarchy, soothed trembling Merit with all the blandishments of candid criticism, promoted the interests both of the fine and the useful arts, added to the stock of political information, assisted the cause of science, successfully conducted Thalia and Melpomene to the stage, and above all, roused and fostered infant Genius in the cradle. This is no ignoble or inglorious service. How it was performed let Marmontel himself declare, and, while we read a story so engagingly told, we shall have occasion to admire the benignity of his heart, as well as the resources of his genius, and to contemplate a group of great men, who have added another Augustan age to the chronology of the French empire.

For The Port Folio.

If The Mercury had been merely a literary Journal, in composing it I should have had but a single task to perform, a single path to pursue. But formed of different elements, and calculated to embrace a great variety of objects, it was necessary that, in all its branches, it should fulfil its destination; that, agreeably to the taste of the subscribers, it should supply the place of the gazettes to persons fond of news; that it should furnish an account of theatrical entertainments to the lovers of the drama; that it should give a correct idea of literary productions to those who, by reading select books, wish to instruct or to amuse themselves; that to the sound and sage part of the publick who interest themselves in discoveries in the useful arts, in the progress of the salutary arts, it should communicate their attempts and the success of their inventions; that it should announce to the lovers of the Fine Arts the new productions, and sometimes the writings of artists. That part of the sciences which is an object of the senses, and which might be an object of curiosity for the publick, was also within its domain. But above all, it was necessary, for the sake of its provincial readers, that it should interest particular places and societies, and that the wits of the different cities in the kingdom should find inserted in it, their enigmas, their madrigals, their epistles: this part of The Mercury, apparently the most frivolous, was, however, the most lucrative.

It would have been difficult to imagine a Journal more various, or possessing greater attractions and more abundant resources. Such was the idea which I gave of it in the preface to my first volume, in the month of August, 1758, "Its form, said I, makes it susceptible of everything agreeable and useful; and talents produce neither flowers nor fruits with which The Mercury does not crown itself; literary, civil, and political, it extracts, collects, announces, and embraces all the productions of genius and of taste; it is a kind of rendezvous of the arts and sciences, and the channel of their commerce. It is a field whose fertility may be increased, both by the aid of culture, and by the riches which will be scattered over it. It may be considered as an extract, or as a collection: as an extract, it regards myself; as a collection, its success depends on the succours which I shall receive. In the critical department, the estimable man whom I succeed, without presuming completely to replace him, leaves me an example of exactness and wisdom, of candour and urbanity, which I consider myself bound to follow. It is my purpose to speak to men of letters the language of truth, of decency, and of esteem, and my attention to point out the beauties of their works, will justify the freedom with which I shall remark their imperfections. I know better than any one, and do not blush at the avowal, how much a young authour is to be pitied, when, abandoned to insult, he has modesty enough to pronounce his own interdiction. This authour, whoever he be, will find in me, not a passionate avenger, but, according to the measure of my understanding, an equitable estimator. An irony, a parody, a raillery, prove nothing, and enlighten no one; they are

even more interesting to the rabble of readers than a rational and polished criticism; the moderate tone of reason has nothing consoling for envy, nothing flattering for malignity, but my design is not to prostitute my pen to the envious and the malignant. With regard to the collective part of this work, although my intention is to contribute to it as largely as may be in my power, were it merely to fill up the vacuities, I count for nothing what I may be able to perform; all my hope rests on the good will and succour of men of letters; and I dare believe that it is well founded. If some of the most estimable amongst them have not disdained to confide to The Mercury the amusements of their leisure, frequently even the fruits of a serious study, at a time when the success of this Journal tended only to the advantage of a single man, what succours ought I not to expect from the concourse of talents interested in giving it support? The Mercury is not the property of an individual; it is a publick domain, of which I am merely the cultivator and the manager."

Thus was my labour announced: it was also powerfully seconded. The moment was propitious. A flock of young poets began to try their wings. I encouraged this first flight by publishing the brilliant essays of Malfilatre; I inspired those hopes of him which he would have fulfilled, had not a premature death snatched him from us. The just praise which I bestowed on the poem of Jumonville revived, in the tender and virtuous Thomas, that great talent which inhuman criticks had frozen. I presented to the publick the happy first-fruits of the translation of Virgil's Georgicks, and I dared to assert that, if this divine poem could be translated into elegant and harmonious French verse, that task would be performed by the Abbé Delille. By inserting in The Mercury, a heroick epistle of Collardeau, I evinced how nearly the style of this young poet, by its melody, its purity, its grace, and its elevation, approached the perfection of the models of the art. I spoke plausively of the heroick epistles of La Harpe. Finally, on occasion of the success of the *Hypermnestre* of Lemierre, "See then, said I, three recent tragick poets, who inspire brilliant hopes: the authour of *Iphigenie en Tauride*, by his skilful and simple manner of gradually increasing the interest of the action, and by passages of vehement eloquence worthy of the greatest masters; the authour of *Astarbe*, by animated poesy, by a round and harmonious versification, and by the lofty and bold delineation of a character to which there was nothing wanting to give it action, but contrasts worthy of his genius; and the authour of *Hypermnestre*, by pictures of the most intrepid boldness. It is for the publick, added I, to protect them, to encourage them, to console them for the outrageous attacks of envy. The Arts have need of the illumination of criticism and the impulse of glory. It is not to the persecuted Cid, but to the Cid triumphant, over persecution, that Cinna owed its birth. Encouragement inspires negligence and presumption only in little minds; with regard to elevated souls, to lively imaginations, in a word, to great talents, the enthusiasm produced by success becomes the enthusiasm of genius. They have but one poison to dread, it is that which chills them."

In pleading the cause of men of letters, I did not fail to mingle with moderate praise criticism sufficiently severe, but innocent, and uttered in the same tone that a friend would have employed with his friend. By this spirit of benevolence and equity I gained the good will of the young men of letters, and had almost all of them as cooperators.

The tribute of the provinces was still more abundant. It was not altogether precious; but if in the pieces of poetry or prose which were sent to me, there were merely negligences, inaccuracies, or defects of detail, I took care to correct them. If sometimes I found at the point of my pen some good verses, or interesting lines

I silently introduced them; and the authours have never complained to me of these little infidelities.

In the department of the sciences and of the arts, I had still abundant resources. In medicine, at that period, the problem of inoculation was agitated. The comet predicted by Halley, and announced by Clairault, fixed the eyes of astronomy; natural philosophy afforded me many curious observations, for publication: for instance, I was thanked for having brought to light the means of cooling liquors in summer. Chymistry communicated to me a new remedy for the bite of vipers, and the inestimable secret of bringing back the drowned to life. Surgery imparted to me its happy and bold attempts, and its wonderful successes. Natural History, under the pencil of Buffon, presented to me a crowd of pictures of which I had the choice. Vaucanson charged me with the description of his ingenious machines to the eyes of the publick: the architect Leroi, and the engraver Cochin, after having surveyed as artists, the one the ruins of Greece, and the other the wonders of Italy, vied with each other in enriching me with brilliant descriptions, or learned observations; and my extracts from their travels were an amusing excursion for my readers. Cochin, a man of wit, and whose was scarcely less chaste and correct than his burine, also furnished me with excellent productions on the subject of the arts which were the object of his studies. I recollect two of them, which painters and sculptors undoubtedly have not forgotten: the one, *on light in shade;* the other, *on the difficulties of painting and of sculpture, compared with each other.* He dictated the account that I gave to the publick of the exhibition of paintings in 1759, one of the finest that has, either before or since, been seen in the saloon of the arts. This disquisition was a model of sound and mild criticism; defects were exposed in it, and beauties exalted. The publick was not deceived, and the artists were content.

At this period, a new career was opened for eloquence. The French academy invited young orators to pronounce eulogies on great men; and what was my joy at having to publish that the first who, in this contest, and by a worthy panegyrick on Maurice de Saxe, had gained the prize, was the interesting young man whose courage I had so often reanimated, the authour of the poem of Jumonville, whom the sincerity of my counsels pleased at least as much as the equity of my praise, and who, in the privacy of the most intimate friendship, had made me the confidant of his thoughts and the censor of his writings!

I had established a correspondence with all the academies of the kingdom, as well with regard to the arts as polite literature; and without counting their productions which they had the kindness to send me, the very catalogues of their prizes were rendered interesting to the reader, by the correct and profound views which the questions that they proposed for determination announced, whether in morals, in political economy, or in the useful and salutary arts. I was sometimes astonished at the luminous expanse of those questions, which on all sides we received from the extremities of the provinces; nothing to me more strongly marked the direction, the tendency and the progress of the publick mind.

Thus without ceasing to be amusing and frivolous in its gay department, The Mercury did not fail to acquire, in usefulness, some influence and weight. On my part, contributing in the best manner of which I was capable to render it at the same time useful and agreeable, I often inserted some of those tales, into which I have always endeavoured to infuse a small portion of interesting morality. The apology for the theatre, which I made in examining the letter of Rousseau to D' Alembert on the subject of theatrical entertainments, had all the success that truth can have when it combats sophistry, and reason when it seizes, body to body, and closely presses eloquence.

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VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Civil freedom is not, as many have endeavoured to persuade us, a thing that lies hid in the depth of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, not an abstract speculation; and all the just reasoning that can be put upon it, is of so coarse a texture, as perfectly to suit the ordinary capacities of those who are to enjoy, and of those who are to defend it. Far from any resemblance to those propositions in Geometry and Metaphysicks, which admit no medium, but must be true or false in all their latitude: social and civil freedom, like all other things in common life, are variously mixed and modified, enjoyed in very different degrees, and shaped into an infinite diversity of forms, according to the temper and circumstances of every community. The extreme of liberty (which is its abstract perfection, but its real fault) obtains no where, nor ought to obtain any where. Because extremes, as we all know, in every point which relates either to our duties or satisfactions in life, are destructive both to virtue and enjoyment. Liberty too must be limited in order to be possessed. The degree of restraint it is impossible in any case to settle precisely. But it ought to be the constant aim of every wise publick council, to find out by cautious experiments, and rational, cool endeavours, with how little, not how much of this restraint, the community can subsist. For liberty is a good to be improved, and not an evil to be lessened.

The following is a very curious, and we think it a very characteristical anecdote. The authority is highly respectable, and from our knowledge of that sly, sharping, and scoundrel character which too often disgraces this country, should be easily led to conclude that the *thieves* in question were either from Vermont or Rhode Island.

Barrow in his voyage to Cochin China, describes the island of Amsterdam, a barren spot, in the solitary ocean. In this doleful place our voyager found five human creatures, three French and two Englishmen. They had been left there five months before, to provide a cargo of seal skins, for which their vessel was to return a year after. They had lived upon sea-birds and their eggs with scarcely any sort of vegetable food, had enjoyed uninterrupted health, and had met with great success in hunting. Mr. Barrow afterwards heard that the ship of these poor adventurers had been captured, and that they were taken up, at the end of two years by an *American cruiser*, who landed them at New Holland, and then *ran away with the whole of their seal skins.*

The Edinburgh reviewers, in their criticism upon Herbert's beautiful translations from the Norse and the Runick, indulge themselves in a certain archness of remark which will not be disagreeable to the liberal wits of our own country.

In the famous death-song of Lodbrog, that renowned warriour has been made to assert that the joy of a bloody battle, which he had just described, was *superiour to that of sleeping with a young virgin;* and in another passage, he is made to aver yet more specifically that the pleasure of battering the helmet with the keen falchion, was like that of *kissing a young widow reclining upon a high seat.* Now whatever partiality Lodbrog might entertain for the sport of swords, and for his favourite amusement of hacking with falchions, he had too much taste to give the *preference* imputed in these passages, which are thus justly rendered by M. Herbert:

Bucklers brast, and men were slain;
Stoutest skulls were cleft in twain,
'Twas *not*, I trow, like wooing rest
On gentle maiden's snowy breast.

Again—

——— where falchions keen
Bit the helmet's polish'd sheen,

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'Twas *not* like kissing widow sweet
Reclining on the highest seat.

Such was the real and unbiassed opinion of Lodbrog, the Norse poet and warriour, and, say the Edinburgh criticks, with great gravity, "truly we heartily join in it," to which we most cheerfully respond amen, even on this prudish side of the Atlantick.

—

THE CABIN BOY—*sung by Mr. Dibdin.*

From dad and mam's society,
Whose worth I dare maintain,
I've brav'd the wind's variety
Upon the dangerous main;
Quite young, I'm drove about the ship,
Though I my time employ
In trolling a glee, or quaffing my flip,
And I swear, and tear, and smoke and joke,
And hand, reef, and steer, like an old heart of oak,
Although but a cabin boy.

I've a pretty lass, as young as I,
For whose sweet sake I roam,
Resolv'd right manfully to try
To bear her riches home;
While up I mount the top or yard,
And cannons loud annoy,
The whizzing shot I ne'er regard
But swear, and tear, and smoke, and joke,
And stand to my gun, like an old heart of oak,
Although but a cabin boy.

Should the news reach home (to shock her)
That, alack! I'm lost at sea,
Why sure in Davy's locker
There's room enough for me:
But if successful little Ben
Steers homeward to his joy,
With a cargo of shiners, messmate, then
I'll drink, and sing, and smoke and joke,
And stick to my Sal, like an old heart of oak,
Although but a cabin boy.

—

The following is a beautiful description by Lord Holland, of the literary renown of Lope de' Vega.

This "Phœnix of Spanish literature," dedicated his Corona Tragica, a poem on the queen of Scots, to Pope Urban VIII, who had himself composed an epigram on the subject. Upon this occasion, he received from that Pontiff, a letter written in his own hand, and the degree of doctor of theology. Such a flattering tribute of admiration sanctioned the reverence in which his name was held in Spain, and spread his renown through every catholick country. The Cardinal Barberini followed him with veneration in the streets; the king would stop to gaze at such a prodigy; the people crowded round him, wherever he appeared the learned and the studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this poet; and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind; and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities. His poetry was as advantageous to his fortune as to his fame. The king enriched him with pensions. The pope honoured him with dignities and preferments; and every nobleman at Court aspired to the character of his Mæcenas, by conferring upon him frequent and valuable presents. His annual income was not less than 1500 ducats, exclusive of the price of his plays, which Montalvan estimates at 80,000; and he received in presents from individuals 10,500 more.

—

The subsequent passage descriptive of the fertility of De' Vega's muse seems to realize all which has been romantically asserted of the admirable Crichton, or Picus of Mirandola.

His works are remarkable for their incredible multitude, and for the astonishing facility and despatch with which they were written. In this respect he must be allowed to outstrip all writers ancient and modern. He is most wonderful, says his elegant biographer, for the prodigious number of his writings. Twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed; and no less than *eighteen hundred* plays of his composition, to have been acted on the stage. He nevertheless asserts in one of his last poems, that,

No es minima parte, aunque es exceso
De lo que está por imprimer ; lo impreso.

The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that, which yet unprinted, waits the press.

But whatever skepticism may be entertained concerning the number of his verses, all contemporary authours concur in representing the number of his plays as prodigious. "At last appeared," says Cervantes in his prologue, "that prodigy of nature, the great Lope, and established his monarchy on the stage. He conquered and reduced under his jurisdiction every actor and authour in the kingdom. He filled the world with plays written with purity and the plot conducted with skill, in number so many that they exceed eighteen hundred sheets of paper; and what is the most wonderful of all that can be said upon the subject, every one of them have *I seen acted*, or *heard of their being so from those that have seen them;* and though there have been many who have attempted the same career, all their works together would not equal in quantity what this single man has composed."

Montalvan asserts that he not only wrote eighteen hundred plays, but four hundred *autos sacramentales;* and affirms that if the works of this literary idol were placed in one scale, and that of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would decide the comparison in point of quantity, and be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit, of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together.

Allowing, say the Edinburgh Reviewers, every reasonable deduction for mistake and exaggeration, enough will still be left to render this a *very interesting and extraordinary account.* These criticks conclude with their usual good sense, that such instances of intellectual agility are as curious, though probably as useless, as the wonderful accomplishments of the body; and a man who can write two thousand verses a day is as well worth crowding after as one who can walk two hundred miles in the same period, or balance ten tobacco pipes upon different parts of his body.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

Those qualities are sometimes used as synonymous, although essentially different: pride, being founded on the opinion people have of their own merit, can support itself in spite of the neglect or disapprobation of others; whereas vanity lives on the applause and admiration of those around; and when that kind of nourishment is refused, pines and languishes with mortification. Pride, however, is gratified with praise as well as vanity, provided the praise is delicate, comes from a respectable quarter, and is accompanied with the consciousness of being deserved. But vanity devours it voraciously, however coarsely served up, from whatever quarter it comes, and whether merited or not. The vain, continually afraid of losing importance in the world, avoid those of their acquaintance, however worthy of esteem, who are in an humble situation in life, or who are unfashionably dressed, and particularly if they chance to meet them when they themselves are in company with people of high rank. The truly proud man despising such conduct, and never afraid of losing his importance, accosts the humblest of his acquaintance with equal kindness, whether he meets them when alone, or in the circles of grandeur and fashion.

MERRIMENT.

A young man named Eretrius, was, for a considerable time, a follower of Zeno. On his return home, his father asked him what he had learned. The other replied, "That would appear hereafter." On hearing this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who, bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, "He had learned this,—to endure a parent's anger."

Alexander, at one time, sent to Phocion a great present in money. Phocion said to the messenger, "Why does the king send to me, and to none else?" the messenger answered, "Because he takes you to be the only good man in Athens." Phocion replied, "If he thinks so, let him suffer me to be so still."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

COLUMBIA—*A New Patriotick Ode.*

The following Ode was written for the occasional Concerts at the Columbian Museum in Boston, and sung, for the first time, on the evening of the 11th ult. It is from the pen of Mr. JAMES ELLISON, a citizen of Boston, and set to musick by F. SCHAFFER.

From realms where mad *Ambition* reigns,
And *Anarch* stalks th'embattled plains:
Where Europe laves in purple gore,
And *Mars* leads on the madden'd war;
Fair FREEDOM exil'd, sought our coast,
Here fix'd her mild and peaceful reign,
Oppression fled her freeborn host;
Recoil'd the tyrants of the main!

Then shout Columbians, brave and free,
Ye sons of Glory—Liberty;
From age to age, from sire to son,
Loud shout the deeds of Washington!

He bid your EAGLE (perch'd on high)
Sound INDEPENDENCE through the sky,
Whilst JOVE'S dread thunder rock'd the world,
And on your *foes* his vengeance hurl'd!
Britannia saw her armies bleed;
And from your shores her squadrons flee,
Reluctant hail'd, (by Heaven decreed)
Columbia—Independent—Free.

Then shout Columbians, &c.

Now to the azure realms of light,
Columbia's *Genius* wings her flight:
There sees enthron'd with *gods* her son,
The brave—the matchless Washington—
He speaks, enrapt the spheres resound;
Hark! tis your *hero's* sage command,
"BE UNION *'mid your councils found,*
And FACTION *banish'd from your land!*"

Then shout Columbians, &c.

Bid the proud *oaks* your hills descend
To guard your *rights*, your shores defend,
With *Neptune* share his lucid plain,
And roll your THUNDER o'er the main:
Then should "*sea*-LEOPARDS"* battle wage,
Columbia's free born TARS defy,
Your CANNONS death-wing'd bolts shall rage,
Till foes proclaim your VICTORY.

Then shout Columbians, &c.

Should hostile bands again invade,
Your sons shall quit the peaceful shade,
Each breast with patriot ardour glow,
With *godlike* courage meet the *foe;*
While *Eaton's* sword protects your land,
Columbian *Prebles* rule the sea,
Your *foes* shall fly the victor band,
Still leave you INDEPENDENT—FREE!

Then shout Columbians, brave and free,
Ye sons of Glory—Liberty;
From age to age, from sire to son
Loud shout the deeds of Washington.

On seeing the Picture of Christ blessing the Elements.

The thought is Love, in all its kindest care;
'Tis something more than Hope, and yet 'tis Pray'r:
'Tis Confidence, and Resignation too.
The eye appears with chasten'd glance to view,
On high, the Throne of everlasting day.
The silent semblance speaks, it seems to say,
"Vouchsafe, Oh Father! to accept in me
The willing victim of thy dread decree:
Be in my death fulfill'd Redemption's plan,
And THESE the pledges betwixt God and Man."

---

* Alluding not only to the *recent outrage*, but to the many insults offered to our *flag*, from almost every nation, owing in a great measure to the defenceless state of our country and its commerce.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, October* 10, 1807. [No. 15.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. II.

"——— Bold without confine,
"Imagination's charter'd libertine."

WHETHER wafted on the wings of zephyrs, or impelled by the fury of the winter's blast; whether seated on the summit of the rainbow or guided by the dæmon that directs the storm, can never be discovered: but to the lowly scenes of earth I bade adieu, and lighted on that orb, whose beams conduct fond lovers to the couch of bliss. How, or wherefore, this could be, spirit of fancy, you alone can tell!*

The surrounding regions differed little in appearance from some of those on earth. Africk's wilds, that present to the eye of the wearied traveller, no diversity of flowers, woods, or streams, affords a resemblance more just than any other that occurs to my mind: but the total absence of atmosphere impressed me with the belief that greater dangers were to be apprehended than those of famine and barbarians.† My fears, however, proved illusory; for though I supposed a cessation of breath would be attended by a cessation of life,‡ yet, in reality, incalculable benefits flow from that source, for the functions of nature are performed without the danger of inhaling a noxious atmosphere, or receiving into the system air contaminated with infection and disease.

I pursued my journey, and discerned a lofty mountain whose summit was crowned with towers and battlements. The mountain, from its height

* Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Fenelon, have all pointed out the path by which their heroes reached another world. My friend acts at least, more prudently, for secrets so sublime should be concealed from mortal ken. Besides, perhaps curiosity would not be gratified by the information, because it would *seem* incredible, and in the words of Pindar, απρεπτος Ερωτων εξοτειαι Μανιαι. Let no one then attempt to lift the veil, for his endeavours will be vain. *Quid inquiris in rem absconditam?*—A.

† The dispute between Sir Isaac Newton and later astronomers, on this subject, that has been so long *sub judice*, it is to be hoped, is now decided.—A.

‡ "The wonders of modern philosophy have eclipsed the twinkling lights of Peripatetick wisdom, and shamed the doctrines of the Stagyrite with all the learning of ancient times." Many are the visions of this philosophy. It has been supposed that the nature of man might be so improved that, arriving at the *acme of perfectability*, the body will be refined so that it can live without performing the ordinary functions of life.—A.

I supposed to be that to which philosophers have given the name of Leibnitz.§ With difficulty I attained the place where stood the ruins of a once splendid wall. Sentiments of mingled hope and fear agitated me as I entered the city, and my alarms increased on seeing a number of animals, not unlike us mortals, advance towards me with looks and motions expressive of indignation, and disappointment, and with the intention, as I supposed, of hurling me back to my native planet for daring to intrude on their domains. My alarm was groundless, for each one was too much employed with his own affairs to interfere with mine. They were all speaking loudly in a language which I cannot assimilate to any in the world, but the sound of which so perfectly expressed the ideas they were intended to convey, that I completely understood every word that was uttered.‖ It appeared that each one had been disappointed, by the failure of some favourite design, which he had long cherished, and after bringing it almost to maturity, had met some obstacle that dispersed, in a moment, his flattering hopes. To enumerate their various misfortunes were impossible, and even if in my power would not meet with credit in this sublunary sphere. Suffice it to say, that they were all too chimerical for the scope of earthly fancy, that they embraced unlimited time for their completion, and that, at best they depended upon the uncertain coincidence of ten thousand contingencies which no one but the calculator could suppose within the limits of possibility. I listened unperceived to the detail of their calamities, until one of them ran against me with considerable violence; but as his brains were composed entirely of hair, I suffered no other inconvenience than a discovery. No apology was made, as none was required; but I was requested to enter the imperial palace that stood hard by and unfold the object of my embassy. In vain did I protest that I was no ambassadour, but a mere wanderer who had been innocently transported into the kingdom of his Lunarian Majesty. My conductor was convinced that I must be the son, and heir of Giombolono, prime minister to the great king of Saturn,¶ and that I had come to adjust the terms of marriage between my master and Sinsinca, eldest daughter of the great and illustrious Chruseosin, lord of the Moon.

Into the audience chamber of the emperour I was immediately conveyed, where I found that sovereign lost in profound meditation. Around him I could discover no emblems of royalty, or magnificence, no indications of absolute power, no evidences of a regard to the glory or happiness of his subjects. On the contrary, curious animals, philosophical instruments, geometrical figures, torn books, defaced maps, pens, and scraps of paper, composed the company of this worthy potentate. And around the walls were suspended pictures of engagements without arms, vessels bounding over mountains on dry land, and cities and fortifications rising out of the waters, without labour or expense.** In the midst of these companions, the emperour frequently started, and gave other indications of

§ Astronomers formerly gave the names of learned men to the supposed regions of the Moon; but, like the clowns in the fable, they quarrelled about their possessions. To terminate all dispute, Helvetius of Dantzick, appropriated to the different parts the names of countries, cities, &c. as Asia Minor, Italy, Palestine, &c.—A.

‖ Psammeticus, King of Egypt, (we are told by Herodotus) shut up two children with dumb nurses, so that they could hear no person speak; the first word they uttered was *bekos*, the Phrygian term for bread: he therefore determined that to be the language of nature. It has been the wish of philosophers of late to teach language in *Nature's method*. The experiment seems to have succeeded—in the Moon.—A.

¶ The reason of this will perhaps appear hereafter.—A.

** *If report say true,* the apartment of a certain earthly sovereign bears no small resemblance to the one my friend describes. I make no comment, but with half an eye the pro[illegible] may be discerned.—A.

some strong emotion. I was about to retire, fearful lest we should disturb his sleep, but I was informed that sleeping dreams were here unknown, and that only in his waking hours did the sovereign dream. That whenever a problem of superiour interest was the object of his attention, he closed his eyes, and immediately all the external objects that might disturb his contemplation, vanished from his thoughts, and his ideas floating on the pinions of imagination, were carried into regions where anxieties exist no more. A question now occupied him of more *immediate* importance than any that had for a long time occurred. He was considering the means of confining rays of light in such a manner as to illuminate his kingdom when the Sun should cease to shine. This event, it appeared from the nicest calculation, would occur in somewhat less than five millions of years, and as the emperour was now in the nine thousand four hundred and fifty-seventh year of his reign, he was peculiarly interested in the discovery. He soon awoke from his reverie, and hailed me as the ambassadour from Saturn. It was now I first discovered his feet were composed of gold, and his head of something we should take for an earth.†† So that he never moved, but was fixed to vegetate on the spot where he had been produced. With difficulty I convinced him I was a terrestrian, and that my objects were no other than those of a mere traveller, satiated with the follies of his own globe, and anxious to explore realms never before traversed by man. He expressed the greatest delight, and informed me that my appearance was very like that of the inhabitants of all the Planets, but more particularly those of Saturn. At this moment meats were served up ballanced on the points of arrows, for nowhere are the principles of Natural Philosophy better understood or applied to more frequent use than in this palace.‡‡

(*To be continued.*)

†† Different from the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream. Potentates, like their images at Chess, are generally impotent or indolent, leaving the duties of government to favourites and parasites.—A.

‡‡ Except at M——o. Who has not heard of the table that serves up itself *sua sponte?* of the wonderful clock? &c. &c.—A.

For The Port Folio.

ON THE OLYMPICK GAMES, &c.

From an Original Work, entitled "Memoirs of Anacreon, translated from the Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq."

(*Continued from page* 213.)

In the evening I reminded Anacreon of the dispute about Homer which we had heard, and asked him why he had never selected some eventful epoch in the history of his country and endeavoured to record it with the dignity of epick narrative.

"I have often thought," he replied, that the epick poet stands upon a more lofty ground than the amatory enthusiast, for he interests both the judgment and the feelings; whereas we make our appeal only to the heart. If but a single bosom respond the sigh of sympathy to our lays, we are satisfied, and listen to the cold censures of the critick with the most frigid apathy. It is true, that the epick writer addresses not only those who surround him, but is heard by distant posterity. But how can I be gratified by the applause which is withheld until I cannot enjoy it; and how disregarded are those laurels which may bloom not until my form has withered in the silence of the tomb.* No, no,

* In offering this apology for his own idle and voluptuous life, Anacreon does not speak the language of the true poet. The love of Fame is an active principle, without which the world would never have been enlightened by those brilliant models of perfection which now adorn our libraries. Milton once called it "the last infirmity of noble minds," but it was that very infirmity which solaced him under the persecution of that bigotted age which forgot the poet of heaven in the "zealot of rebellion," it was that infirmity too, which led him in the pride of superiour genius to promise immortality, as the price

my friend, I will not waste those days which should be given to the charms of nature, and the nights that are due to the revels of mirth and festivity, in an idle pursuit of a posthumous fame. I like not distant prospects, but I will seize the fleeting moments as they fly. Let my soothing numbers impart the ecstatick thrill of love to hearts that are not cast in a frigid mould: may Beauty sweetly smile and meek-eyed Virtue not disdain to listen to my lays. Thus shall pleasure sparkle in my eyes and elastick Hope irradiate my brow. Let the blush of Cupid impart its glow to my colours, and let me gaze upon the eye of Venus when I would excite the emotions of rapture. Thus will I court the Graces and then will the Muses not reject their humble votary."

"Lo! here are my tablets. These thoughts would have lulled me to repose yester evening, had I not arose and given them a more permanent habitation than my perpetually revolving brain."

ON THE POWER OF BEAUTY.*

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'Twas not the crested warriour's dart,
Which drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No—from an eye of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd cupids flew;†
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes!

"The impressions that were upon my mind," he continued after I had returned his ode, "seemed to remain during sleep, and they created a dream towards the dawn of day,‡ which I shall relate to you. My wandering fancy carried me back to the first moments of infancy. I found myself in

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of his personal safety, to the name of the "knight in arms," who threatened his "defenceless door" when the assault was intended the city."

He can requite thee, for *he knows the charms*
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these:
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
See Milton's Sonnets.

Longinus recommends that we should always consider what judgment posterity will pass upon us, and upon our writings; and Gray, in his commentary upon his Essay, mentions the contempt of Fame as one principal characteristick of vice in his age. "Many are the uses of good fame," he adds, "to generous minds: it extends our existence and example into future ages; continues and propagates virtue, which otherwise would be as shortlived as our frame. It is impossible to conquer that natural desire we have of being remembered; even criminal ambition, and avarice, the most selfish of all passions, would wish to leave a name behind them."

But the simple confession of the lively old Gascon pleases me more than any passage upon this subject that I have read.

"I have devoted this book to my kindred and friends, to the end, that when they have lost me, which they will do soon, they may there retrace some of my qualities and humours, and consequently, that their remembrance of me may be more lively and entire.
Pref. to Montaigne's Essays.

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* "The German poet Uz has imitated this ode. Compare also Weisse Scherz. Lieder. lib. iii. der Soldat." Gail, Degen.

† *No—from an eye of liquid blue,*
A host of quiver'd cupids flew;] Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this:

Archer Love! though slyly creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie:
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress "un petit camp d'amours."—*Moore.*

And *Nonnus* calls the eyes *the archers of love.*

In the initial lines of this ode, in the opinion of Dr. Broome, Anacreon alludes to the famous war of the seven captains against Thebes, occasioned by Eteocles the son of Oedipus and Jocasta, refusing his brother Polynices his share in the government, though they had previously agreed, each to rule one year alternately after their father's death. Æschylus wrote a tragedy upon this subject.

‡ Theocritus was of opinion that the dreams which came about the dawn of day were more distinct than those of the night. Horace thought otherwise: *post mediam noctem vis um somnia vera, &c.*

the arms of a nurse and I was terrified by the angry contention of two personages whose air and costume resembled those of our statues of Mars and Minerva. They each endeavoured to bribe the fidelity and flatter the fondness of the good old woman. One of them predicted, that I should imbibe the lessons of wisdom under her care, and, when my increasing years, had entitled me to a seat in the counsels of sages, that I should teach Experience, and the impetuosity of youth should be restrained by my eloquence. The other allured her by the brilliant display of imperial honours and excited her enthusiasm by the clangour of warlike instruments. In the midst of their altercation, they were interrupted by the entrance of a third. Their angry accents died upon their lips as they gazed upon the exquisite charms of the stranger. It was Venus herself, who left her Paphian groves to consecrate me to her worship. No youthful poet in the warmest vision of fancy ever beheld such matchless beauty. I cannot describe her to you, unless I were again transported into this mid-world and learn a new language. She beamed a bewitching smile upon the disputants, and, seizing me in her arms, in an instant relieved my nurse from their eager importunity. She bore me to fragrant groves where every perfume saluted the sense and where the myrtle gently interweaving with the branches of the lotus taught me the sweet communion of love."

"Give me my harp, Critias, and you shall observe the use I have made of this fleeting vision of the night."

Having brought the instrument to him, Anacreon then sung the following:

One day the Muses twin'd the hands
Of baby Love, with flow'ry bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.
His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;*
His mother sues but all in vain!
He ne'er will leave his chains again.
Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
"Who could wish for liberty?"

On him who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
But he who can bring me the wanderer here,
Shall have something more rapturous, something more dear.

This "something more" is the *quidquid post oscula dulce* of Secundus.—*Moore.*

By this allegory of the Muses making Cupid the prisoner of Beauty, Anacreon seems to insinuate the softening influence which a cultivation of poetry has over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty.

Though in the following epigram, by the philosopher Plato, which is found in the third book of Diogenes Laertius, the Muses are made to disavow all the influence of Love.

"Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids;"
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms;
"Or Love shall flutter in your classick shades,
And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!"
"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bower,
"We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art;
Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome Amore
Dell' alma donna della vita mia:
E tanta era il piacer ch' ei ne sentia,
Che non sapea, né voleà uscirne fore.

Quando ecco ivi annodar si sente il core,
Sì, che per forza ancor convien che stia:
Tai lacci alta beltate orditi avia
Del crespo crin, per farsi eterno onore.

Onde offre infin dal ciel degna mercede,
A chi scioglie il figliuol la bella dea
Da tanti nodi, in ch' ella stretto il vede,
Ma ei vinto a due occhi l' arme cede:
Et t' affatichi indarno, Citerea;
Che s' altri 'l scioglie, egli a legar si riede.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Trac'd every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.

* *His mother comes with many a toy,*
To ransom her beloved boy; &c.] Venus thus proclaims the reward for her fugitive child in the first idyll of Moschus:

For The Port Folio.

A literary friend has directed our attention to the following poem by the celebrated DARWIN. This poem, as appears by the letter inserted below, was sent from Altona to Dr. Aikin, the editor of the Athenæum. This production exhibits most of the peculiarities of Darwin's manner. But it vindicates in a great degree his claim to originality. It has been repeatedly asserted and generally believed, even by the most captious of the criticks, that Dr. Darwin modelled his versification sometimes from the Della Cruscans, sometimes from Miss Seward, and sometimes from "The Mine," a poem, by John Sergeant, Esq. But the chronology of the ensuing couplets, written more than fifty years since, proves that the authour is a mannerist, and that his style is his own.

AN EARLY POEM OF DR. DARWIN.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,

I send you a curiosity, like most curiosities, of no great value, but still I should hope not unworthy your acceptance. It is the juvenile production of a man who, though he will not be ranked with the classical poets of our language, certainly belongs to the distinguished literati of the age: a poem, by Dr. Darwin, written more than half a century ago. This little piece has lately been published in Germany, in an appendix to an interesting pamphlet.

And soon he found 'twere vain to fly,
His heart was close confin'd;
And every curlet was a tie,
A chain by Beauty twin'd.

Now Venus seeks her boy's release,
With ransom from above:
But, Venus! let thy efforts cease,
For Love's the slave of love.
And, should we loose his golden chain,
The prisoner would return again!

Let the ladies attend to Mad. Dacier's note upon this ode. "This ode," says the female commentator "is very fine and the fiction extremely ingenious. I believe, Anacreon would inculcate that beauty alone cannot long secure a conquest; but that when wit and beauty meet, it is impossible for a lover to disengage himself."

On the 29th of April last, Dr. Reimarus* of Hamburgh, a physician of eminence, and a respectable writer, on a variety of subjects, principally medical and philosophical, celebrated the jubilee of his academick title of M. D. On this occasion the amiable and venerable sage, who, with the weight of 78 years, enjoys a green old age and the unbounded love and reverence of his fellow citizens, after a long life spent in a series of benevolent and patriotick exertions, was presented with a geographical memoir of himself, written by his friend Dr. Veit. In this memoir we learn that Dr. Reimarus studied at Edinburgh in the year 1754–6, where he formed a close friendship with Dr. Darwin. On the 29th of April, 1757, Reimarus took his doctor's degree at Leyden, and on this occasion received the congratulatory poem which is now for the first time made publick.

This production certainly will not add much to the authour's reputation, and a scrupulous friend of the doctor's might hesitate before he withdrew it from obscurity; but its publication, though in a foreign country, must sooner or later, make it known at home: and after all it is no disgrace to the writer, for (and this alone would render even a worse performance interesting) the authour's poetical taste and character was already formed; and the future authour of the Botanick Garden, published so many years afterwards, is discernible in these occasional verses. We find here the same frigid allegorisation, the same far-fetched epithets, and, in endeavour, if not in execution, the same polished phraseology and laboured rhythmus. This gives an unexceptionable interest to the poem.

I am, sir, &c. H. C. R.

Altona, May, 1807.

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* Son of Reimarus, who wrote a work on the instinct of animals, which, if I mistake not, as well as the same authour's defence of Natural Religion, has been translated into English. The elder Reimarus's works, have something of the tone and tendency of the popular writings of Derham.

The Medical Courtship.

BY E. DARWIN.

In manhood's dawn when first soft hairs begin
To yield a timerous umbrage to the chin,
Reimarus pray'd, Ye powers celestial hear,
Send me a wife, and bless the loving pair.

Her favourite youth, the blue-ey'd goddess spy'd,
"Father of gods and men, O Jove! (she cry'd)
"Grant me unerring wisdom to employ,
"And choose a damsel for my favourite boy!

The godhead nods, and at her wing'd command,
Before the youth, three sister-beauties stand,
Each with soft words his tender bosom warms,
And hand in hand display their rival charms.

First gentle *Botany* the swain address'd,
One early rose-bud blush'd upon her breast,
She bade the Spring for him the sweets unfold,
Green'd the young herb, and dipp'd the flower in gold.

Next pensive *Chemia* lifts the magick wand,
And changing forms obey her waving hand,
Metallick trees advance their silver stems,
Bud into gold, and blossom into gems.

Last young *Anatone* steps forth, and throws
The clouds of superstition from her brows,
Harmless she smiles upon the crimson knife,
Untwists each nerve, and treads the walks of life.

He view'd, he sigh'd, alternate passions burn,
Each courts, and each is courted in her turn.
"These are my handmaids," health-rob'd *Med'cine* cries,
And steps all radiant from the bending skies.

Grace sat upon her cheek, and o'er her head
Immortal Youth his blooming honours spread;
Science for her his treasur'd ores improves,
And Age and Fortune bless her as she moves.

The youth advanc'd, and first her hand he press'd,
Then clasp'd the goddess to his panting breast;
"O take your spouse,"—she heard his soft commands,
And wreath'd her serpent to their wedded hands.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from Page* 217.)

Conversation is the Daughter of Reasoning, the Mother of Knowledge, the Breath of the Soul, the Commerce of Hearts, the Bond of Friendship, the Nourishment of Content, and the Occupation of Men of Wit. BALT. GRACIAN.

The Conversation of the present day is not at all of the species above described. The minds and manners of men appear to have been materially altered for the worse within the last century. Conversation, which was the test of talent and wit, is become an incongruous mass of absurdity, of miserable puns, and degenerate equivoque; the delicate and elegant style of speaking of the belles lettres is extinct; and the conversation of the pen is as poor and barren as that of the lips: business and war are fatal enemies to the polite arts and to literature.

When the conversation of a people becomes vitiated, there must be some radical defect in the national mind and manners; some impoverishment of character among great and leading men; a diminution of virtue and of the energies of truth, which never fails to loosen the bands of social life, and spreads the poison of example from the greater to the lower orders of the community. Religion and morality have been neglected, the truth forsaken, and the plain pleading of common sense disregarded; while the plausible falsehoods of modern philosophy have thrown into an ingenious perspective (which appears to rob them of their deformities) deviations from which the mind would formerly have shrunk with disgust and hatred.

But let us examine fairly, whether the mind and conversation of the present age are depraved or not; and whether the garden of genius and taste, so beautifully laid out in England by an Addison, a Pope, a Steele, and a Johnson, is become wild, overgrown with weeds, and choaked with the false shoots and suckers that weaken and injure the fair tree of literature.

The propositions in the quotation at the head of this Essay, if considered singly, will, I am afraid, establish incontestable proofs of the poverty and degenerate state of genius and taste in the present day.

First, let us examine whether modern conversation is *the Daughter of Reasoning*, and draw our examples from real life. I have endeavoured to try this matter experimentally, and expected to prove the affirmative of the proposition in a circle of philosophers, the chief members of which were, Dr. Logick, Mr. Ratio, and Professor Skeptick: all men of profound learning. I hoped to find here that conversation was in truth the daughter of Reasoning, but alas! I was wofully mistaken; or if she was the daughter of Reasoning, I must confess I could not understand her language; it was neither the Chaldean, Syriack, Hebrew, English, French, Erse, nor Chinese, but a tongue most probably unknown at the Tower of Babel. I heard distinctly the words *æsthetick*, *anthropology*, *dæmonology*, *imanint*, *pathological*, and *supersensible substratum*. I confess that I utterly despaired of being able to understand these terms without a glossary; but as there is always a pride in man to display and communicate his own vast and superiour conceptions, Dr. Logick kindly undertook to act as nomenclator, occasionally, whenever this new dialect of reason occurred. I began now to pay the utmost attention; every wandering thought that asked admittance was refused; and I listened with veneration to the daughter of Reasoning, not a little pleased, like most foreigners, to find that I *now and then* could understand a word; but I was still at a great loss; for the lady talked in too high a style for my humble comprehension; and, after her opening the book of knowledge, she had actually proceeded to problem the second before I could comprehend the smallest part of problem the first; but I imagine that this must have been in some measure owing to a defect or deficiency in my own reasoning faculty, as all the company, except myself, appeared to be perfect masters of the subject; while the most that I could make of it was, that it meant something against the Christian Religion, and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul; but the definition of time puzzled me above any thing else, although it was stated to be, *the original perceptive representation of the possibility of simultaneity and succession*. I could not help thinking, as I was walking home, that this sort of *right reason* (as it was called) resembled very much *downright madness;* and that one moral drawn from Gay's Fables was of more real value to mankind than the whole of Kant's philosophy put together. One consolation, however, was, that few would be able, any more than myself, to understand his categorical, apodictical, hypothetical, and disjunctive judgments; in short, I came home, convinced that among those who styled themselves *modern philosophers*, Conversation was not by any means the Daughter of Reasoning.

I next sought her as *the Mother of Knowledge*, in a mixed company of men who were reputed to have considerable talents in their respective professions. It consisted of an eminent lawyer, an officer of rank, a physician, and a natural philosopher. I now seriously began to promise myself a source of entertainment and information. Conversation will indeed be here (said I) the Mother of Knowledge; and a fruitful Mother too; the lawyer will, doubtless, illustrate in a familiar way the laws of social life, and the reciprocities of society; the officer will entertain us with an accurate and faithful account of celebrated and splendid actions; the philosopher will treat of the beauties and analogies of nature and reason; and the physician will introduce some neat and pertinent remarks on regimen and diet: but it seemed that each of these gentlemen had determined to leave the shop (as it is called) at home; not one of them deigned to afford a word of professional information, any more than the haberdasher would of his gauzes, or the grocer of his hysons. The conversation took quite another turn; for it

began with the Colonel's calling Mr. Humburg, the German philosopher, Professor Humbug, which was extremely diverting; the counsellor here too recollected the worst part of his practice, and lent his assistance to *badger* the witness; as for the physician, he was employed in making punch *secundum artem*. The result of my observations in this enlightened dinner party was, that certainly Conversation was not there the Mother of Knowledge; or if she was, at any rate it must be admitted that her offspring were somewhat illegitimate.

The gay and social circle of young men, in which the heart and sentiments play freely, without the shackles of prejudice or self-interest, next attracted my attention; and here I expected to find conversation the *Breath of the Soul, the Commerce of Hearts, the Bond of Friendship, the Nourishment of Content;* and under that persuasion I went to dine with Captain Splash, Ensign Bounce, Sir Harry Dashall, Mr. Brass (a young Oxonian), and a Clergyman. It happened, that at dinner I was seated next to Captain Splash, who immediately condescended to direct his conversation to me as follows: "D——e I was devilish drunk last night; drank four bottles, Sir, by G—;" and then addressing himself to the Baronet, "How much do you think we drank last night, Sir Harry?" Sir Harry answered with the same easy and *elegant* stile, "D——e if I know; I only remember that I was d——d drunk; Here, waiter, give us some Madeira; Bounce, will ye take a glass of wine? Brass, what say you?" "With all my heart; Doctor, will ye join?" In short, each filled his glass, and I began to hope that it would operate to produce some lively and pleasant conversation; but it would not do; and I found that they had no resource but that of *quizzing* (as it is termed) the young Clergyman, who appeared of modest deportment, and a man of merit. Brass made the attack, and Splash and Bounce played off the same offensive artillery, till I ventured to introduce an anecdote of a celebrated divine and scholar, who happening to take a ride near Eaton College, the young Gentlemen, prompted by the appearance of a man in a big wig and cocked hat on horseback, drew near, making many significant grimaces, and uttering a jargon of ridicule peculiar to themselves. The Doctor rode up to some of the biggest of the boys, and coolly inquired what the ceremony meant. One of them, bolder than the rest, answered him, that it was *quizzing*. "Indeed!" said the Doctor; well! I had no idea that *it was any thing so clever*." The boys drew back abashed at the keenness of this sarcasm; and ever afterwards, when they met him, bowed with the utmost respect. This anecdote, however, only produced a momentary silence among the company. Splash stared; Bounce whistled a tune; the Collegian filled his glass; and Sir Harry pulled up his boots. At length a toast from Bounce relieved them from their uneasiness; a favourite girl was given; and the events of the hazard-table the preceding evening were recorded: Splash and Bounce, winner and loser, disagreed, and played off on each other, till from inuendoes they came at last to downright abuse. There was nothing to be found like *the commerce of hearts* or *the bond of friendship;* nor any thing nourished, but a great deal of *discontent;* in short, some of the party quarrelled, and the evening's entertainment was succeeded by a morning's duel.

Whither (thought I) shall I next go in search of Conversation, in her pure and elegant shape; rich in information, replete with genius, and attired by the graces of wit and taste? Whither? why among the patrons of literature, among authours, among performers; it is there that she is to be found.

Away I went, and procured an introduction to a club of them; and here, I must admit, pun succeeded pun in quick succession: but, alas! every man *performed*, and to some it appeared very hard *study;* the jests came up like a bill of fare, and were frequently served again the next day. The President was extremely happy

in fishing for them, but then they were mere *tickle-backs*. The pointed repartee, the playfulness of wit, the sprightly equivoque, were wanting; and what should be natural was reduced to rules like Bob Short's Treatise on Whist. The President of the present day need only to be possessed of the following qualifications: he must have a certain set of toasts and sentiments, a long string of puns, the art of making ugly faces, and know something of quizzing. It may easily be imagined, that I found the tables of men like these extremely barren of conversation; I came home, but brought away nothing worthy of recollection; as for the puns, I could not remember them for the soul of me.

Perhaps (thought I) the beauties of Conversation may be found readily in the mixed companies of men and women, at the tables of persons of refined habits and taste. Away went I again, sanguine in my expectations, to the Honourable Miss Tambourine's hot supper; and here appearances promised much; the ladies looked all smiling and lovely, and the gentlemen pleasant and gay. I was happily seated next one of these complacent beauties, who, after a little pause, asked me if I danced the new steps, and whether I preferred the "Waltz," or the "Irish Shuffle." I hesitated a moment, when a lady on the other side, with a red face, told me, that she liked "Drops of brandy" very much; and that "Go to the devil and shake yourself," was monstrous charming. This staggered me a little at first, till it was explained to me that these were reels called for by ladies of the highest distinction. I could not, however, help thinking, that those whose taste it is which settles the titles of country dances, might find out names more adapted to the delicacy of the female character.

The conversation turned naturally enough from dancing to musick, and as naturally from musick to Mrs. Billington; and now I expected to hear described the sweet cadences and modulations, with the astonishing powers of execution, of that celebrated singer; but not a syllable of the kind was uttered: Mrs. Billington was ill! what a loss to the town! her voice was divine! exquisite! Mrs. Billington was the taste, like "Drops of brandy;" but she had the misfortune to have the praise of fools who were incapable of appreciating her merits; and was brought into fashion more by the print shops that by her great talents and judgment. One must be caricatured in these days to be noticed, and merit must associate with nonsense to become known.

Let us hope that this false and wretched taste for frivolity may soon have an end. Let us hope for a change in the publick mind, and in the manners of society; and let us see where it may most easily be begun. Men of high rank must enter again into the service of Truth; they must discountenance the empty importance of the buck of fashion, who wars against all society, offends virtue, ridicules religion, disclaims prudence, and establishes false and dangerous principles, which form the manners of young men, who might probably become the ornament and pride of their country.

Let the mind become great, and the manners will improve. Let Reason again preside, and true wit and taste will again enrich our conversations; the coxcomb of the day will shrink into insignificancy, and the man of merit be once more noticed and respected. A love for right reasoning will be the happy consequence, and virtue become again established among us. Though it be difficult to stem the torrent of absurdity, it may yet be done; where a Bloomfield, from the humblest path of obscurity, rises up to shame the Senate and the Bar, and draws *his* forcible precepts from truth and nature.

For The Port Folio.

Today we have a fine treat for those who love to banquet with BURKE. Two original letters from that great orator and statesman have been put into our hands for publication in The Port Folio. They are entirely new in America, and have been most unac-

countably omitted in all the editions of Burke's works. Such communications from such a source are truly "a crown and sceptre" to the editor, who is indebted for them to a literary friend, always successful in his researches among the archives of polite literature.

The criticisms of this profound statesman upon the conduct of Henry of Navarre; his contempt for *popular decisions;* his abhorrence of the rebels and traitors of the French Revolution; and his just though concise character of Louis XVI, will delight every well principled reader.

In the letter to Captain W. the description of the Abbe Maury's eloquence, and the sketch of his character, are noble, well-earned compliments. The sneer at the scoundrel Mirabeau, the contempt for his base retreat from his rank, and *despicable* affectation of *citizenship;* the allusions to the various gaols, where this *moral* reformer was almost always to be found; and the generous disdain of his usurped authority, are all worthy of EDMUND BURKE, the favourite of Nature, the votary of Virtue, the darling of Genius, and the boast of Wisdom: a man whose *principles* as well as eloquence we can never sufficiently commend—a man whose tracts, *especially those written in the maturity* of his age, are always in our hands, not only because we are dazzled and delighted by his brilliant blaze of metaphor, but because WE SUBSCRIBE IMPLICITLY TO HIS DOCTRINE, because, like him, we detest those devices, which cajole the miserable populace, and have defaced and degraded some of the finest countries in the world; because, like him, we utterly disclaim that fanatick and bastard bill of rights, promulgated by the Prices and Priestleys of Faction, and prefer that liberty, which he justly calls a noble Freedom, which carries an imposing and majestick aspect, which has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors, which has its bearings and ensigns armorial; its gallery of portraits, its records, evidences, and titles.

Letter from the Right Honourable Edmund Burke to the Translator of his Reflections on the Revolution in France.

SIR,

Yesterday I had the honour of receiving your letter, in which you desire that I may revise and soften the expressions which I have made use of concerning Henry IV, King of France.* I am not at all surprised at your request; for since your childhood, you have heard every one talk of the pleasing manner and mild temper of that Prince. Those qualities have shaded, and almost obliterated, that vigilance and vigour, without which he would never have either merited or enjoyed the title of Great. The intention of this is self-evident. The name of Henry IV recals the idea of his popularity; the sovereigns of France are proud to have descended from this hero, and are taught to look up to him as a model. It is under the shelter of his venerable name that all the conspirators against the laws, against religion, and against good order, have dared to persuade their king, that he ought to abandon all the precautions of power to the designs of ambition. After having thus disarmed, they have resolved to deliver their sovereign, his nobility, and his magistrates (the natural supporters of his throne), into the hands of thieves and of assassins.

It was a long time since this plot was first formed. It was resolved to put it into execution according to circumstances; and the mode adopted, of every where suspending the portraits of Henry IV was one of the means employed for the success of the design:—*a means truly perfidious, as it holds snares to the unwary, and catches mankind by the bait of their own virtues.*

Every time that this politick prince had occasion to deliver one of his insinuating harangues (which was very often) he took particular care not to be too literal in his expressions. It

* The passage objected to by Mr. Burke's Translator is the following:—"Henry of Navarre was a politick and active prince. He possessed indeed great humanity and mildness; but a humanity and mildness that never stood in the way of his interests. He never sought to be loved, without putting himself in a condition first to be feared. He used soft language with determined conduct. He asserted and maintained his humanity in the gross, and distributed his aids of concession only in the detail. He spent the income of his prerogatives nobly, but took care not to break in upon the capital; *never abandoning for a moment any of the claims which he made under the fundamental laws, nor sparing to shed the blood of those who opposed him often in the field, sometimes upon the scaffold.*" Page 201.

was, I suppose, to a kind of Assembly of Notables that he spoke of his design to free himself entirely from their restraint. But when he employed these courtly threats, of which, by the by, he was very liberal, he advanced his right foot, and, as he himself says, "always clapt his hand upon the hilt of his sword."

Those men whose power is envied, and against whom violent factions are formed, cannot with safety be good in any other manner. Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and all others in similar situations, who have dared to be virtuous, could never have enjoyed this arduous and critical preeminence but by inviolably pursuing all means in their power of attracting respect, and of sustaining their authority: Without this, they could not have exercised their benevolence.

In such a situation, a prince may with safety, and with as much sagacity as glory, divide his authority with his people; because then he has the power to divide at his discretion, and is not forced to abandon it.

Whatever may be the honour annexed to such a voluntary division, whatever may be the political motive that can induce a sovereign to make such a sacrifice in certain cases, Henry IV neither did the one nor the other: he never, in any manner whatever, parted with an atom of his authority. Did ever he leave it to the judgment of the citizens of Paris to determine the right which the laws of the kingdom gave him of being their king and their sovereign? Did they ever enter into any treaty with him concerning his title to the throne? Where is there in the long catalogue of the unlimited prerogatives of the kings of France (be they just or unjust), an article which he ever abandoned, limited, or even submitted to inquiry? He would have been still more illustrious, if, after having purchased and conquered his kingdom, he had done this, and if he had become the founder of a regular constitution.

Historical facts have not furnished me with the means of deciding in a proper manner, if ever he found himself in a situation to acquire this glory, or if he then could have made any attempts of that kind with a greater degree of safety than has been done on a recent occasion. But it is very probable that he never had any idea of this kind. If you read the Memoirs of Sully with attention (and I suppose that the opinions of the minister differed but little from those of his master) *you will easily perceive that they were both royalists in all the extent of expression;* and with some few exceptions they constantly maintained that species of government.

As to the blood that Henry shed, he never spilt one drop more than was *necessary for the maintenance of his Right; which he on no occasion would submit to any species of popular decision:* he however could *kill* when it was necessary. How many bloody battles did he not fight against the majority of the French nation? How many cities did he not sack and pillage! Was his minister ashamed of sharing the booty that fell into his hands? It is true, that while closely besieging his own capital, he relieved and protected the unfortunate families who, at the peril of their lives, sallied forth to gather a scanty harvest under the walls of this very capital. I approve this conduct, but it does not inspire me with an enthusiastick admiration. He would have almost been a monster in cruelty, and an idiot in politicks, had he done otherwise. But while he was so compassionate to a few wretches dying of hunger, one cannot forget that it was he himself who famished them, by hundreds and by thousands, before he was in a situation to treat thus compassionately a few isolated individuals. It is true, indeed, that in starving Paris, he did nothing but what was conformable to the right of war: but that was a right which he enforced in all its plenitude. He followed the dictates of his heart and of his policy in the acts of compassion attributed to him: as to the famine which he occasioned, it was in consequence of the position of his army. But can you support the panegyrists

of Henry IV, in regard to this very siege of Paris, when you recollect the late deplorable scarcity, and, above all, what has been done in consequence of that unhappy epoch? Of the occurrences that followed I shall not speak at present, although I think that *that* ought to be done, to inspire every honest heart with horrour and indignation.

At to the "Scaffold,"—it is impossible to decide at this moment, whether it would not have been more prudent for Henry IV to have saved Mareschal de Biron, instead of cutting off his head within the walls of the Bastile. He was under great obligations to this Mareschal of France, as well as to his father; but Henry was less remarkable for his *gratitude* than for his *clemency*. As he never shed blood but for just reasons, I suppose that he thought himself obliged to do it then, on account of the good of his people, and the security of his throne. It must be allowed, however, that if he had pardoned this rash and impetuous man, he would never have been reproached with this act of commiseration.

If he imagined that the Mareschal de Biron was capable of some of those scenes which we have lately seen exhibited in your kingdom: if he supposed that he might produce the same anarchy, the same confusion, and the same distress, as the preliminaries to a humiliating and vexatious tyranny, which we were on the point of beholding established in France under the name of a Constitution,—if was right, very right, to cut, on its very formation, the first thread of so many treasons.

He would never have merited the crown that he acquired, and which he wore with so much glory, if interposing his compassion to defeat the preservative effects of a severe execution, he had scrupled to punish those traitors and enemies of their country, and of the human race;—for, believe me, there can be no virtue where there is no wisdom.

Weakness only, (that is to say, the parent and ally of crimes), could have allowed itself to be affected by misdeeds which have a connexion with power, and which aim at the usurpation of a certain degree of authority. To pardon such enemies, is to do the same thing as those who attempt the destruction of religion, of the laws, of policy, and of the prosperity of industry, of liberty, and of the prosperity of your country. If Henry IV had such subjects as those who rule France at this very moment, he would do nothing more than his duty in punishing them.

The present sovereign is in the situation of a victim, and not the avenger of rebellion. It is rather a misfortune than a crime, that he has not prevented this Revolution with that vigorous precaution, that activity, and that momentary decision which characterized Henry IV.

Louis XVI, according to what I hear and believe, has received from nature as perfect an understanding, and a heart as soft and humane, as his illustrious ancestor. These are indeed the *elements* of virtue; but he was born under the *canopy of a throne*, and was not prepared by adversity for a situation, the trials of which the most perfect and the most absolute virtue could have scarce resisted.

As to the proceedings, the men, the means, the pretexts, the projects, the consequences arising from false plans and false calculations of every nature and of every species, which have reduced this Sovereign to appear in no better light than an instrument for the ruin of his country; these are circumstances to be recorded and commented on by the historian.

These remarks, Sir, have been occasioned by reading your letter; you may print them as an Appendix to your work, or in whatever manner you please; or you may keep them for your own private satisfaction—I leave entirely to your discretion.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,

E. BURKE.

Beaconsfield, Jan. 2, 1791.

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LETTER TO CAPTAIN W——.

(COPY.)

Duke-street, St. James's, Feb. 11, 1791.

SIR,

I must beg your favourable interpretation of my long silence. I have really been engaged in business which has occupied my whole mind, and made me somewhat negligent in the attentions which are most justly due from me. Amongst those I must reckon what I owe to you, for your communication of the sentiments of the Abbe Maury, and for the very polite and obliging manner in which you have made that communication.

I have to thank you for the excellent speeches of the Abbe's, which, until your goodness furnished me with them, I had never read. I had never before seen any thing of his which could furnish a proper idea of his manner of treating a subject. I had seen him only in detached pieces, and sometimes, I apprehend, under the disadvantage of a representation of his enemies. Even in that form I thought I perceived the traces of a superiour mind.

The pieces which you have been so kind as to put into my hands, have more than justified the ideas I had formed of him from reputation. I find there a bold, manly, commanding, haughty tone of eloquence; free and rapid, and full of resources: but admiring, as I do, his eloquence, I admire much more his unwearied perseverance, his invincible constancy, his firm intrepidity, his undaunted courage, and HIS NOBLE DEFIANCE OF VULGAR OPINION, AND PUBLICK CLAMOUR. These are real foundations of glory. Whenever we shall get rid of the dangers of his inviolability, and shall wish to relax in the ease and free intercourse of this land of slavery (in which he has nothing to dread from a Committee of Research, or the excellent laws of *lese nation*) he shall, with a very sincere and open heart, receive from me the *accolade Chevaleresque*, which he condescends to desire: for he has acquitted himself *en preux Chevalier*, and as a valiant champion in the cause of Honour, Virtue, and noble Sentiments; in the cause of his King and his Country; in the cause of Law, Religion, and Liberty. Be pleased only to express my sorrow, that the mediocrity of my situation, and the very bad French which I speak, will, neither of them suffer me to entertain him with the distinctions I should wish to show him. I will do the best I can.

I have had the Count de Mirabeau in my house—will he submit afterwards to enter under the same roof? I will have it purified and expiated, and I shall look into the best *Formulas*, from the time of Homer downwards, for that purpose; I will do every thing but imitate the Spaniard who burned his house, because the *Connetable de Bourbon* had lodged in it. That ceremony is too expensive for my finances. Any thing else I shall readily submit to, for its purification; for I am *extremely superstitious*, and think his coming into it was of evil augury; worse, a great deal, than the crows which the Abbe will find continually flying about me. *It is his having been in so many prisons* in France, that has proved so ominous to them all.

Let the hall of the National Assembly talk to itself, and take means of averting the same ill auspices that threaten it. They are *a fine nation that send their monarchs to prison, and take their successours from the* jails! the birth of such monsters has made me as superstitious as they. A friend of mine just come from Paris, tells me, he was present when the Count de Mirabeau (I beg his pardon) *Mr. Ricquetti*, thought proper to entertain the assembly with his opinion of me. I only answer him by referring him to the *world's* opinion of *him*. I have the happiness not to be disapproved by my sovereign. I can bear the frowns of Ricquetti the First who is theirs. I am safe under the British laws.—I do not intend to put myself in the way of his inquisition, or of his *lanterne;* which I consider as much more dangerous to honest men, though not to him, than the bastile was formerly.

If I were to go to France, I should think the government of Louis XVI much more favourable to liberty than that of their present king, Ricquetti the First. In one thing, indeed, I find him, though he was a bad subject, to me at least, a kind sovereign; since, in speaking of me, he has done it in the only way which could contribute either to my satisfaction or reputation.

To be the subject of Monsieur Ricquetti's invectives and of Abbe Maury's approbation at the same time, is an honour to which little can be added. Mirabeau in his gaol would be an object of my pity; on his throne (which by the sport of fortune may be the reward of what—commonly leads to what I dont chuse to name) he is the object of my disdain. For vice is never so odious, and to rational eyes, never so contemptible, as when it usurps and disgraces the natural place of virtue; and virtue is never more amiable to all who have a true taste for Beauty, than when she is naked and stripped of all the borrowed ornaments of Fortune.

Mr. Cazales and Abbe Maury have derived advantages to their fame from their disasters, which they never could have had from the most prosperous event of their conflicts; which, however, I wish may come in the end, not for their own sakes, but for the benefit of mankind.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(*Signed*) EDMD. BURKE.

For The Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

In our last visit to the Academy of the Fine Arts, we remarked that there were several additions to the Busts and Statues. Some of these are so exquisitely executed, that we take great pleasure by this call to the amateurs to excite liberal curiosity.

Among the casts the connoisseur and the physiognomist will be charmed with the busts of ROUSSEAU and VOLTAIRE. Whatever by different parties may be thought of the publick or private character of these writers, their claims to the title of Genius will be readily allowed by all. They were certainly distinguished for Eloquence, Wit, Satire, versatile talents, and some tincture of learning. Nothing can more strikingly represent the different characters and peculiar traits of these authours, than the art of the Sculptor has accomplished in this instance. In the skeleton face of the authour of *La Pucelle*, you discern the sensual and the satirick striving, as it were, for the mastery. You perceive in the expression of almost every feature, the keenness and liveliness of the Wit, and the ironical sneer of the Infidel. He has the eyes of Priapus, the brow of Pan, the nose of Ovid, the mouth of Mark Antony, and the chin of Petronius Arbiter.

On the other hand, the countenance of his great rival suggests the idea of a man, now morose and now melancholy. On his countenance, as well as that of Voltaire, you can perceive those deep traces, which the inordinate love of women never fails to produce on the visage of genius, in characters as legible as on the countenance of a Satyr. You see too the abused ardour of an eloquent madman, and a general expression in which, at one moment, you imagine may be discovered the character of a pensive sage, and in the next that of a churlish misanthrope. In short, when you gaze at these heads, little is wanting to complete your idea of Mental Power, or of ardent Passion; but for the features of that Apostolick Charity, "which suffereth long and is kind,"

For Love, which scarce collective man can fill,
For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill,
For Faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts Death kind nature's signal of retreat;

You may search anxiously and eagerly but you will search in vain.

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For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

From a walk among the tombs, we would expect to return with the most serious impressions. The merest trifles, however, may sometimes prevent them, and nothing can do this more effectually than the silly epitaphs to be found on some of the "mansions of the dead." I observed this morning the gate of a burial-ground in Mulberry-street open, and walked into it to read "the records of the departed." many of which were well written, and harmonised with the solemnity of the place; but what do you think of the following?

Now I am dead, and in my grave,
And all my bones are rotting;
Remember me, when this you see,
Lest I should be forgotten.

ANOTHER.

This monument is for their sakes
Who would remember Billy Stakes.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Many, indeed a great majority of the Gentlemen and Scholars who subscribe to this Journal, are very ardently thanked for their communications, literary and pecuniary. Both are essential to the success of a periodical publication, and it is hoped that there will be no diminution of the patronage of this work; but, on the contrary, that increasing liberality will reward augmented exertion. The powers of the editor are limited, and his pretensions are of no arrogant complexion. But he omits nothing that his restricted means allow to please the publick, and by *various* modes to accomplish an honourable service. Variety is his motto, and the LITERARY RENOWN OF THE COUNTRY his aim.

With this one claim, he, dubious, leaves the rest
To the kind justice of each candid breast.
He oft has ranged through Nature's ample fields,
Tried what the *garden*, what the *forest* yields,
Cull'd every flower that lay within his view,
And, when he *wove* it, BROUGHT THE WREATH TO YOU.
If then, amid the garland of delight,
Some *simple modest* flow'rets start to sight,
Your favouring plaudits, like the genial ray,
Will spread the opening blossoms to the day.
But should his friends deny that fostering power,
The authour's HOPE must WITHER LIKE THE FLOWER.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

VERSES

Addressed to a young lady with a rose.

By Lucas George.

This rose that will its bloom unfold
In Summer's heat or Winter's cold,
May serve, enchanting maid, to prove
An emblem of my faithful love,
As by thy care the rose will thrive,
So by thy kindness I shall live;
Neglected by thy charming eye,
The flower will fade, and I shall die.

MERRIMENT.

A certain monk playing at tennis with Francis the First, against some lords of his court, made one blow which decided the game in favour of the king. This prince much surprised, said, "a famous blow for a monk." "Sire," answered the monk, "you may make it an *abbe's* blow, if it is your pleasure."

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, October* 17, 1807. [No. 16.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. III.

"Methinks, it were an easy leap to pluck
bright honour
"From the pale fac'd moon."

WHEN our philosophick meal was finished, I took the liberty of requesting the emperour, to permit me to propose some questions that excited the attention of the curious in our world, and remained unsatisfied but by vague, and fanciful conjectures, that were built on the weak basis of hypothesis alone.

"We are informed," said I, "that the large shadows in the moon, are occasioned by the seas and caverns with which your majesty's regions are said to abound." "The supposition," he replied, "is natural, but by no means correct. Indeed I thought you were well enough informed on this subject, for an illustrious king,* about ten thousand revolves ago visited my empire to recover the lost senses of his friend; but his residence here must have been of too short duration, to suffer him to become well informed of the phenomena of our orb. The fact is, an angel whose wings are of dimensions uncommonly great, flying in our neighbourhood, flapped the moon rather severely, and made it uneven, as you see from the earth.† The substance torn off was impelled towards your planet; and it frequently happens that smaller quantities are discharged by similar accidents, a great part of which probably you receive. The wall of my great city has been principally liable to these misfortunes from its extreme loftiness, so that I presume stones must have fallen on the earth more than any other substance."‡

"Why is it," I proceeded, "that your habitation, has so much influence upon the minds of many terrestrians?"

* Astolpho, who made a journey to the moon to recover the lost senses of Orlando Furioso. The story is beautifully related by the sportive darling of imagination Ariosto.—A.

† Among the fiction of Mahometanism none is more strange than the belief that the cavities of the moon are occasioned by a blow from an angel's wing. And yet such is the religion of many millions!—A.

‡ Various have been the conjectures as to the descent of stones upon the earth. It is to be hoped this explanation from the very spring, the life, the fountain head of information will prove satisfactory and conclusive. Thus far we may venture to assert, that there can be no *more* certain evidence of the truth than this given by my friend.—A.

He answered, "whenever the wits of a mortal leave their usual abode, they are carried by an impulse of nature to the moon and there deposited in a tower provided for that purpose. When we are nearest to you in our revolution, the lunatick feeling the approach of his senses, becomes less irrational; but when at the extremity of our ellipse, all reason vanishes and the moon-struck mortal is plunged into the depths of wildness and absurdity." I eagerly asked if I could see and enter this depository?‖ his majesty graciously informed me that it was open to my inspection, but that the vessels containing the different senses, must be hallowed from my touch.

With my companion, whom I now discovered to be an officer of government, to the tower of wits I proceeded; but how great was my wonder, and astonishment, on discerning amidst the vessels, the brains of numbers, whom we have been taught to consider, great and illustrious! Among obscure lunaticks, whose vessels appeared diminutive in the comparison, I observed the senses of the Moores, and the Harringtons and even the Platos whose productions have delighted and astonished the world. But in a vessel of capacity, greater than that of any other, were contained the senses of our serene chief, conspicuous to every visitor, and apparently immovable from this their last abode.§ But politicians were not the sole tenants of the tower, though perhaps the most worthy. There were visionary zealots, whose incense had burned before the altars of superstition; philosophers who had worn out their lives in vain researches after the perfectability of human nature; mechanists, whose time and talents were lost in empty speculations; heroes, the success of whose arms had taught them to believe they were immortal, and invincible; and swains who had sighed forth their senses in the ecstasies of enjoyment, or who had been *crossed in hopeless love*. There were also alchymists impoverished in their path towards the philosopher's stone, and destroyed by the *catholicon*, that was to preserve immortal life and youth. And many a vessel bore a poet's name, who had expired in the sweets of kisses, or had been wafted on the bosom of a sigh.¶

No small portion of the building was occupied by travellers, and with dismay I found my own name inscribed on one of the vessels. This I was permitted to open, and I felt the trammels of prejudice fall away, with the rapidity of lightning, and the rays of cool and unimpassioned judgment shine upon my mind.**

Information was now brought me that if I wished to visit the realms of Jupiter, an opportunity presented itself that would not for a long time occur again, as the communication from its nature is unfrequent and dangerous. Illumined as I was, by the return of my senses, and seeing the folly of a perpetual residence in the moon, I seized the opportunity, and hastened to take leave of the emperour, regretting that I had not been able to see more of his subjects, but solaced with the reflection that in my way from the superiour planets, back to earth, I should be able to make his dominions a place of rest and recreation.

‖ Such a place is mentioned by Ariosto. O. F.—A.

§ Witness every known act during a life of more than sixty years.—A.

¶ Such as "die of a rose in aromatick pain."—A.

** *O si sic omnis viator dixisset!!*—A.

For the Port Folio.

If Mr. Oldschool approves of the enclosed performance, he will please to manifest his approbation, by giving it a place in The Port Folio. Mr. O., whilst reading the piece, will please to remember the story of the old woman, who in spinning produced very uneven thread. A friend observed to her, that it would never be worth a farthing. "O!" said she,

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"in twisting it I mean to make the hills in one part hit the hollows in another." O. P. Q.

ALBERT:

A DRAMATICK ALLEGORY.

SCENE—A GLOOMY CAVERN.

Albert discovered leaning in a thoughtful posture against a projecting rock.

ALBERT.

Friendship! thou art indeed an idle dream,
Found only in the poet's glowing soul!
Thou art a pleasing, specious, treacherous mask,
Which Villainy assumes to hide his front—
Thou art a vapoury vision of our youth,
Rais'd but to vanish at our riper years,
With the first blast of adverse Fortune's breath!
When Plenty once, in favouring Fortune's call,
Pour'd from her copious horn her varied stores,
Then Pleasure, Ease, Contentment, Friendship, Love,
Hover'd around, and promis'd to endure—
But when the partial goddess left my roof,
And Plenty ceas'd to pour her copious stores,
Then Pleasure, Ease, Contentment, Friendship, Love,
(Vapours that float in fortune's warming sun,
Chill'd by the frigid blast of Poverty)
Sunk from my view, and left no trace behind.
The loss of wealth, of luxury, and ease,
(Though hard to be endur'd the sudden change
From these to poverty, and want, and care)
Would not have cost a tear, or e'en a sigh,
Had Virtue held her empire in my breast;
And Henry's friendship, and my Clara's love,
Remain'd unshaken 'midst the blasting storm.
But all is lost—Each fond endearing tie,
Which bound me to this wretched, hated world,
Loos'd—Burst asunder at one dreadful blow.
Oh Henry! this last cruel blow from thee:
From thee, from whom no deed, no wish, no thought,
Was e'er conceal'd! Betray'd—betray'd by thee!
A mistress false, one whom I lov'd so well,
Were misery which the blackest fiend would own
A plenteous banquet for his hellish mind—
But false through thee; false through my bosom friend;
Is tenfold torture, misery supreme.
[*Throws himself on the ground.*

Enter VOLUPTUOSO, *speaking as she enters.*

Albert, rouse thee! Banish care,
Leave these haunts of Melancholy,
Where, with gloomy, horrid air,
Sunken eyes and tangled hair,
Oft th' infernal fiend Despair,
Walks his round on ground unholy.
Think not man was born to grieve,
To moulder life away in sorrow;
Enjoy today—with Pleasure live,
Nor waste a thought upon tomorrow.
Rouse, awaken! come and see
Smiling Pleasure, laughing Mirth,
Only friends of man on earth:
I will lead thee—follow me,
Where the polish'd lake is seen,
Fringed with a margin green,
By whose borders nymphs recline,
Shadow'd by the clust'ring vine;
From their eyes, that ever rove,
Glance the melting beams of love;
In their bosoms gently swelling,
Trembling transports ever dwelling,
All the soul in bliss employ,
And keep the senses drown'd in joy.
There the mellow breathing flute,
Fills the air with floating pleasure;
There, with thrilling rapture mute,
Time forgets the hours to measure.
Or, if neither Love invite,
Nor his sylvan scenes delight,
I will lead thee where the air,
Glowing with the taper's glare,
Wafts perfuming odours round;
Whilst the merry viol's sound,
Wakes the soul to joy and glee.
Albert follow, follow me!

ALBERT.

Away, thou specious, false, deceiving fair—
Long hast thou held me in thy gilded snare;
Long have I follow'd in thy fluttering train,
Whose smiling masks conceal their secret pain.
Thee Folly's sons, by glittering tapers' light,
Hail as the worship'd goddess of the night—
Enwrapt in treacherous smiles and gay deceit,
Would cheat themselves as well as others cheat—
Would fain persuade their reason to agree,
That peace and happiness were found with thee;
But Truth with magick wand hath touch'd my eyes,
And all thy miseries in perspective rise—
I view thy votary, by the glimmering light
Of one small taper, in the dead of night,
When soft lascivious musick floats no more,
When noisy Mirth hath still'd his senseless roar,
Sleep flies his eyes, and rack'd with busy thought,
He owns his hour of pleasure dearly bought.
Thou oft art seen in Venus' radiant court,

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Where Love and all the Graces lightly sport
Around the queen of beauty—But with thee.
Come Rage, Revenge, and madd'ning Jealousy,
Falsehood with double face, corroding Care,
Sickness and Sorrow, Madness and Despair.
I too have worship'd in thy tinsel'd fane,
And bought short pleasure with unceasing pain.
Sorrow and Misery ever haunt my door.
Away—for Albert is deceiv'd no more.

VOLUPTUOSO.

Then pine in misery, waste thy wretched life,
With gloomy Melancholy ever mourn;
Brood o'er thy secret sorrows, till Despair
Shall reign triumphant, and with dread command,
Drive thee impetuous to the realms of Death. *Exit Volup.*

(A pause.)

ALBERT.

Come, gentle Sleep, thou soother of the soul,
And spread thy mantle o'er my tortur'd mind.
Imprison Reason—Check the mad control
Of racking Passion, furious, wild and blind.

Strike with thy magick wand from memory's page,
The faintest trace that thought did e'er impart;
The burnings of my fever'd brain assuage,
Close my strain'd eyes, and still my throbbing heart.

To thee, O Sleep, I sue! to thee alone!
No friend but thee remains to sooth my soul.
Hope stands aloof; deceitful Joy is flown,
And Misery triumphs in supreme control.

But bring not, Sleep, Oh bring not in thy train,
Those flitting visions which around thee play—
Keep them for beds where ease and pleasure reign,
There let them frolick at the close of day.

(A long pause, in which Albert betrays extreme uneasiness—then enter Despair.)

DESPAIR.

Albert! in vain thou call'st on sleep for ease;
No sleep but sleep eternal will suffice,
Sleep comes attended by a num'rous train,
His various offspring, which from his embrace
With teeming Fancy, sprung—These, men call Dreams.
Nightly with him they range; nor range unsent—
They are the ministers whom Heaven employs,
To measure justice to the slumbering world.
They hover round the couch where Guilt reclines,
And from his troubled conscience chase repose.
In shapes most foul, most horrible and wild,
Enwrapp'd in shapeless robes, as midnight dark,
They dance obscure upon the rayless air—
They raise the dreadful dagger to his sight,
Howl in his ears shrill shrieks and dying groans,
Which rend his heart and freeze his fever'd blood.
The tortur'd wretch starts, waken'd from his couch,
Rolls his wild eyeballs round in trembling dread,
And scarce believes the direful phantoms gone.
But round the bed where fearless Innocence
In gentle slumbers wears away the night,
To sounds of softest melting melody,
They float in beauteous, ever-changing forms,
They bid the magick scene, more rapid far,
Than clouds illumin'd by the western ray,
Glow, fade, and glow again, with brighter tints
Than those that streak the brilliant heavenly bow,
Painted with sunbeams, on dissolving clouds.
Then call not Sleep—For thee he has no charms:
He will not come without his torturing train.
For thee no rest remains but in the grave!
Receive this gift from me—Be wise—be brave—
Live not to misery and the world a slave.

(Gives a dagger.)

ALBERT—*starting up.*

'Tis true—'tis true, Sleep will not, cannot ease,
The pangs, the racking torments I endure.
—Dear, cruel, much-deceiv'd, much-injur'd maid,
When Death proves how true, how deep is love,
Drop o'er your wretched Albert's mouldering grave,
One genuine tear of pity for his fate!—
Think not thy Albert's angry shade is near
To tax thee with unkindness; no, it moves,
A guardian angel, ever by thy side,
To shield thee from a villain's dark designs,
From faithless, perjured Henry's damned wiles—

Parents forgive me.—O forgive me heaven!
Detested, hated, base, unfeeling world,
Thus, thus, does Albert brave thy tyrant power. *(Raises the dagger.)*
Despair new nerve my arm, nor let the blow——
Ha! what is this? what form divinely bright,
Advances through this melancholy gloom?
Her eyes beam heavenly lustre on the scene;
With steady step and dignity she moves
Nor can this horrid shade her beauty dim!
What art thou? say? that thus serenely view'st
This shadowy group of horrours most profound?
What is thy errand? what should tempt thee down
From Heaven's eternal, glorious, blissful seats,
(For never mortal shone so heavenly fair)
To such a scene as this? Oh, answer me!

RELIGION.

To save thee, Albert, from eternal pain,
To wrest the dagger from thy phrensied hand,
I left the blest eternal realms of light,
Realms which to thee had been forever lost,
If thou thine impious purpose hadst fulfill'd.
Weak, blinded mortal! wouldst thou fly from pains
Which vice and folly ever bring on man,
By such forbidden means? and hope for peace?
Think'st thou that when this fragile, mortal frame
Is sleeping senseless in the silent tomb,
That conscience too will sleep? No, Albert, no!
"The soul shall never die," but when it leaves
This trembling tenement, that every blast
Threatens to lay in lasting ruin low,
It loses not its native energy,
Feels joy and torment ever in extreme;
The guilt-stain'd soul broods o'er its evil deeds,
Acts o'er each crime in solitary gloom,
And feels immortal, unremitted pain:
E'en should the height of heavenly bliss surround,
The tortur'd soul would be but doubly damn'd.
Rise, follow me! Religion is my name:
A name oft us'd to sanction fraud and guilt,
To cover mad ambition, wild revenge,
And every furious passion found in hell.
The phrensied hero panting after fame,
Murders his thousands, cities wraps in flames,
Spreads desolation, conflagration round,
And for the acts (worthy alone of hell)
Pleads to the world my mandate—some indeed
Have not in guilt's vast gulf so deeply sunk,
But have been cheated by th' infernal shades,
Who sometimes in my sacred name command;
Dread Superstition, with her iron scourge,
With sunken eyes, and features ghastly pale;
And Bigotry, who with infuriate mien,
With lightning-flashing eyes and blood-stain'd hands
Thunders his mandates to his starting slaves,
And bids destruction range o'er half the world.
These too their deeds and doctrines I disclaim.
They know me not; they serve not in my cause;
"Peace and good will to men" to all I teach;
I lead men willingly to heavenly bliss,
Not force them on by punishment and fear.
True happiness with me alone is found,
That calm tranquillity which ne'er will fly,
Though bold Destruction hurl his bolts around,
Nor will I leave my vot'ries when they die.
Come then Albert, follow me,
I will show thee peace and pleasure,
Set thee free from thy misery free,
Show thee lasting heavenly treasure.

ALBERT.

Heavenly monitor, no more,
Thou hast conquer'd, thou hast won,
Nature smiles to me once more,
Glad again I hail the Sun.
Thou from despair canst save,
Religion, thou alone;
Lead, O lead me from the cave.

CHORUS.

Thus mild Religion's power
Can from Destruction save,
When in the torturing hour
All nature seems to low'r
And Misery seeks a grave.
At her voice Misfortune flies,
At her bidding Peace appears,
Where she turns her radiant eyes,
Like the mists that melt in skies,
When the morning hours arise,
Vanish doubts and fears.
She through worldly mazes guides
Safely to the closing scene,
Then through purest ether glides
With the soul to bliss serene.

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(Continued from Page 234.)

Though a coat be ever so fine that a fool wears, it is still but a fool's coat.

Happy is it for England that the liberty of the press is allowed; for, were it not, vice and folly would reign despotick tyrants, that would enslave honesty, fetter merit, and banish worth

with impunity. True Reason is, or ought to be, a supreme monarch every where. Whether the jewel be found in the diadem of a prince, or in the night-cap of a philosopher sitting by his fire side in the attick story, it has equal power to reverse the erroneous judgments of little kings and little politicians, from the leaders of factions to the leaders of fashions; absurdity there makes a stand, and the philosopher strikes out with his pen the most favourite passages of pride, power corruption, and folly. Right Reason disdains to deny his culprits the full benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act, and brings them at once to the bar of Truth, where they are compelled to pronounce sentence on themselves.

Of what a subtle and penetrating quality is Truth: how does it pervade and explore its way into every corner even into courts, cabinets, and closets; popping up its head every now and then in spite of power, influence, or party; meddling and interfering with every thing that is wrong, and asserting with bold promptitude, the right. The tone of truth is decisive, and will not alter, from all the persuasions of eloquence, or the plausibilities of sophistry. An old blunt Advocate (now dead), whose knowledge of law was uncommonly profound, after having listened one day with great patience to the flowery declamations of two celebrated and conceited oratours, addressed the Judge as follows: "My Lord, my learned brothers have taken up a great deal of time, and have displayed a great deal of eloquence, but it all amounts to nothing; the law is simply this" (stating it in about half a dozen words); in which the Judge readily acquiesced, and which ended the cause at once.

Pity it is that the noble visitor, Reason, is not more frequently entertained; fain would he constantly inhabit his proper mansion, the human mind, directing its happiness, and protecting it, with his impenetrable shield from every danger. Happy would it be for man if he were to make Reason the sole proprietor of his inclinations and desires.

It is extraordinary that, among people who have received the advantages of a liberal education, the full stream of reason does not flow in upon the mind to fertilize and improve it. But so it is, that the soil is frequently as barren as if it had received no such nourishment. Indeed, folly and indiscretion make more havock among the greater than the lower classes of mankind; and yet they do not assimilate in the least, but keep the vices prescribed them by custom with admirable exactness.

After all, it is merely a distinction without a difference; for the favourite proposition among such as are called people of fashion, that there exists not the smallest affinity between them and the lower orders of mankind, and that they can never be brought to associate without mutual misery and disadvantage, is erroneous; setting aside the consideration, that the wealthy booby ought not to despise and discountenance his poor brother who inherits exactly the same poverty of intellect with himself.

Suppose we endeavour, by a kind of pharmaceutical operation, to decompose a few characters from each class in the nitrous acid of philosophical experience, the best menstruum for such substances.

For instance: Sir Simon Giggle, and Mr. Chubby, the fishmonger, are complete counterparts of each other, alike in shape and beauty, dullness and stupidity. Sir Simon is a little corpulent man, with a round fat face, containing a snub nose, and two little twinkling eyes, that express, in a miserable glimmer, the extreme poverty of his mind. Sir Simon never opened his mouth but to utter some very silly or commonplace thing, and laughs at every thing that is said. Mr. Chubby, the fishmonger, has no more brains than the Baronet, but is a great deal rounder in the belly, which would, apparently, stow away with ease, three barrels of his own Colchester oysters. It is as much as either of them can do to read or write without the help of Entick's Dictionary. The only difference is, that the Baronet fools away

his money, and Mr. Chubby has just sense enough to save his.

The next accidental association of intellect is to be found in the characters of my Lord Laudanum, and Dicky Cambrick, the wholesale linen-draper in Bond-Street. His Lordship is tall and thin, so is Dicky; his Lordship wears a Belcher, so does Dicky; his Lordship stares without any meaning, so does Dicky; Dicky has no brains, no more has his Lordship; his Lordship moves along at the Opera with an immense cocked hat in the one hand and a spyglass in the other; at the Opera also is to be found Dicky; his Lordship addresses a nymph of pleasure in the lobby at the playhouse with the most elegant insensibility, but as loud as he can: purposely, no doubt, to entertain and astonish the company in the box, the door of which he has just opened, "Pray is this a Tragedy or a Comedy? Who wrote this d——d thing? Is this Drury Lane or Covent Garden?" Then his Lordship slams to the door, and moves round the lobby, till he meets another unfortunate female, at whom he cocks his glass: "I beg pardon, my dear, but I must look at ye, by gad." All this precisely does Dicky. And it is really astonishing to think with how much ease a young man may, if he chooses, get rid of a *mauvais ton*, and adopt the very elegant ease, torpidity, and graceful insensibility of the man of fashion of the present day.

It should appear from the above delineations of character, that the science of Heraldry might be considerably improved, and that some new charges and bearings might with great propriety be introduced: there might possibly be found a Peer entitled to a brace of money-lenders for supporters; and a Baronet might claim a barber's block, instead of a bloody hand, in his escutcheon.

But perhaps the same striking resemblances of mind and manners are not to be found among the ladies of these classes. Let us see if there be any likeness between the Right Honourable Lady Fanciful, and Miss Maria Teresa Louisa Parmezan, the daughter of an eminent cheesemonger in the Strand. My Lady Fanciful is proud, conceited, and a fool; but her ladyship can dance, is fond of dress, and loves dissipation. Miss Maria Teresa is just as proud and conceited, is as great a fool, and dances, dresses, and loves dissipation, just as much as her ladyship.

"Pray (cried a young sensible female, on the point of marrying a man of much superiour situation in life to her own, addressing herself to an old friend who had seen a great deal of life) give me the portrait of a woman of fashion, that I may know how to behave, for I am very much afraid that I shall fail in proper manners."—"Do not be alarmed (cried he). Did you ever see the Musical Lady at Mailliardet's?"—"Yes."—"Then there is a complete woman of fashion, and equally insensible; they have, 'tis true, graceful actions and other automaton accomplishments; but no mind, no soul. We may exclaim, How beautiful! How stupid! How elegant! How insipid! You must forget to feel, and learn to stare; and then you will possess two of the principal qualifications of a modern lady of fashion."

Now all the above parties appear to be children of the same parents, the legitimate hopeless offspring of Ignorance and Absurdity; and therefore ought, by all the laws of relationship, to love each other, and associate together in harmony.

"What then! (methinks I hear some reader exclaim) must every man of quality be a man of sense? and is it of necessity that a man of brilliant fortune should have brilliant talents?" I will not insist on any such cruel necessity; but the merit of the heart all may possess; that may be good without genius, and excellent without education. Rank and fortune have the best means to enrich the mind, and therefore the minds of the GREAT and RICH should be the best.

But perhaps the hour of improvement is at hand; for I had a very extraordinary vision a few nights since, which, to be sure, I attribute in some

measure to the innumerable phantasmagoriæ that float in the imagination in this age of spectres. Mine was, however, not at all an horrifick appearance. Methought a female figure, dressed uncommonly fine, with her hair fancifully tied behind with ribbands, came into my room as I was writing. "Pray, Mr. Philosopher," cried the phantom, "what is it makes you so out of temper with us people of rank; Is it from private pique or disappointment; or do you long for an introduction into the gay world?" —"Pray, who is it," interrupted I, "that I have the honour to address?" —"My name is FASHION," cried she, "and though I was originally only a lady's maid, I am now a goddess, and shall not be affronted by any philosopher, be he whom he may. If however, you wish to be introduced to a Countess, let me give directions to a tailor to dress you accordingly, and the thing shall be done. You had better accept my invitation; for you may stay in this musty garret of yours forever, unless I take you by the hand." I thought I expressed myself much obliged; a second female now entered, with peculiar ease and elegance in her manners, and modestly attired, when methought the first drew back abashed, and hid her face. I bowed very low to my new visitor, when she acquainted me that her name was Taste, and that the other female was properly appointed to attend upon her as her servant. "But," cried she, "she has offended me lately very much; she will not obey my instructions, and I have often threatened to part with her; particularly as she has the insolence at times to assume my dress, and pass herself upon the world with my name; and she came here purposely to persuade you to strike out all that you had written on the subject of modern manners: but fear nothing; there are many families wherein I yet preside; and in the end, the impostor who arrogates my attributes will be detected."—"I am glad to find," returned I, "that you visit somewhere, however; and I hope, shortly, the invitation to the tables of the Great will become general; but I believe you have lost an old friend, who formerly resided in England, named Hospitality; I imagine it must have been this false and self-created Taste, called Fashion, who has driven her away; pray try to get her back again; but take care to leave Plenty and Contentment with the poor."—"Be satisfied," cried she, "Learning and myself have made a resolution to find out Merit, to encourage its growth, and to discountenance Folly; the rest will follow of course." With these words I thought the Genius of Taste left me; and I awoke with the agreeable satisfaction, that, if my vision could be trusted, men of quality would shortly become men of virtue; and women of quality women of taste. But although I can find no one in these days to interpret my dream, and though I do not put much faith in it myself, yet I have at least the satisfaction to think, that the day may possibly arrive; that if it do not, there will be yet sense enough left in the world to remonstrate against folly; and that, in all times and places, *be a fool's coat ever so fine, it will still be but a fool's coat.*

Naples was founded by the Greeks. The charming situation they have chosen, is one proof among thousands of the fine taste of that ingenious people.

The bay is about thirty miles in circumference, and twelve in diameter; it has been named Crater, from its supposed resemblance to a bowl. This bowl is ornamented with the most beautiful foliage, with vines, with olive, mulberry, and orange trees; with hills, dales, towns, villas, and villages.

At the bottom of the bay of Naples, the town is built in the form of a vast amphitheatre, sloping from the hills towards the sea.

Independent of its happy situation, Naples is a very beautiful city. The style of architecture is inferiour to what prevails at Rome; but, though Naples cannot vie with that city in the

number of palaces, or in the grandeur and magnificence of the churches, the private houses in general, are better built, and are more uniformly convenient; the streets are broader, and better paved. This is the native country of the Zephyrs; here the excessive heat of the Sun is often tempered with sea-breezes, and with gales wafting the perfumes of the *campagna felice.*

The fortress of St. Elmo, is built on a mountain of the same name. The garrison stationed here, has the entire command of the town, and could lay it in ashes at pleasure.

Though Naples is admirably situated for commerce, and no kingdom produces the necessaries and luxuries of life in greater profusion, yet trade is but in a languishing condition; the best silks come from Lyons, and the best woolen goods from England.

The chief articles manufactured in Naples are, silk-stockings, soap, snuff-boxes of tortoise-shell, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius, tables and ornamental furniture, of marble.

They are taught to embroider at Naples, better than even at France; and the Neapolitan macaroni, is preferred to that made in any other part of Italy. The Neapolitans excel also in liquors and confections; particularly in one kind of confection, which is sold at a very high price, called *diabolinis.* This drug, as one may guess, from its name, is of a very hot and stimulating nature.

The inhabitants of this town are computed at three hundred and fifty thousand. The citizens of Naples, have few avocations of business to excite their activity; no publick walks or gardens to which they can resort; and are therefore frequently seen sauntering and conversing in the streets, where a great portion of the poorest sort, for want of habitations, are obliged to spend the night as well as the day. In the midst of all this idleness, few riots or outrages happen, because the Neapolitan is universally sober, and never inflamed with strong and spirituous liquors, as they are in the northern countries. Iced water and lemonade are among the luxuries of the lowest vulgar; they are carried about in little barrels, and sold in halfpennys worth.

There is not perhaps a city in the world, with the same number of inhabitants, in which so few contribute to the wealth of the community, by useful or by productive labour, as at Naples; but the number of priests, monks, fiddlers, and lazzaronis, surpass all reasonable proportion; the last alone are computed at thirty or forty thousand. If these poor fellows are idle, it is not their own fault; they are continually running about the streets, as we are told of the artificers of China; offering their service, and begging for employment; and are considered, by many, as of more real utility, than any of the classes abovementioned.

The Neapolitan nobility are excessively fond of splendour and show. This appears in the brilliancy of their equipages, the number of their attendants, the richness of their dress, and the grandeur of their titles.

The Corso on the sea-shore, is the great scene of Neapolitan splendour and parade. The finest carriages are painted, gilt, varnished, and lined in a richer and more beautiful manner than in England. They are often drawn by six, and sometimes by eight horses. The ladies or gentlemen within the coaches, glitter in all the brilliancy of lace, embroidery, and jewels. The Neapolitan carriages, for gala-days, are made on purpose, with very large windows, that the spectators may enjoy a full view of the parties within. The carriages follow each other in two lines, moving in opposite directions. The company within smile, and bow, and wave the hand as they pass and repass their acquaintance. Can this amusement be very great?

The Neapolitan clergy live very much in society, attend the theatres, and seem to join most cordially in diversions and amusements. The richest and most commodious convents in Europe, both for male and female votaries, are in the city of Naples; the

most fertile and beautiful hills of the environs are covered with them; a small part of their revenue is spent in feeding the poor, the monks distributing bread and soups to a certain number every day, before the doors of the convent. Some of the friars study physick and surgery, and practise these arts with great applause. Each convent has an apothecary's shop belonging to it, where medicines are delivered gratis to the poor, and sold to those who can afford to pay. The Neapolitan monks are the most superstitious of mankind; a turn of mind which they communicate with equal zeal and success to a people remarkably ignorant and remarkably amorous. The seeds of superstition, thus zealously sown, on such a warm and fertile, though uncultivated soil, sometimes produce the most extraordinary crops of sensuality and devotion, that ever were seen in any country.

Dr. Moore.

For The Port Folio.

The following happy imitation of Spenser's the Fairy Queen, Shenstone's Schoolmistress, and Thomson's Castle of Indolence, is the production of Dr. JAMES, of this city, a polite scholar, a skilful physician, and a benevolent man. Though it was written, we believe, while the authour was at school, no marks of crudeness or bursts of bombast disgrace the composition. It is indeed a most pleasing picture of the *tranquil sect* of the Quakers, finished in a style of sweet simplicity.

It affords us great satisfaction to have it in our power to copy it into this Journal, which was, on its first establishment, enriched by many elegant communications from the authour of these stanzas, and we hope will be again the vehicle of his literary labours.

The Quaker Meeting.

Of War's tremendous deeds, the din of arms,
And acts, by Fame renown'd, fain would I sing,
But that ambition ne'er my bosom warms,
Or would Calliope her succour bring
To bard that soars with too advent'rous wing.
O Shenstone! sweetest child of Fancy fair,
Dart one fond ray, and guide the weakest quill,
That ever rashly claim'd thy guardian care,
To point the high path up the slippery hill,
Where thou thy lyre dost touch with still improving skill.

Themes that have ne'er been polished into rhyme,
Would a faint pencil in this verse portray,
If, in the fond attempt to gain on time,
No taunting critick meet me on my way,
And with these accents rude my heart dismay:
'Vain youth, forbear, by desperate folly mov'd,
'Of poetasters the mean herd to swell;
'But mark his strain whom laurell'd Phœbus lov'd,
'What Horace, tuneful bard, has sung so well,
'How Dædalus's son, bold artist, headlong fell.'

View yonder ancient dome with trees beset,
From which no lofty spire doth proudly rise,
Nor hence, each week, when congregation's met,
Are studied hymns e'er wing'd unto the skies,
Nor doth Amen from Parish Clerk arise.
E'en musick's lulling charms beseemeth wrong
To those who did this modest temple rear;
For all who to these lonely confines throng,
Worship in guise of solemn silent prayer;
Nor can they think that words their sinful deeds repair.

No pulpit here doth grace the naked wall,
Nor doth the sculptor his gay art express;
For thus they teach: 'Religion does not call
'For the vain ornaments of splendid dress,
'Nor will meek Heaven superfluous grandeur bless.'
And wrong they hold it, that the flock should pay
For truths, which ought to flow without control,
Free as the silver dew, or light of day,
To beam mild Virtue on the expanding soul,
And spread celestial sparks, free gift, from pole to pole.

But see, o'er yonder field; the elder train
Of village dames their little infants bring,
Who else might loiter on the grassy plain,
And wet their new clothes in yon babbling spring,
Which would their parents' minds with sorrow sting.
The sportive urchins oft will skip away,

To chase the partridge from the neighbouring bush;
And oft, with balls of well attemper'd clay,
Will from its covert fright the trembling thrush,
Nor mind the matron's careful voice which would them hush.

Down the slop'd hill the gayer tribe descend,
On neighing steeds that champ the steeled bit,
Strait to the fane their pompous way they tend;
There, midst their peers, in goodly order sit,
Young swains for strength renown'd, and maids for wit:
Such strength as at the mill door oft is seen,
When Colin lifts the sack of mighty weight;
Such wit as sports in gambols on the green,
And would the ear of nicer townsman grate,
He'd call it shocking stuff, and rude unseemly prate.

Yet Humour her abode will deign to fix,
Amid the lively rusticks of the place,
And with the village hinds will often mix,
Giving to every feat a festive grace,
And spreading cheerfulness o'er every face.
Let the polite, the polish'd, blame their joys,
Whom Nature, unconstrain'd, can never charm.
This is the life, which Ennui never cloys,
Nor e'er can fell Ambition work it harm,
Blowing, with hideous blast, its poisonous alarm.

See yonder youth on prancing bay steed ride,
While satisfaction on his broad front beams;
And view his gentle charmer by his side,
For whom he wishes and of whom he dreams;
Of heavenly form and mind to him she seems,
For her each evening anxiously he culls
Of wild flowers fair a nosegay scented sweet;
For her the chesnut drops its prickly hulls,
And the wood-pidgeon yields its savoury meat,
With thousand tempting gifts, which verse may not repeat.

And now through folding doors, full wide display'd,
The Assembly's grave and pious numbers throng,
While well each noisy buzzing murmur's stay'd,
With the loose prattling of the infant tongue;
For oft confusion has from childhood sprung.
See the wild Elder's venerable grace,
Mark with what slowpac'd dignity he moves;
See every little eye hangs on his face,
And over all his features fondly roves,
For he the junior train affectionately loves.

The village teacher sits with looks profound,
And marks the entering throng with eye askance:
If, as he careful views the dome around,
He should on careless pupil's visage chance,
He sends him straight a play-forbidding glance.
Of looks like these he hath a plenteous store,
To fright his students from each frolick mood:
And well they watch to see his aspect lour,
Trying each art to avert the baleful wood,
By sitting wond'rous still, and seeming e'en as good.

Silence with Sleep his empire now divides,
While some on this, and some on that side nod;
The ploughman still his steers and ploughshare guides,
And breaks in pleasing dreams the fancied sod,
While the school mistress wields the birchen rod.
Others, more wakeful, plan their future deeds,
While on increase of wealth their wishes stray:
The farmer thus in rapture counts his steeds,
And deals to each his part of winter's hay,
Till Spring renews the grass and gives returning May.

Where will not thirst of treacherous gold approach,
Since here, e'en here, it holds its wide domain.
From the warm cit, who rolls in gilded coach,
To the dull carter, whistling o'er the plain,
Does Plutus, god of shining lucre, reign.
Happy, thrice happy, are the instructed few,
On whom fell Want ne'er lays her harpy claws,
But, far retir'd from mid the toiling crew,
Live in observance of wise Nature's laws,
And learn from her to trace the great Eternal Cause.

For The Port Folio.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

There is nothing with which the inhabitants of the United States have been so much reproached, as the little encouragement given by them to the

Belles Lettres. No traveller, or Journalist, can mention us without making this charge; and even they who kindly endeavour to apologize for our defects, for the most part find our excuse in a poverty of genius, or negation of intellect with which nature has cursed our unhappy land; and for which, they think, as her operations were beyond our control, we should rather be excused than condemned.

If foreigners, however, would take the trouble to view the scenes which we present to their observation, they could not avoid seeing, at a glance, why the works of fancy or imagination are less attended to than the crudest political theories, or the dryest details of mercantile calculation.

In this country, though, perhaps, a moderate competency is more general than in any other part of the world, large fortunes are rare, and the youth released from college, immediately applies himself to some business or profession, to which he finds it necessary to devote an assiduous attention in order to obtain a proper rank in society; and thus a period of life is passed in close application to business, in which, otherwise, a taste for polite literature would have been either formed or fixed; and the lustre of that eye is extinguished, which else, perhaps, had rolled "in a fine frenzy" of poetick inspiration. Youthful leisure, which *alat formetque poetam*, is almost unknown to us. How many of the English poets have felt—I might, indeed, ask, how few have not felt the *res augusta domi?* And when the poverty of their bards is so common as even to be proverbial, in a nation, the birthright of whose numerous nobility and gentry it should be to foster the Muses; shall we be reproached if, as fortune here is within the reach of every man of talents, he forsake the barren steeps of Parnassus for the rich lowlands of domestick comfort and independence? In popular governments, eloquence has justly been called the road to wealth and power, and our foes themselves will not deny that in the United States it is a well beaten one, and that some of our oratours might safely challenge a comparison with the most exalted names which Europe could oppose to them. The literature encouraged by us is solid and useful, and although it may not have the fragrance of the flower-garden, it assuredly has the fruitfulness of the harvest field.

Among the few in this country who have wandered from "the main road of business" to stray in the paths of poesy, is PHILIP FRENEAU, who, as I have been informed, was born in New-Jersey, educated at Princeton College, and, with a singular versatility of character, has been alternately a commander of a ship, and an editor of a newspaper. A volume of this gentleman's poems, "printed at the press of the authour," is now before me, and as I think it much deserving of attention, I shall devote some pages to an examination of it.

The poet, as well as the oratour, is to be encouraged in his race *clamore plausuque;* our authour, however, if we may judge from the following lines, appears to have anticipated very little of either:

My leaves bound up, compact and fair,
In neat array, at length prepare
To pass their hour on time's broad stage,
To meet the surly critick's rage,
The statesman's slight, the pedant's sneer:
Alas! were these my only fear,
I should be quiet and resign'd;
What most torments my boding mind
Is that no critick will be found
To read my works and give the wound.

Thrice happy DRYDEN! who could meet
Some rival bard in ev'ry street:
When all were bent on writing well,
It was some credit to excel;
But those condemn'd to stand alone,
Can only by themselves be known.
Thrice happy DRYDEN! who could find
A MÆVIUS for his sport design'd:
And POPE, who saw the harmless rage
Of *Dennis* bursting o'er his page,
Might well despise the critick's aim
Which only help'd to swell his fame.

On these bleak climes by fortune thrown,
Where rigid Reason reigns alone;
Where flow'ry Fancy holds no sway,
Nor golden forms around her play,
Nor Nature takes her magick hue,
Alas! what has the Muse to do!

Freneau's habits of life lead to an acquaintance with Nature, and he did not pass by her with a regardless eye. The measures of his poetry, like the

subjects of his Muse, are various and desultory. The following lines, on an Indian burying-ground, are extremely beautiful: the two last stanzas are in the sweetest style of Collins:

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep:
The *posture* that *we* give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands—
The Indian when from life releas'd,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast."*

His imag'd birds and painted bowl,
And ven'son for a journey dress'd,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
ACTIVITY, that knows no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrow with a head of stone,
Can only mean that *life* is spent,
And not the *finer essence* gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit;
Observe the swelling turf, and say
They do not lie, but here they *sit*.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the ploughman still admires)
The children of the forest play'd.

There oft a restless Indian Queen,
Pale Shebah with her braided hair,
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase array'd,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer—a shade.

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief and pointed spear;
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

(*To be continued.*)

* The North American Indians bury their dead in a sitting posture; decorating the corpse with wampum, the images of birds, quadrupeds, &c. and if it be that of a warriour, with bows, arrows, tomahawks, and other military weapons.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

There is much reason to regret, that so great partiality should be shown for the works of European productions in preference to those of our own country. While many of our writers of real merit are suffered to be b ried in obscurity for want of publick patronage, the works of Europeans are sought after, read with avidity, only because—"*Tis the fashion.*" I have lately met with a small volume printed in Carlisle, entitled "Rural Poems." They are written by Hayes a young gentleman who graduated at Dickenson College in 1804, and is now Professor of Languages in said College. A second and a third reading have doubly increased my admiration of them. Hayes well deserves the name of the Thomson of America. I have transcribed a passage from Summer which is at your disposal. Recollect—"Where ye cannot exculpate, excuse."

AN ADMIRER OF POETS.

"Such, O COLUMBIA, was the hardy life
Of thy first heroes, frugal, virtuous, brave:
While yet the savage hordes around thee raged;
And oft called forth thy brave unwearied sons,
The dangerous wild far penetrating, fought
Against the cruel foe: while cottages yet stood
In woods obscure, where now proud cities rear
Their heads; ere European luxuries
Had reached our shores. Such were thy hardy sons,
Whose freeborn offspring dared their native rights
With arms to hold against th' oppressive hand
Of foreign tyranny, and left to us,
Their sons, of liberty the glorious prize.

* * * *

In thee fair Liberty,
With all her bright attendants joined, hath fixed
Her firm abode; beneath whose smiling reign
Each virtue blooms, beneath whose patronage
The arts and sciences delight to dwell.
Already has thy boasted Franklin's name,
To science, and to freedom ever dear,
Whose eye explored the clouds, and learned t' avert

The thunder's awful stroke, with just applause,
Resounded thro' the philosophick world.
Thine was a philanthropick Rittenhouse,
Whose genius, beaming as the vernal sun
With milder grace attempered shone;
Softly uniting in assemblage fair
The friend, the husband, patriot, and sage,
A long illustrious list of heroes thine,
In dangers tried, thro' war's long arduous toils
Dauntless and firm in freedom's noble cause.
But chief, thy WASHINGTON claims highest praise;
Ah! who shall dare to sing th' exalted theme,
Columbia's hero! Heaven inspired bards
Of future times shall dignify their song
With his bright name, and sing his mighty deeds;
That well-tried mind, on which dependant hung
The trembling fates of a new rising world;
That firm as Allegany's steadfast brow
Unmoved amidst eternal storms, upheld
Our rising empire's tottering fabrick, 'gainst
Th' enormous burst of Britain's fury swelled
With all the triumphs of the vanquished main!
How glows our admiration, when we view,
On Jersey's plains, his little host exposed
To the rude wint'ry blast, by hunger, toil
And vigilance deep worn, yet curb the pride
Of haughty British troops, superiour foe!
And when at length, beneath the urgent calls
Of suffering nature, sunk the patriot sense;
His presence, voice and great example, rouse
And animate his fainting troops to bear
Ills more than human, for their country's cause!
Immortal patriots, heaven descended band!
The tongue of bards thro' the long lapse of time,
Shall dwell upon your praise, and every son
Columbia rears, to dearbought freedom born,
Enraptured hear; while big with gratitude,
His heart a blessing to your memories heaves."

* * * *

"But youth forbids the inexperienced muse
To try such daring themes, unused to sing
Of states or empires, themes for noble bards;
And to the humble plain bids her return,
There to pursue content, an easier task."

None but those who have been eye-witnesses to the scenes described in the following, can be competent judges of its merit.

ON THE APPROACH OF A STORM.

"All now is bustle in the mead; each face
Wears deep dismay; the farm house vacant stands:
A mingled band of every age and sex
With nimble rakes and hay-forks ply the task,
While rolling billows urged; th' industrious boy,
Pushing amain, drives on the increasing load;
While thick behind the fast built haycocks rise.
But now concentred in the black'ning west
The storm's whole force unites; the burthened clouds
From each side roll to swell the increasing gloom,
Impending horrible. Shuddering, the farmer views
Th' approaching tempest; in 'mid furrow fixt
Forsakes his plough, and drives his panting steers
Swift to the stall. With hasty steps the swains
Fly from the meads, and leave the scattered hay,
The sport of winds: The traveller winged with fears
Speeds for the inn; urged by the frequent spur
His headlong courser flies athwart the plain.

Advancing swift the dark deep-folded clouds
Roll awfully sublime; gloom, deep as night,
Involves th' affrighted world. And now let loose,
Fierce as Æolian storms, the mad'ning winds
Come roaring on; the wild uproar of waves
Lashing the trembling shores, the crashing oaks,
And tumbling edifices mark their course.
In ratt'ling vollies the impetuous hail
Pours down amain; Start from their seats at once
Th' affrighted swains; thickens the tempest round,
And winds ply their redoubled rage; above
Loud the triumphant thunder rends the sky,
Hapless the flock that now is found unpent!
They to the spreading elm for shelter fly
In vain: of leaves and fruit at once the trees
Are stripped; while thro' their boughs loud howls
The furious blast, and drives the beating hail.
In vain, beneath the hospitable boughs,
Their wonted seat, the birds a shelter seek:
While with her wings, the dove protects her nest,
She dies, a victim of parental love.
In thro' the window gleams the lurid blaze,
And glares against the wall with hideous light;
Succeeding quick, the fast redoubled peal
Roars thro' the air: the shrieking matron, pale,
Close clasps the infant to her heaving breast:
Thanks heaven, one dread bolt has harmless pass'd!
But ah! where is the next to light!
Instant, the hissing flames impetuous fill
The tottering hall; loud cracks the parting dome
Above their heads, and sulphur smokes around:

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While all the terrours of the thunder joined
Burst in dread tumult on the astounded ear
Trembling aghast, behold the wretches stand!
Or in some corner pent in vain, to shun
Inevitable doom: but ah! behold
That piteous sight! the child of fondest hope,
The tender parent or the loving spouse,
A lifeless victim stretched.———
Hear how with frantick grief they shriek around
The blackened corpse."

For The Port Folio.

The following beautiful passage from a favourite writer is not only curious for its intrinsick merit, but for suggesting a train of thought to ROUSSEAU, who has pursued the subject at length in his Emilius. Indeed, we are half inclined to think that ROUSSEAU, on this occasion, was little more than a Plagiarist.

It is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence and to which I have access, I regard as mine. By this principle I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England; which, in the eye of the law, belong to certain of my acquaintance: In some great families, when I choose to pass my time, I am, according to the above theory, the master of the house, and he, who goes by that name, is my steward, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences and pleasures of life.

When I walk the streets, I convince myself that I have a property, in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and that those kind people who sit in them, are gayly attired only to please me, upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or a birthnight. I look on the beaus and ladies, as so many parrots in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet, or library that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them.

MORTUARY.

The following elegant tribute to departed worth is extracted from The Athenæum. Col. VASSAL was one of the *ancient* gentlemen of this country, and a branch of a family of distinguished rank in Boston.

Died at Monte Video, Col. Vassal, of the 38th regiment. He was wounded while leading his corps to the storming of that fortress, and died in a few days afterwards. At twelve years of age he commenced his military career in the year 1779, and served in the 59th regiment of foot at the seige of Gibraltar. He was singularly unfortunate in not obtaining promotion commensurate to his abilities, although he purchased step by step, and it was not till 1800 that he obtained a lieutenant-colonelcy. In 1801 he took the command of the 38th regiment, and went with it to Ireland to receive 1000 drafts from the British militia: so indefatigable and zealous was he to render his regiment fit for service, that although fresh recruited, in the space of a few months they were ordered by Sir William Meadows on Dublin duty.

Col. Vassal was in the West Indies, and on every expedition, (Egypt alone excepted), either with his regiment, or on the staff the two last wars. He was field officer of the night on the memorable 23d of July, in Dublin, when his cool determined conduct, gained him the thanks of the Irish government, and the applause of the general officers. His firmness on that night preserved his life for a short time longer to bless his family, and to do honour to his country. He served under the separate command of several distinguished characters, among whom were the late Marquis Cornwallis, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, General Beresford, &c. who knew and justly appreciated his merits.

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His private life was adorned with all the virtues and all the charities. He loved his family, for he was the best of husbands and of parents. HE LOVED HIS KING, HIS KINDRED, HIS COUNTRY, AND HIS GOD If he had one failing, it was too great a diffidence of his own abilities. In him the country has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the army one of its choicest flowers.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Ode to the Genius of French Republicanism is stale. The painted galley of the great nation has run aground and struck her colours to a pirate from Corsica.

"Though lovely *Stael* and lovelier *Stone*
Have worked their fingers to the bone
And cut their *petticoats* to rags
To make her bright *three colour'd flags.*

"Laura" is not so cold as her namesake, whom PETRARCH loved so Platonically. Our American Lady with the liquid name is, in the language of a well known ballad

One whose soul is formed for bliss,
Who loves to bill, to coo, and kiss,
And cannot tell what harm it is
To save a swain from dying.

"Paulo" is too indelicate.

The Memoirs of Cowper have appeared before.

The brain of "Clara" is addled by reading romances.

Let our correspondent X be cheered in that noble course which he seems to pursue with some despondency by remembering the victorious industry of Erasmus. In Erasmus we behold a man, who in the days of his youth, lying under no small disadvantages of birth and education, depressed by poverty, friendless and unsupported, or very slenderly supported, MADE HIS WAY THROUGH ALL THESE OBSTACLES, and, by the help of *bright parts and constant application*, became one of the greatest scholars of the age, and acquired the favour and protection of princes, nobles, and prelates, of the greatest names in Church and State.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

ADDRESS TO THE POLAR STAR.

By Lucas George.

Star of the north, how oft have I alone
In midnight walks adored thy golden throne,
Remote from vulgar fires thou dost retain,
Thy sphere forever in the starry plain.
Hailed by the wretch who wanders wide alone,
Thou art his guide, when all his guides are gone:
Whether o'er sandy wilderness he goes,
Strays thro' some wood, or mounts the polar snows;
Or, when the needle fails his course to keep,
Still led by thee, he ploughs the gloomy deep,
While other stars disperse their radiance round,
Fixed to the Pole thy faithful light is found,
True to this globe thou dost forever shine,
Emblem of love, and constancy divine.

MERRIMENT.

When marshal Tallard was riding with the duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, "my lord duke," said he, "you have beaten today the best troops in the world." "I hope," said the duke, you except those who had the honour of beating them."

When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," said he, it is not the dwelling of some poor man!"

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, October* 24, 1807. [No. 17.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

(*Continued from page* 253.)

MANY a volume has been written on the comparative advantages of the civilized and savage life; and the expansion of intellect and personal comforts of the one have been opposed by the few wants, and proud feeling of independence of the other.

"What happier natures shrink from with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right."

It is a difficult subject to give an opinion on, for to do so impartially, it would be necessary that we should add the mental improvement of the one to the hardihood of body of the other. Sitting in our study, surrounded by books, and fenced from the least inclemency of air, we shudder at the thoughts of the difficulties to which the life of the savage is exposed; while he, whose body is hardened almost beyond the sensation of pain, would view with sovereign contempt a man employing his life in turning over page after page, or scrawling black marks on paper. Notwithstanding all that has been said in favour of the civilized state, it is very certain that the Indians who have been educated at our seminaries of learning, have sighed for their former mode of life, and on returning to their tribes, immediately assumed their old habits. The following little poem very beautifully describes what may be supposed to have been the feelings of an Indian lad, who, separated from his companions, had been some time immured in a New-England College.

THE INDIAN STUDENT.

From Susquehanna's western springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
A native of the forest came.

Not long before, a wandering priest
Exprest his wish, with visage sad;
"Ah why," he cried, "in Satan's waste,
"Ah why detain so fine a lad?

"In *Yankee land* there stands a town,
"*Where learning may be purchased low;*
"Exchange his blanket for a gown,
"And let the lad to college go."

From long debate the council rose,
And viewing Shallum's tricks with joy,
To *Harvard Hall*, o'er wastes of snows,
They sent the copper-coloured boy.

One generous chief a bow supplied,
This gave a sheaf, and that a skin;
The feathers, in vermillion dy'd,
Himself did from a turkey win.

Thus dress'd so gay, he took his way
O'er barren hills, alone, alone!
His guide a star, he wander'd far,
His pillow ev'ry night a stone.

At last he came, with foot so lame,
Where learned men talk heathen Greek,

And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er,
To please the Muses, twice a week.

Awhile he writ, awhile he read,
Awhile he conn'd their grammar rules—
An Indian savage so well bred,
Great credit promis'd to the schools.

Some thought he would in *law* excel,
Some said in *physick* he would shine;
And one, who knew him passing well,
Beheld, in him, a sound divine.

But those of more discerning eye,
Even then could other prospects show,
And saw him lay his *Virgil* by
To wander with his dearer *bow*.

The tedious hours of study spent,
The heavy-moulded lecture done,
He to the woods a hunting went,
Through lonely wastes he'd walk, he'd run.

No mystick wonders fir'd his mind;
He sought to gain no learn'd degree,
But only sense enough to find
The squirrel in the hollow tree.

The shady bank, the purling stream,
The woody wild his heart possess'd;
The dewy lawn his morning dream
In Fancy's gayest colours dress'd.

"And why (he cry'd) did I forsake
"My native woods for gloomy walls!
"The silver brook, the limpid lake,
"For musty books and college halls!

"A little could my wants supply:
"Can wealth and honour give me more?
"Or will the sylvan god deny
"The humble treat he gave before?

"Let seraphs gain the bright abode,
"And Heaven's sublimest mansions see;
"I only bow to NATURE'S GOD,
"The land of shades will do for me.

"These dreadful secrets of the sky
"Alarm my soul with chilling fear—
"Do planets in their orbits fly?
"And is the earth, indeed, a sphere?

"Let planets still their *course* pursue,
"And comets to the CENTRE run;
"In him my faithful friend I view,
"The image of my God—the SUN.

"Where Nature's ancient forests grow,
"And mingled laurel never fades,
"My heart is fix'd;—and I must go
"To die among my native shades."

He spoke, and to the western springs,
(His gown discharg'd, his money spent,
His blanket tied with yellow strings)
The native of the forest went.

Freneau very seldom attuned his lyre to love, and in his works we find none of those "fabled tortures, quaint and tame," so common in the writings of the amatory poets. The following stanzas conclude an address, in a seaman's phrase, to a "scornful lady;" and although the threat of Time punishing the fair one for her cruelty is very common, yet the introduction of this personage in the last line is certainly very uncommon:

Ah, Celia, what a strange mistake,
To ruin thus for ruin's sake;
Thus to delude us, in distress,
And quit the prize you should possess.

Years may advance with silent pace,
And rob that form of ev'ry grace;
And all your conquests be repaid
By—Teague O'Murphy, and his spade.

In many passages he evinces a capacity for the pathetick; but in general passes rapidly to other sensations. The following lines are not unlike some written by Cowper on seeing a favourite grove of trees cut down:

Inspir'd at the sound, while the *name* she repeats,
Wild fancy conveys me to Hudson's retreats—
At sweet recollection of juvenile dreams,
In the groves and the forests that skirted his streams!
How often with rapture those streams were survey'd,
When, sick of the city, I flew to the shade!
How often the bard and the peasant shall mourn
Ere those groves shall revive, and those shades shall return!

And again, with a happy allusion to one of the emblems of Time:

But days such as these were too happy to last;
The *sand of felicity settled too fast!*

The lines to his dog are an affectionate recollection of that faithful animal, and all who read them will remember the days of their boyhood.

How oft in the year shall I visit your grave,
Amid the lone forest that shadows the wave!
How often lament, when the day's at its close,
That a mile from my cot is your place of repose!

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Ah here (I will say) in this path he has run;
And there stands a tree where a squirrel
he won;
And here, in this spot where the willow
trees grow,
He dragg'd out a rabbit that lurk'd in the
snow.

Speaking of the battle of Eutaw springs, his language is both pathetick and forcible, and the epitaph on those who were slain in the action, is, at once, beautifully simple and comprehensive:

Ah! had our friends that led the fray
Surviv'd the ruins of that day,
We should not mix our joy with pain,
Nor, sympathizing, now complain.

Strange! that of those who nobly dare
Death always claims so large a share!
That those of virtue most refin'd,
Are soonest to the grave consign'd!

But fame is theirs—and future days
On pillar'd brass shall tell their praise;
Shall tell—when cold neglect is dead—
"*These* for their country fought and bled."

Freneau has given several translations and imitations from the Latin and French. The conclusion of the sixteenth ode of the second book of Horace,

On me a poor and small domain,
With something of a poet's vein,
Kind fate bestow'd—*and share of pride*
To spurn a scoundrel from my side,

is extremely indignant, and expresses the very sensations of the Prince of lyrick poets:

——— Mihi parva rura, et
Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camenæ
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

The Address to a Jug of Rum is very much in the manner of Swift, who, with all his power of condensing his expression, could not afford us a better example of the *multum in parvo* than the following:

Here only by a cork control'd,
And slender walls of earthen mould,
In all the pomp of death repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose;
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath,
The fist for fighting nothing loth,
The passion which no words can name,
That bursts, like sulphur, into flame;
The nose carbuncled, glowing red,
The bloated eye, the broken head;
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming, and dispute;
Assault that Innocence assails,
The images of gloomy jails,
The giddy thought, on mischief bent,
The midnight hour in riot spent;
All these within this jug appear,
And Jack, the hangman, in the rear!

(*To be continued.*)

THE FINE ARTS.

A gentleman of musical science and taste, and upon whose veracity we can place the utmost reliance, has favoured us with the following very curious particulars of a circumstance to which he himself, as well as many people of the highest respectability, have at various times been a witness:

"It is no less singular than true, that a gentleman of fortune, in the West of England, can actually *sing a duet;* and, what is truly astonishing, he can reserve an octave; ascending in one *clef* and descending in another at the same moment. He sings the treble and bass of Shakspeare's beautiful glee of *Sigh no more Ladies*, in a very correct manner—it must be observed that he does not articulate the words; but at one and the same time produces two distinct sounds, which he can govern at pleasure, and which resemble an Oboe and a Bassoon."

The gentleman can give no explanation of the manner by which he produces two distinct sounds; it was by accident he discovered that he possessed so singular a faculty; it is different from ventriloquism, and he thinks cannot be attained by imitation or any artificial management of the organs of speech.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

A Simple Printing Apparatus.

Travelling comedians in England frequently print their playbills by the following contrivance. The form of letter is placed on a flat support, hav-

ing ledges at each side that rise within about a thirtieth of an inch of the inked surface of the letter. The damped paper is laid upon the letter so disposed, and previously inked, and a roller, covered with woolen cloth, is passed along the ledges over its surface; the use of the ledges is to prevent the roller from rising in too obtuse an angle against the first letters, or going off too abruptly from the last, which would cause the paper to be cut and the impression to be injured at the beginning and end of the sheet. The roller must be passed across the page, for if it moves in the order of the lines, the paper will bag a little between each and the impression will be less neat.

Method of ascertaining whether Wines be adulterated with LITHARGE.

The method most in use for discovering the very injurious mixture of Litharge with wine, is by pouring into it some pure sulphurick acid, which causes a white precipitate to fall to the bottom of the vessel.

But this is not so accurate a test of lead as water charged with sulphurated hydrogen, which is thus prepared: put into a phial a paste of sulphur and iron filings, pour on it a little sulphurick acid and pass the gas produced into a flask of water by a bent tube. This water poured on wine mixed with Litharge renders it black and flakey, and produces an abundant precipitate, which soon falls to the bottom of the vessel.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

An Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.
GRAY.

O'er each low tomb he breath'd his pious strain.
EARL OF CARLISLE.

4. The succeeding stanza, though one of those that will most delight every reader, has not the merit of originality. The great prototype of this delightful picture is well known to be Virgil's. Thomson has copied it twice, but each time with less servility than Gray. In his description of *the life led by primæval ages*, the *first*, the *envied kiss*, has suggested to the *druid* of the *seasons*, the exquisite picture, or rather much more than picture:

— The *little strong* embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul;

and, in *The Man lost in the Snow*, the children that *look out at the door* may be compared with those, in the elegy, that *run to lisp their sire's return*. The *blazing hearth* is in both. In Thomson it is more interesting, only from the circumstance that the *snow* lies without. In this place we may remark that Mr. Southey, in his translation of the Georgicks, has called the *first* kiss, the *foremost*. This should, by all means, be altered. *Foremost kiss* is ridiculous. *First* is a general phrase; *foremost* is *specifick*, and the species is inapplicable here. *Foremost* signifies *first* with respect to *place*; *first* refers both to *time* and *place*.

5. Is it defensible, that in the stanza which follows, the poet has used *furrow* for *plough* or *ploughshare*?

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team a field!
How bow'd the wood beneath their sturdy stroke!

The parody of this stanza, observes Mr. Wakefield, is very diverting:

Oft have they bask'd along the sunny walls;
Oft have benches bow'd beneath their weight:
How jocund are their looks, when dinner calls!
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

6.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

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For you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells with notes of praise.

Mr. Wakefield remarks that "these two verses are a specimen of sublimity of the purest kind, like the simple grandeur of Hebrew poetry; depending solely on the *thought*, unassisted by epithets and the artificial decorations of expression."

The authour of the Pursuits of Literature, amid his ridicule of the numerous Greek translations of the Elegy, selects, with strong expressions of esteem, that of Mr. William Cook, M. A. late Fellow of King's College, and Greek Professor in the University of Cambridge, of which he says, "I must own that, in many passages, Nature, Gray, and Cook, seem to contend for the mastery; but, above all, in that famous stanza, *the paths of glory*, &c. Bion or Moschus never exceeded these lines. I think they never equalled them:

Α χαρις ωγενιων, χαρις η βασιλειδος αρχας,
Δωρα τυχας, χρυσας Αφροδιτας καλα τα δωρα,
Παντ' αμα ταυτα τεθναχε, και ηθυν μορσιμον αμαρ,
Ηρωων κλε' ολωλε, και ωχετο ξυνον ις Αδαν.

To return to Mr. Wakefield. Of the second stanza, he tells us, "I cannot help thinking that the construction is too long suspended in this place, and the connexion between this exquisite stanza and the verb somewhat too remote and indistinct. I endeavoured to avoid this want of perspicuity in my translation:

Non artes pressere malæ luctamina veri
Conscia; non castam de didicere genam,
Nec sacra luxuriæ tulerunt, ad divitis aræ
Indociles musæ thura cremare focos."

7. Though the language and versification of the succeeding stanza, *Can storied urn*, be admirable, the sentiment is commonplace; but, far, very far from this are the thoughts that follow:

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Big with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Here, the pomp and splendour of diction, and harmony of verse, are employed to support a great philosophical truth, the equal distribution of talents and virtues among mankind. We must be careful, however, not to represent the poet as teaching that *all* men have equal talents and virtues. What he asserts is, that they equally belong to men of *all* classes; which classes are the production of wealth on the one hand, and *penury* on the other.

The illustration, which commences with two similes, has always ranked among the most favourite passages of the Elegy:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene—

Mr. Wakefield remarks, "There is no superfluity of words, in order to eke out a sentence, and to supply the rhyme; but a most happy description of the *mild radiance* of the *pearl*, that *gem* which the *ocean bears*, or produces."

Mr. W. may be in the right; but we think the language equally proper, if by *ray serene* be meant the *brightness* and *clear water* of the *diamond*, which, the poet may mean to say, is *contained*, as well in the dark *unfathomed* caves of ocean, as in the more accessible parts of the earth. The *flower*, *born to blush* unseen, has been traced in Young's *Universal Passion*:

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——— Such blessings Nature pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoys but half her stores;
In distant wilds, by human eyes *unseen*,
She rears her *flow'rs*, and decks her velvet green;
Pure gurgling rills the lovely desert trace,
And *waste* their musick on the savage race.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. IV.

"——— Longoque per æra tractu
Fertur"———. OVID.

My journey was a long one, but it was soon completed. Arrived in Saturn, I was immediately conducted to the prime ruler of that portion of the planet, upon which I alighted. His Majesty graciously ordered me an attendant from among his wisest counsellers, and directed him to do the honours of the planet.

The first remark I made was, that all the inhabitants were blind. They have no eyes, but possess an acuteness of perception, which more than counterbalances this deficiency,* and has enabled them to discover that they have no souls. They did not even suspect their existence, until a man from the Moon was once bold enough to assert the opinion; it was accordingly examined into by the wisest of the Saturnians; they have concluded the investigation, and most perfectly established the falsity of the opinion. In consequence of this, all their actions are calculated with a reference to a temporal state, and that of very short duration, for the longest lives in Saturn do not endure more than twenty years; at eighteen, man is in his dotage. When my conductor was informed that I possessed the faculty of vision, and had attained my thirtieth year, and that I believed myself to possess a soul, he was thunderstruck.† He regarded me as a man void of all understanding, and told me, contemptuously, that I had left my wits in the Moon. The more I contended for my position, the more ridicule I incurred, and he considered me a knave and a fool. I of course relinquished my visionary attempt; upon which he assured me that he could demonstrate to my entire satisfaction the absolute impossibility of the existence of Solar rays, the faculty of vision, or the existence of a soul, and really such were his arguments that they might have convinced a less obstinate disputant, but my prejudices were too strong to be overturned by his Logick, and I was forced to pass for an incurable lunatick.‡

As it is considered of the utmost importance by King Narcotos, that every human being should adopt a certain creed, I was informed that only two days were granted me, to consider it, and that, unless within that time, I renounced all the opinions and errours, which I had advanced, I must depart from Saturn, never to return. I strove very hard to force my prejudices on this occasion, as Saturn offered so many novelties, which, to me, were highly interesting, but, at the expiration of the time, my doubts were perceived, and I was compelled to confess them. I was consequently

* Let it not be imagined that the want of sight deprives the Saturnians of any of the advantages of locomotion, or that it exposes them to the inconveniences which would accrue to those accustomed to its use, if deprived of sight. All their other senses are rendered wonderfully acute by the want of this. Physiologists prove this fact, by instances in which blind persons are enabled to distinguish colours.—A.

† It is absolutely impossible for those born blind to form any idea of light and colour. "Nil in intellectu," say the schoolmen, "quod non prius insensu." A philosopher once laboured very hard, to convey to the mind of a man born blind, an idea of colour. The pupil at length imagined that he had performed his task, and declared that he thought he could describe the colour of scarlet. He attempted it by comparing it to the sound of a trumpet! *Vide* Locke.
A.

‡ Compare with French Philosophy.—A.

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banished, lest my heretical opinions should contaminate the faith of the Saturnians.

The essential doctrines of his Majesty's creed, are, "That Saturn has existed from all eternity; that it is the centre of all possible perfections, and that mind exists only in its inhabitants, the tenants of other planets being of a very inferiour grade in the scale of existence, and possessing less mind than the very brutes of Saturn. The reason why evil, in a limited degree, is permitted in this planet, is the refusal of some daring spirits to acknowledge this doctrine; if it were universal, all would be happy in this life, and sleep forever after in calm composure.§

Wars are unceasing in Saturn; they arise from the purest motive that can actuate the mind—the determination to make all men happy by forcing them to adopt the creed of the most potent Narcotos.‖ Rebellions, however, frequently arise; they are all attributed to the improper influence of a malignant spirit from the Moon, which, from time to time, excites doubts among the Saturnians. In these wars, many engines of destruction are used, unrivalled in the histories of terrestrian warfare; compared with these, the mountains hurled against the giants, were but popguns. Were I to introduce them into our globe, philosophers would cease to inquire into the nature and composition of the celebrated Greek Fire of antiquity.¶ But let Saturnian arms, wield Saturnian weapons! Far be it from me to assist in the inhuman task of depopulating nations.*

Love and friendship are unknown in Saturn, for as men always act for the good of their fellow creatures, and never from a principle of self-love, it follows that there can be no preference for particular individuals, all being alike dear one to another. Marriage of course is never practised, and is entirely unnecessary. Love is not a Saturnian passion. The continuance of the species is effected without the restraints of matrimony. Many and great are the advantages resulting from these regulations. Parentage is never inquired into, and family pride can have no place in the breasts of those who know not who their parents may be. Absolute equality of rights and liberties, is also produced. Liberty and equality are often spoken of on the earth, as a desirable state of things; perhaps the speediest method of producing it would be to follow the example of the Saturnians, by annulling such marriages as already exist, and by preventing all future matrimonial connexions. Let Hymen among us, yield his torch, and humbly bow to Cytherea and her son! †

As soon as the infant leaves the breast, and this is immediately after the first breakfast, it is left to the maternal attentions of Nature. As a fostermother, she is not always very tender, and many of her nurslings perish.* This, together with unceasing wars, keep the planet from being overstocked with inhabitants. The survivers are a hardy race, and live for eighteen or twenty years, the

§ Some modern philosophers hold a similar faith.—A.

‖ Such have been the generous intentions of certain religious sectarists.—A.

¶ This singular substance has excited, for ages, the attention of the learned; and its composition still remains a mystery. It is supposed to have been invented by Callinicius, an engineer of Heriopolis, in Syria, in Anno Dom. 660. It was used by the Greeks commanded by Pigonates, in a sea-fight against the Saracens, near Cyzicus, in the Hellespont. It is a liquid, pursuing with great velocity the same direction which it at first receives: water does not quench it; and chocks its progress, but vinegar alone can extinguish it. Pigonates destroyed the enemy's fleet, and thirty thousand men. It was afterwards used at the sieges of Acre and Constantinople. *Vide* Henry's History of Great Britain.—A.

* A wonderful plan for the destruction of navies, has lately been invented, and but for the known secrecy and humanity of my friend, I should have supposed the torpedo to have originated in Saturn.—A.

† *Vide* Godwin, *passim.*

boundary affixed by Nature, beyond which they deem it impossible to exist.‡

The female sex although very beautiful are remarkably different in figure and appearance from the male. As I am not an anatomist, I cannot accurately state in what this difference of structure consists, but the space between the neck and lower extremities, forms but about one twentieth part of the height of the subject. The arms are of a different colour from the rest of the body, being variegated like marble, with blue and purple. The ladies, contrary to the order of Nature in other planets, are much more hardy than the men. Cold has no ill effect upon them, nor are they at all solicitous to defend themselves from its influence. They go almost naked in the severest weather, although Saturn is by far the coldest of the planets, being 907.956.150 English miles from the Sun, nearly ten times as distant as the earth.

I was unhappy in being forced to leave Saturn before I had satisfied my curiosity, by inquiring into its history. Philosophers may perhaps censure me for not deciding the long disputed question of its diurnal rotation; but my heresies could not be pardoned, and I was driven away!

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith

(Continued from Page 248.)

"——Follow me no more;"
For Care by right, should go before.
GAY'S FABLES.

Care and Caution appear to be the two faithful guides appointed for us, by Providence, in the journey of life; and one would think that they came sufficiently recommended by the law of Nature called "Self-Preservation" to be received and entertained with respect: but the fact is otherwise; for they are too frequently treated like strangers, or unwelcome guests. How often does Care show us the road, and Caution bid us take notice in vain? yet they are not very troublesome; and so grateful even for the attention of a moment, that they frequently repay it with the happiness of hours, and sometimes of years. When Care is utterly rejected and insulted, he forsakes not his companion Man; the only difference is, that he follows him and the staff with which he used to explore the way before the traveller, becomes a goad, with which he never fails to prick and torture the wanderer from truth and virtue; he watches constantly his deviations, and ceases not to plague him with the stings and scourges of disappointment and vexation, till he allows him again to go before, and submit to his direction.

Indolence, Inattention, and Inadvertence, are the sister mischiefs of human life. One of them pulls us gently to her couch of soft repose; the other allures us with the most pleasing and fascinating objects; and the third throws her veil before the glass of futurity, and usurps, with sweet dominion, the present moment. Yet these ladies, like other wantons, only smile to betray; their caresses are poison, and their attractions fatal. How often does Indolence cause us to reject all the advances of Fortune? How often does Inattention lead us from our immediate interests; and Inadvertence occasions us to run headlong into danger?

If a man would regulate his conduct in life, by just principles and the wisdom of experience, he would be much happier than he is; he may, whenever he chooses, open a volume of causes and consequences in the history of mankind, nearly similar, and varying only in names and dates; he will find riches the effect of industry, poverty of indolence, contentment of virtue, and a troubled mind of guilt and injustice, in every country and in every age.

‡ Certain Naturalists have attributed the slow increase in Savage nations, to the rude treatment their infants receive; those who have hardihood enough to bear it, continue robust and healthy, but those of weaker ame perish.—A.

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But there are lesser points of prudence very material to the happiness of man; and which, if omitted, lead to great mischiefs and inconveniencies: for, as a slight complaint of the human frame, neglected, grows into an incurable disease, so does carelesness, in our every-day concerns, arrive at last to a mass of difficulties not easily removed. What is called "want of thought" creates one half of our most serious cares; the very words "I did not think" imply that thinking would have been of service. It is a mistaken notion, that there are any in the world who have nothing to do, though there are a great many who do nothing. The truth is, that *every man* should, in a certain degree, be a man of business; he should keep a day-book, an account between Time creditor and Time debtor, that he may be able to know whether he is getting forward in wisdom and virtue, or is become bankrupt in both.

It is a considerable advantage to a man who is to live in the busy world, to have an arithmetical head, to be able to calculate the odds and chances of fortune; such a man is generally extremely correct in all he does: the rule of addition teaches him the progress of industry, subtraction the effects of extravagance, and multiplication the value of time.

The ill effects of carelesness may be noticed in the most common occurrences of life, from the servant maid neglecting to mend her stockings, to the merchant letting his books get behind; and a lesson of the advantages of care and order may be taken from the grocer, who never takes down his cannister of hyson till he has put up that of bohea. It is astonishing how small a portion of care will sometimes prevent the greatest difficulties. But a man, to act carefully and consistently, should be perfectly sober, which is very seldom the case in this climate; for there are other drunkennesses more fatal than even that of liquor: there is the drunkenness of pride and pleasure, which fills our head with a continual vapour, and the very worst of intoxication, that lasts till the cooling draught of disappointment and necessity sobers us again. It is Pride and Pleasure that put us above little concerns, and occasion us to treat our best friends, Care and Caution, with contempt; disdaining all control, and disclaiming all prudence, as fit only for common minds. Thus the youth of the present day drives along the road of Dissipation with an ease and indifference that astonishes those who can read the writing on the finger-post that points out the end of his career—WANT AND MISFORTUNE.

There is left for our contemplation a still more thoughtless, though not so bad a character as the last; and that is, the man whose mind is inundated with ideas, with good sense and nonsense, business and pleasure; who is always about something, yet doing nothing; always going out, and yet might as well stay at home: who is always in the wrong place, and always just too late. Such a one was Dick Scamper: Dick was one of the most pleasant fellows living, full of wit and anecdote; but he was a performer on the stage of the world who never attended rehearsals, and was never perfect in his part; his vices were the mere effects of chance, and his virtues the impulse of the moment. Dick had not any one established principle but good humour; and with the help of that he got out of his scrapes, or did not care a fig about them. Dick was always in haste when there was no necessity for it, and obstinately deliberate when prompitude only was required; he was constantly *remembering* that he had forgotten; innumerable were the difficulties that he created for himself, and the mistakes that he made every day, from forgetfulness. Dick has an appointment in the City; goes to the Jerusalem Coffeehouse to meet a Gentleman who was to be at Lloyd's; sends an apology, with an appointment to meet the next day at the Jerusalem, and attends very punctually at Lloyd's. Dick orders his man to be with his horse at Mile End Turnpike, exactly at four o'clock; quite forgets it, takes

the stage, discovers his mistake just as he gets a mile beyond Stratford, stops the coach, gets out, and walks all the way to town; finds his man waiting in the cold with his horse, mounts it, and rides home as if nothing had happened. Thieves are heard in his house; he gets up, dresses himself completely in his shooting jacket, and very leisurely walks down with his double-barrelled pistol to shoot them, just as they have made off with whatever of his property they could lay their hands on. Dick is in dreadful anxiety how to make up a large bill which he expects to become due the next day; runs all over the City; with great difficulty raises the amount; is quite delighted; the bill is not presented; wonders very much; runs away to the indorser's and to the banker's; finds to his astonishment that it has a month longer to run: is heartily *vexed* at being so *lucky*. Dick is told that there is some news; is frantick to hear it, puts on his servant's laced cocked hat, by mistake, instead of his own, and sallies into the street; boys takes him for the beadle of the parish, and run away from their marbles; takes no notice of them, walks into a coffee-house, sits down; is reproved by the waiter, who tells him, that it is not decent for livery servants to sit down among gentlemen; stares with astonishment; begins wondering; has half a mind to be in a passion; pulls of his hat to wipe his face, finds it laced, sneaks away, and sets off as hard as he can: falls in with the boys again, who run before him all the way he goes.

Dick loses his pocket book with several bank notes; runs about to all the bill-printers and bill-stickers, newspaper offices and criers in town; don't hear any thing of it for a week; a fine day, puts on his green coat, puts his hand in the pocket, discovers his pocket book; "Well! who would have thought it?" runs immediately with an advertisement for all the papers, stating, that the Publick need not give themselves any more trouble about his pocket book, as it was found; don't know what to do with the money he had offered for a reward; gives it to an old maimed sailor. Dick stops one day to read at a book-stall, is very much entertained with an odd volume; an old friend passing by, Dick claps the book in his pocket and runs after him, while he himself is run after by the book-seller, who calls out "Stop thief!" a mob is presently collected, and poor Dick, in spite of his protestations, hurried away to Bow-street; meets in his way another friend, a man of high rank, catches hold of him by the coat: "My dear Lord! if ever I had occasion for a great man, it is now. Do you know, I am taken up for stealing an odd volume of Peregrine Pickle, though you know I have a set of the best edition at home. The Nobleman; who happened to know the eccentricities of his friend, and the harmlessness of his character, accompanies him to the office, and speaks in his favour to the Magistrates, who ask his name. The fact, however, is proved, and the book produced, and handed up to the Justice, who very gravely admonishes him for his fault, and inquires how he could have the audacity to write his name on the titlepage; Dick is still more amazed, asks to look at it; finds his own crest inside the cover, and the book to be one of his own set; abuses the bookseller, who now runs off in his turn, leaving Dick in quiet possession of his *odd* volume of Peregrine Pickle; Dick laughs, puts the book in his pocket, and is very glad to come off so well.

For The Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Some time since we published on the covers of this Journal, Mr. Bradford's proposals for publishing by subscription, in imperial quarto, a national and magnificent work, entitled *American Ornithology*, or the History of the Birds of the United States, by Alexander Wilson. We inserted with great cheerfulness the authour's prospectus; and we think that his work will deserve the liberal encouragement, not merely of men of science, but of the general reader. A work of this nature, executed by a man of genius, a skilful draughtsman, a lover of nature, simplicity, and the Muse, cannot be without peculiar attractions. Every polite scholar must remember with delight, the wonderful interest which the fascinating

GOLDSMITH has given to this pleasing portion of science, in a work which we peruse with emotions not less pleasurable than when we are engaged in the most agreeable of romances. Moreover, when the physiognomy and plumage of the feathered creation are not only scientifically, but graphically described, the value of the performance and the delight of the reader are doubled. Every number of this Natural History will contain the figures of ten birds, engraved and *coloured* from original drawings, taken from nature. As a specimen of these engravings is deposited for the satisfaction of the curious, in the Academy of the Fine Arts, we have had an opportunity of carefully examining the merit of the execution, and can bear willing testimony to the accuracy, spirit, and beauty of these interesting representations.

They are engraved, in his best manner, by Lawson, an artist of superiour talents. Having thus recommended Mr. Wilson, to the favourable regard of the Publick; we will now leave him to make his introductory bow.

INTRODUCTION.

In the commencement of a work of such magnitude, and so novel in this country, some account will necessarily be expected, of the motives of the author, and of the nature and intended execution of the work. As to the former of these, it is respectfully submitted, that—Amusement blended with instruction, the correction of numerous errours which have been introduced into this part of the Natural History of our country, and a wish to draw the attention of my fellow-citizens, occasionally, from the discordant jarrings of politicks, to a contemplation of the grandeur, harmony, and wonderful variety of Nature, exhibited in this beautiful portion of the animal creation—are my principal, and almost only motives, in the present undertaking. I will not deny that there may also be other incitments. Biassed, almost from infancy, by a fondness for birds, and little less than an enthusiast in my researches after them, I feel happy to communicate my observations to others, probably from the mere principle of self-gratification, that source of many, even of our most virtuous actions; but I candidly declare, that *lucrative* motives have nothing to do in this business; they never were sufficient to allure me to a single excursion—to discourage me from one—or to engage my pen or pencil in the present publication. My hopes on this head, are humble enough—I ask only support equal to my merits, and to the laudability of my intentions—I expect no more—I am not altogether certain even of this. But leaving the issue of these matters to futurity, I shall, in the meantime, comfort myself with the good old adage—"Happy are they who expect *nothing*, for they shall not be disappointed."

As to the nature of the work, it is intended to comprehend a description, and representation of every species of our native birds, from the shores of St. Lawrence, to the mouths of the Mississippi, and from the Atlantick ocean to the interiour of Louisiana; these will be engraved in a style superiour to any thing of the kind hitherto published, and coloured from nature, with the most scrupulous adherence to the true tints of the original.

The bare account of scientifick names, colour of bills, claws, feathers, &c. would form but a dry detail; neither in a publication of the present kind, where every species is faithfully figured and coloured, is a long and minute description of the form, and colours, absolutely necessary—This would, in the opinion of some, be like introducing a gentleman to company, with—"Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. ——, has on a blue coat—white pantaloons—hussar boots," &c. &c. while a single glance of the eye over the person himself, told us all this before the orator had time to open his mouth; so infinitely more rapidly do ideas reach us through the medium of the eye, than by that of the ear. But as time may prey on the best of colours, what is necessary in this respect will by no means be omitted, that both the figures and descriptions may mutually corroborate each other. It is also my design, to enter more largely than usual into the manners and disposition of each respective species; to become, as it were, their faithful biographer, and to delineate their various peculiarities, in charac-

ter, song, building, economy, &c. as far as my own observations have extended, or the kindness of others may furnish me with materials.

The ORNITHOLOGY of the United States exhibits a rich display of the most splendid colours, from the green silky gold-bespangled down of the minute Humming Bird, scarce three inches in extent, to the black coppery wings of the gloomy Condor, of sixteen feet, who sometimes visits our northern regions—A numerous and powerful band of songsters, that for sweetness, variety, and melody, are surpassed by no country on earth—An everchanging scene of migration from torrid to temperate, and from northern to southern regions, in quest of suitable seasons, food, and climate; and such an amazing diversity in habit, economy, form, disposition and faculties, so uniformly hereditary in each species, and so completely adequate to their peculiar wants and convenience, as to overwhelm us with astonishment at the power, wisdom and beneficence of the Creator!

In proportion as we become acquainted with these particulars, our visits to, and residence in the country, become more and more agreeable. Formerly on such occasions, we found ourselves in solitude, or, with respect to the feathered tribes, as it were in a strange country, where the manners, language and faces of all were either totally overlooked, or utterly unknown to us:—now, we find ourselves among interesting and well known neighbours and acquaintance; and, in the notes of every songster, recognize with satisfaction, the voice of an old friend and companion. A study thus tending to multiply our enjoyments at so cheap a rate, and to lead us by such pleasing gradations, to the contemplation and worship of the *Great First Cause*, the Father and Preserver of all, can neither be idle nor useless, but is worthy of rational beings, and doubtless agreeable to the Deity.

In order to obtain a more perfect knowledge of Birds, naturalists have divided them into Classes, Orders, Genera, Species, and Varieties; but in doing this, scarce two have agreed on the same mode of arrangement; and this has indeed, proved a source of great perplexity to the student. Some have increased the number of Orders to an unnecessary extent, multiplied the Genera, and out of mere Varieties, produced what they supposed to be entire new Species. Others sensible of the impropriety of this, and wishing to simplify the science, as much as possible, have reduced the Order and Genera to a few, and have thus thrown Birds whose food, habits, and other characteristical features are widely different, into one and the same tribe, and thereby confounded our perception of that beautiful gradation of affinity and resemblance, which Nature herself seems to have been studious of preserving throughout the whole. One principal cause of the great diversity of classifications, appears to me to be owing to the neglect or want of opportunity in these writers, of observing the manners of the living Birds, in their unconfined state, and in their native countries. As well might philosophers attempt to class mankind into their respective *religious* denominations, by a mere examination of their physiognomy, as naturalists to form a correct arrangement of animals, without a knowledge of these necessary particulars.

It is only by personal intimacy, that we can truly ascertain the character of either, more particularly that of the feathered race; noting their particular haunts, modes of constructing their nests, manner of flight, seasons of migration, favourite food, and numberless other minutiæ, which can only be obtained by frequent excursons in the woods and fields, along lakes, shores, and rivers, and requires a degree of patience and perseverance, which nothing but an enthusiastick fondness for the pursuit can inspire.

Of the numerous systems which have been adopted by different writers, that published by Dr. Latham, in his "Index Ornithologus," and "General Synopsis of Birds," seems the least subject to the objec-

tions abovementioned; and, as in particularizing the Order, Genus, &c. to which each bird belongs, this system with some necessary exceptions, has been *generally* followed in the present work, it is judged proper to introduce it here, for the information, and occasional consultation, of the reader.

TABLE.

Of the Orders and Genera of Birds, according to Latham.

Ind. Orn.	*Syn. of Birds.*
AVIUM ORDINES.	ORDER OF BIRDS.
DIV. I.	DIV. I.
I. *Accipitres*	Rapacious
II. *Picæ*	Pies
III. *Passeres*	Passerine
IV. *Columbæ*	Columbine
V. *Gallinæ*	Gallinæ
VI. *Struthiones*	Struthious
DIV. II.	DIV. II.
VII. *Grallæ*	Waders
VIII. *Pinnatipedes*	Pinnated feet
IX. *Palmipedes*	Web-footed.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

REASONABLE AVERSION.

"Friend Carnaby! your mother is impatient for your appearance at the bar as a counseller—"

"To tell you a secret," said Carnaby, "I would just as soon appear at the bar as a prisoner."

"What reason can you have for so strong an aversion?

"What reason! what reason!" repeated Carnaby, "a very good, a very solid reason."

"Clearly, as it has so much weight with you, but after all on what is it founded?"

"On what is it founded?" exclaimed Carnaby, "why, on those cursed eternal periwigs, which counsellers are obliged to wear in all weathers, when they appear at the bar; no consideration on earth, could prevail on me to make myself look so like a grig; and, if I were willing, I don't believe my head could support one of those hideous periwigs for an hour together."

"You think then to be a lawyer, it is necessary to have a very strong head."

"Whatever is necessary, my aversion to those d——d periwigs is insurmountable."

"That is unlucky," said Edward, "considering what lady M—— has in view for you. For if you boggle so much at the tie-wig of a simple counseller, how could you support that enormous weight of periwig which the head of every Chancellor of Great Britain is doomed to bear?"

"They shall doom my head to the block sooner," replied Carnaby.

"Only imagine, to be awfully seated on a woolpack during a whole session of Parliament!

"Dreadful!" cried Carnaby.

"Sessions, after sessions!"

"Shocking! shocking!" exclaimed Carnaby, "not to mention the chance of a trial by impeachment at Westminster-hall," said Edward.

"Name it not," cried Carnaby.

"There obliged to remain," continued Edward, "from winter to midsummer, in sight of *all manner of persons*, hearing examinations, and cross-examinations, speeches and replies, sufficient to confound the clearest head in Christendom, even although it were not buried in a voluminous mass of horse-hair."

"Fogh! fogh!" cried Carnaby.

"He is always choaked with the bare idea."

"Eh gad! and so I am," resumed Carnaby; and rather than be suffocated in that lingering manner, I would choose to be buried at once in my cool grave."

"But I think," resumed Edward, "you ought to make an *effort* to please your mother, by appearing for once at least, in the wig of a counseller."

"Curse efforts," cried Carnaby; I always detested them, and never could make one in my life."

"Forgive me," said Edward, "I think I could put you in mind of a very vigorous effort, which I was witness to your making of your own accord."

"I do not know what you mean," said Carnaby.

"Do you remember," resumed Edward "my calling one morning, at your chambers, when I found you struggling with all your might, to squeeze yourself into a new pair of buckskin breeches? I am sure I shall never forget the strenuous efforts you made on that occasson.—In that occasion, you showed yourself capable of the most laudable exertions. The most pains-taking man on earth, could not have pushed more earnestly to gain a livelihood for himself and family, than you did to carry your point on that occasion."

"Yes," replied Carnaby, "but that was a different affair."

"It must be confessed, that studying law is one thing, and pulling on a pair of breeches is another: for many people drop the one, who wish to wear the other all their lives."

"What I meant to say," replied Carnaby, is, "that studying the law is a bore, and disturbs one's head; whereas,"—

"Tight breeches," said Edward, "pinch elsewhere."

"I remember, however," said Carnaby, "that on the occasion you allude to, I was very much puzzled whether to proceed or draw back."

"Like Macbeth, you recollected," said Edward, "that

———should you wade no more,
Returning was as tedious as go o'er."
Dr. Moore.

—

Pedestrian Wager.—Yesterday a gentleman undertook, for a rump and dozen, to walk from the Military Asylum, Chelsea, to the eight mile stone on the Harrow road, within one hour and twenty minutes. He accordingly started at eight in the morning, and walked to Wesborn Green, near Paddington, where he laid his hand on the milestone, and won the wager within fifteen minutes of the time allowed. The loser supposed, when he made the bet, that the milestones counted from London as they do upon most of the roads, but the one mile stone stands at Harrow, and the 9th at Paddington. Several good bets were also depending.—*London Paper.*

—

An English writer thus contrasts our conduct with that of his countrymen on a very memorable occasion.

While we applaud the promptitude of the House of Lords in passing the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, we cannot avoid contrasting it with the tardy progress of *the Americans*. In South Carolina the proposed abolition has been negatived, and in other quarters it is doubtful whether it may not experience the same fate.

—

Capt. Morris, describing a drinking bout in one of his licentious songs, has introduced a curious stanza:

Bacchus sat as President o'er table talk and topery,
And sober Sadness never dar'd a moment's interlopery,
Mirth and Frolick floated round on surfaces nectareous,
And Beauty gave a stimulus to tipple jocularious.

—

Give a courtesan, says a quaint writer, a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and she will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows, by her own industry.

—

In some part of the highly instructive and amusing works of BEATTIE, that amiable and agreeable writer thus charmingly describes the different impressions made by the same objects upon minds of a different texture.

A melancholy man, walking in a grove, attends to those things that suit and encourage his melancholy; the sighing of the wind in the trees, the murmuring of waters, the darkness and solitude of the shades. A cheerful man in the same place finds many

subjects of cheerful meditation, in the singing of birds, the brisk motions of the babbling stream, and the liveliness and variety of the verdure. Persons of different characters, contemplating the same thing, a Roman triumph, for instance, feel different emotions and turn their views to different objects. One is filled with wonder at such a display of wealth and power; another exults in the idea of conquest, and pants for military renown; a third, stunned with clamour, and harassed with confusion, wishes for silence, security, and solitude; one melts with pity to the vanquished, and makes many a sad reflection upon the insignificance of worldly grandeur and the uncertainty of human things; while the buffoon, and perhaps the philosopher, considers the whole as a vain peice of pageantry, which, by its solemn procedure, and by the admiration of so many people, is only rendered the more ridiculous.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

PARODY.

The State-House clock proclaims the midnight hour,
The cautious cit slow turns the street-door key,
The draggled wantons up the alley scour,
And leave the street to darkness and to me.

The twinkling lamp now sheds a twilight ray,
And Silence triumphs over day's rude din,
Save where the stageman wends his clattering way,
And shrill tin trumpet wakes the drowsy inn.

Save where yon negress, selling pepperpot,
To surly watchmen clamouring loud complains,
Of wicked trull, who would not "pay her shot,"
But sneak'd away through dark and winding lanes.

Beneath yon paltry roof, that narrow shed,
Where Jacobins their nightly vigils keep,
Are wretches met, from Justice who have fled,
Their consciences in Lethe (grog) to steep.

No low intrigues for offices of state,
No daring falsehoods utter'd every hour,
No puffs of hirelings, nor no club's debate
Shall ever raise *these* convicts into power.

For them 'tis vain while freedom's flame shall burn,
To think the people's confidence to share;
E'en should they to their native soil return,
Their own dear countrymen would hang them there.

Oft to their subtlety did patriots yield,
Their slander many an honest heart hath broke,
Insidious lies the weapons which they wield,
Of which not Washington escap'd the stroke.

Let not ambition mock their grub-like toil,
Their creeping cunning, dirty arts obscure,
Nor Irish rebel, with disdainful smile,
Declare such poltrons he cannot endure.

The splendid villain, and the knave in power,
And him whose conquests swell the trump of fame,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
When all mankind shall execrate their name.

Let not John Bull the poet stigmatize,
That Justice does not all these felons reach,
Nor pamphlet-pedler through each alley cries,
C——— last words, and D——— dying speech.

Can one poor rhymer, nay, can all the Nine,
A host of vagrant Jacobins withstand,
Can it be possible, with powers like mine,
'Gainst Europe's scum to barricade the land.

Beneath yon roof perhaps is now conceal'd
Some black heart pregnant with infernal fire,
Hands that the sword of Bonapart' might wield.
Or cities burn in bacchanalian ire.

Ne'er did Ambition to their eyes her page,
Rich with the spoils of ravag'd realms, unfold,
Chill penury repress'd the ruthless rage,
And tamed the fury of a Nero's soul.

Full many a rascal, ripe for bloody scenes,
Crowns rape with murder at a country fair,
Full many a rogue robs orphans in their teens,
While politicians hush the black affair.

Some E—— R—— may be there incog,
His price for treason ready to declare;
Some young M'F—— who ne'er stole a hog,
Nor man ne'er murder'd to purloin his mare.

Th' applause of mob-assemblies to command,
To bid the faction all restraint despise,
To scatter falsehoods through a cheated land
And cast a mist before a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade, nor merely circumscrib'd
Their power to lead the populace astray,
Forbade the venal rogues from being brib'd,
Except by whiskey on election day.

Suspicious crowds to fright with phantoms vain,
With Federal chains *Fredonians* meant to bind;
Or like the daring infidel Tom Paine,
To "shut the gates of Heaven on lost mankind."

Content, though far remov'd from publick life,
On gin-shop counter, or on beer-house bench,
To gull the mob, to stir the coals of strife,
To rail at Fed'ralists, and praise the French.

Yet such as these, the dregs of every clime,
Who would disgrace an Abaellino's band,
"The blast of anarchy and taint of crime,"
Rule those who rule Columbia's "lordly land."*

To give their names and characters the Muse
Declares is more than even Apollo can,
But most were litter'd in some foreign stews,
And in some work-house taught the rights of man.

But why to dumb oblivion fal'n a prey,
Should these desert the democratick cause,
When rife example teaches us that they
May triumph over Justice and the laws?

No rogue so noted but he may aspire,
(Treason and murder bring not sure disgrace,)
Like G——n to light rebelllon's fire,
And rise, if vile enough, to power and place.

The leader of the Pennsylvania herd,
Whom certain punishment attends, though late,
If, when his wretched carcass is interr'd
Some brother Jacobin inquire his fate.

His friend, who stole certificates, may say,
I've seen him oft, with venom'd quill in hand,
Four columns scrawl of lies, in half a day,
Then circulate the poison through the land.

From where yon shop looks into Market-street,
And brother felons gather round in flocks,
Where Jacobins in Pandemonium meet,
More plagues have flown than from Pandora's box.

Hard by yon steps deserted now with scorn,
Muttering dire oaths, I've seen him shivering stand,
And tell strange tales of Jacobins forlorn,
And courts and laws, those bugbears to our band.

One night I miss'd him at th' accustom'd place,
At Dunn's hotel and alehouse where we meet,
Another came, nor did he show his face,
At alehouse, bookstore, Dunn's, or Market-street.

The next I heard a melancholy tale,
On pure Democracy what foul reproach!
That our great leader had been led to gaol,
For lies and treasons which he dared to broach.

EPITAPH.

Here low he lies who was a pest on earth,
To virtue, honour, and to shame unknown,
Low cunning triumph'd at the ruffian's birth,
And villainy straight mark'd him as her own.

Grown old in fraud, and at no crime dismay'd,
To sophist's head he join'd a felon's heart,
He carried on for years a liar's trade,
And gull'd the people with infernal art.

His wily schemes 'twere useless to disclose,
The knavish tricks on which he placed his hope,
He gain'd at last, what every ready knows
He long had richly merited—a rope.

* A certain imported editor has declared that Mr. J——n dare as well be d—d as affront him!

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, October* 31, 1807. [No. 18.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. V.

To lash the errours of a vitious age,
Support the honest, vindicate the brave,
Condemn the guilty, and the noble save
From Faction's fury and from party rage,
Should be th' employment of a pen divine:
But since the ablest scorn a contest low,
Whence little good and many evils flow,
Thedanger, c edit of the task, be mine.

HAD Phæton been half as well conducted by the fire-breathing horses of his sire, as I was by the "sightless couriers" of the heavens, he might have driven without danger over the scorpion's stings, and braved the fury of the whole Zodiack.* I saw the lustre of the Galaxy diminish with my approach†; the distant stars that had appeared but tapers faintly glimmering in the firmament, assume the magnitude and brilliancy of suns of fire; the constellations, that we are wont to regard as animals the most contemptible, become collections of immeasurable orbs; and blazing comets securely wheel their rapid flight through fields of ether. When I call to mind these elevating scenes, which no mortal but myself has ever witnessed, I cannot but feel ineffable contempt for the littlenesses of the world below.

Spirits of all the astronomers prior, or posterior to the flood, whether Pagan, or Christian, or Mahometan (exclaimed I, as I viewed with wonder the burnished orbs, that glittered in splendid majesty around) genii of Newton, of Thales, of Meton, and not less of you, ye illustrious Chinese, Hongti, Confucius, and Tsheoucong, hover round me and blush at the superiority of my knowledge over that which you possessed, so feeble, so circumscribed! Gather round me all ye mighty shades, and learn how faint were the perceptions you enjoyed of the gravitations, the aphelions, the precessions, and the occultations of the system, you contemplated darkly through the medium of your deceptive instruments! I called, but I called in vain: no responsive voice answered to my invitation, no admir-

* "Nec tibi quadrupedes animosos ignibus illis,
Quos in pectore habent, quos ore, et naribus efflant
In promptu regere est."

† Many and subtle have been the disputes about the milky way. Aristotle supposed that it was composed of thicker parts of orbs, Democritus, of inhabitable worlds. My friend has ascertained that it is a mere highway from star to star.

ing eye witnessed my delight. Seneca! said I, thou art right; the joys of heaven themselves would soon become vapid, without a participator in their fruits!

The serenity of Jupiter is perfectly emblematick of the heathen deity he represents.‡ He knows no change. The same perpetual calmness of the air endures forever. No seasons shed their varied influences to disturb the tranquillity that universally and eternally prevails.§ The distance of the Sun precludes excessive heat, and in his absence four moons diffuse a silver light, whose effects are in nothing different. Thus one moment is eternity: for the same breezes ever blow, the temperature of the air never changes, and the hours glide along in one unruffled course.‖ It may be supposed that I could not repress my astonishment at this serenity of a whole world; that amidst so many myriads of beings, whose faculties and perceptions did not seem superiour to ours, every eye appeared to brighten each moment with delight, every brow was cloudless, every countenance was perpetually enlivened with the cheerful smile of contentment.¶ "What," said an enlightened Jovian, "can this surprise you? Come with me, and I will show you legislatures without folly, mobs without passion, officers without arrogance, women without vanity, rich without pride, and poor without envy. Follow me to yonder temple, and you will see priests labouring for the benefit of mankind, and governours consulting how best to promote the happiness of their people."

His wonder equalled my own, when I informed him that any one of these would be regarded as impossible on earth. But nothing can equal his astonishment when I represented the disputes of individuals, the rancour of parties, and the bitter feuds of nations. "Surely," said he, "you must live forever, or else so clear are your perceptions of eternity, and so great your abhorrence for your present existence, that you long to explore the depths of futurity." With shame I answered No! A few short years only do we enjoy on earth, and fearfully we enter into worlds unknown. "Is your life then," replied he, "strewed with ever-blooming flowers, so that you must make an exertion to vary the evenness of tranquillity and diversify its course? Tell me, I beseech you, the nature of your employments."

The cares of nations, I proceeded, are forever employed in guarding with jealous circumspection against the trifling encroachments of their neighbours, or if their ability extend so far, in trampling on the rights of others. Within themselves, divisions are made, termed parties, whose animosities are inflamed, by subtle poisons conveyed through the medium of the eyes to the very heart itself, in the shape of falsehoods, calumnies, and slanders, spread over an extent of paper, and artfully prepared and gilded so as to meet the eye, without at first exciting disgust. The instruments in this work of infamy are potent dæmons, whose *profession* is slander, and falsehood whose delight. These generally appear disguised in the cloak of patriotism, their garments composed of variegated shreds, on each of which is imprinted some deceptive motto, as *the rights of man*,

‡ Not, I presume, the Jupiter of Horace, "rubente dextra," but the

— hominum sator atque deorum,
Vultu, quo cœlum, tempestatesque serenat,

of the Mantuan bard.

§ Ovid must have been mistaken in representing Saturn's as the golden age. The "aurea proles" seems to have its residence under the reign of Jupiter.

‖ How such a state would deprive us of our accustomed conversation! The amiable and very ingenious substitute for silence is now some sage remark on the last change of wind.

¶ These inhabitants of Jupiter would seem to have taken the advice of Voltaire's hermit,

Fuyez d'un doux poison, l'amoree enchanteresse
Craignez vos passions, et sachez quelque jour
Resister aux plaisirs.

the publick good, or *candour and sincerity:* but within their bosoms, they always conceal legions of devils, and over their whole body they extend a brazen shield, on which is inscribed. too often in characters of blood—THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS. Their poisons are taken with avidity, because they are soothing for a moment to envy, hatred, and malignity,* but they never fail to increase the disorders they were intended to cure. Should any one arise peculiarly great and good, his excellence itself will entail on him the calumny of his fellow citizens. Banishment has been inflicted on the just, death on the virtuous, only because they were preeminently just and virtuous.† Are we republicks? Such are our evils. In other governments the influence of the strong destroys the happiness of the weak—In this strain was I proceeding when an exclamation from my companion arrested me. "Why do you speak," said he, "of different kinds of government? Surely you place in the hands of the wisest and the best the administration of your affairs, and then, call them what you will, the felicity of the people will be secure, will be always the same."‡ "Delightful delusion! (continued I) would to heaven it could be realized! but fatally false is the belief. The noisiest brawler is the ablest statesman, the most visionary theorist is the favourite politician, and the bitterest foe to the interests of his country carries with him the greatest influence. I spring from a republick. Our rulers of the day basking for a moment in the bright sunshine of the nation's love, hang upon their smiles, and basely court their favour and support. The bright god of their idolatry is popularity: this is the polar star on which their affections are ever placed, by which they are ever guided; this directs them to neglect the improvement of art and advancement in science; this interposes between them and duty, and with a frown annihilates every good design; this directs submission to insult, and arrests the career of glory" The smiles of my companion now became converted into a frown; and assuming a serious air he thus addressed me:

"Wretched race! blessed if you were wise, but cursed with folly! Avoid an intercourse with all here, lest you communicate your venom. Fly! fly from these now happy realms, or you may, by describing vices which had never been imagined, provoke an imitation; there may be dormant fires in our bosoms which if enkindled will involve us all in ruin."

I stole away, blushing for my fellow mortals, and escaped as soon as possible, fearing to corrupt the purity of this blissful region.

For The Port Folio.

Human nature is rational, as every body says, and as we are all disposed to believe; but like many other common observations, the remark is rather made from custom than conviction.

Authority, or general opinion, when it favours our partiality, to ourselves, is not apt to be called in question; and it is very natural to embrace all the pleasure that it affords, under the pretext of a respectful acquiescence, rather than endanger so delicate a subject by a rigorous examination.

I would not, however, have it understood that I mean to controvert so established a maxim, but merely to make some remarks on the imperfection of this ambitious character.

When I consider how much of the little I know I took upon trust; and

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* — No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny,
The whitest virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the gall up in the sland'rous tongue?

† Witness the fate of Aristides and Socrates.

‡ The opinion is not singular. Mr. Pope has happily expressed it,
For forms of government, let fools contest,
That which is best administer'd is best.

how much of my conduct is rather the effect of habit than rational determination; and when I find other people to be generally in the same predicament—when I find that passion prompts and prejudice modifies, even the most serious business of human life, I must acknowledge that my *reasoning pride* drops its plumes, and, like the merchant who is obliged to make some unwelcome discoveries in the state of his affairs, I am anxious to know the amount of all these drawbacks, that if indeed there should be any balance, I may know how much I am still worth in clear, sterling reason.

But even this calculation is too laborious, and I shall only attempt to form some notions of the rebate that the human understanding is subjected to, on account of prejudice; by which I mean opinions derived from education, society, or particular situations; which upon examination are found to be irrational and absurd: and I am persuaded that I shall obtain the reader's assent to the fact without any argumentation; for every one is ready to lament the folly of all mankind, except himself; and will enjoy the satire or the censure that may be exercised upon it, with entire complacency, as long as he conceives himself to be out of the scrape.

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere; nemo:
Sed precedenti spectatur mantica tergo.

What has become of the opinions of the fourteenth century, even upon those subjects, which men were wont to whet their wits upon? Alas! they are buried in silence, or mentioned only as monuments of human fallibility. Is it not strange that the learning of several ages should consist in what is now conceived to be unintelligible jargon?—What if some future generation should repay us the compliment?

We conceive of nothing rightly from the mere mention of it. Mention Europe, Lombardy, Stonehenge, or the Rhine, to a child, or any person, not previously acquainted with those names, and he would form an idea for each of them, but how unlike the reality! If any person would compare his ideas of places thus acquired with the representations of Geography, and proceed in the same manner to review his notions of persons, characters, institutions, and whatever has not been an immediate object of his senses, he would see what a dream is human knowledge, and that whatever faculties we may boast, we are very little acquainted with the reason of things. This sort of knowledge is not worthy of the name; and as it is made up of notions conceived in the absence of judgment and fostered by a blind partiality, I take the liberty to call it prejudice.

Reason is one and unchangeable, and we should infer thence that mankind would agree in their judgment of things; and unquestionably they would, if that judgment were properly conducted.

But argument is lost, clashing is the life of the world. In the church, orthodoxy is opposed to orthodoxy; and in civil society, a scheme of government cannot be proposed without dividing the people into Guelphs and Gibellines, or at least into federalists and antifederalists.

The monarchist speaks of republicanism as a sort of knight-errantry that furnishes the world with much more disturbance than happiness, and the republican, to punish his blasphemy in one word, pronounces him a slave. On these subjects, they respectively come forward, not only with zeal but with ingenuity, and discover abilities in contending for a certain favourite theory, which if they had been seasonably employed in distinguishing true and false principles, would have prevented that original discrepancy which occasioned all the bustle. Their first determinations would have been rational, and therefore consistent; whereas those fortuitous notions or prejudices, which upon various occasions were first permitted to occupy the vacant mind, being independent of one another, and unconnected by any common cause, are forever discordant and irreconcilable.

Mathematical certainty is proverbial. It seems, the principles of that

sort of knowledge are definite and self-evident. He who denies or disputes them is too absurd to deserve a confutation; and all who reason upon them strictly, agree in their principles, and draw the same conclusions. Hence this branch of learning is exempted from controversy, and preeminently owes its cultivation to the love of truth; for its principles are not prejudices, but simple truths: but in almost every other study or profession, even so important a one as that of morality, the proficient must fight his way—must manage his steps as he can through endless files of cavil and contradiction.

No wonder authours owe much of their fame to the singularity of their theories or rather to the oddity of their prejudices—with one, the moral sense is the root of the matter; to another nothing seems so likely as benevolence to originate all the duties of social life, and a third imagines that they may be better explained by the consideration of actual relations, without the assistance of either. Thus are they determined in the first instance by fancy or some accident, and then it will not be in the power of reason itself to cure the system of the original taint. They spin their webs out of incoherent stuff, and they cannot be either sound or entire. Their reason was constrained to dignify a prejudice; and if it failed in a task so difficult and so irksome, they may blame the folly that imposed it.

In physick and divinity I am sorry to observe that theory varies with the age, and that two of the most respectable professions in civil society are as much a subject of fashion as a lady's head-dress. The learned practitioner can tell what system it was that, with a good deal of patching, held out till Boerhaave made a new one, and how Cullen luckily prepared another by the time that Boerhaave's grew threadbare, and that now Cullen himself must give place to something newer, which, while it is new, I suppose will do as well as the rest. So is human life measured out by a succession of prejudices, and so are we destined to dance about after a phantom that "leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind."

It would seem that prejudices take faster hold of the mind than truth, for they are maintained more pertinaciously, and defended with more warmth: whether it be that their affinity to the passions of the human heart makes them seem important to our happiness, or whether that their questionable shape and mein exposes them to more contradiction. People neither quarrel nor fight in defence of any geometrical proposition, but torrents of blood have been shed to establish the doctrine of transubstantiation—they can insist upon the expediency of divine worship with temper, but if the doctrine of predestination is brought upon the carpet, the conversation immediately kindles into contest. Whence I infer that intemperate zeal in any cause implies want of argument, and he that is not willing to trust his opinion to the issue of a fair discussion, is rather a stickler for his own prejudices than an advocate for truth.

But I must not conclude this speculation without remarking, that prejudices are not universally at variance with truth or with the true interests of society. Even demonstrable truths are frequently prejudices in relation to the mind that has been early imbued with them, and, of course affected with a veneration for them that supercedes any further proof. And as prejudices sometimes coincide with truth, we must also acknowledge that in some instances they are favourable to virtue and humanity. The story of "The Babes in the Wood" has made the red-breast an object of friendly partiality, and so far checked the wanton depredations of mankind upon the lower orders of animal life—the notion of a dead body's bleeding afresh upon being touched by the murderer, adds a horribleness to that crime, that may, in some instances, have prevented the commission of it; and the man in the moon may have taught the tender mind to beware of sabbath-breaking: So that among the

infinitude of mischievous prepossessions which trouble the affairs of human life, we have the satisfaction to find some that compensate the affront that they offer to our reason with a seasonable influence on our moral disposition.

For The Port Folio.

One of the most celebrated literary ladies of Ireland, is Miss Sidney Owenson, advantageously known to the lovers of romances by her novels of The Wild Irish Girl and The Novice of St. Dominick. These volumes, written in a very florid style, have been republished here, and almost rival in popularity the romances of Mrs. Smith. Our authouress has just published a volume of poems with the title of "The Lay of an Irish Harp." From this miscellany we have copied the following, which the polite reader will perceive is modelled from some of the minor poems of Burns. There is an archness and gayety in the ensuing stanzas which will divert many.

Old *Scotia's* jocund *Highland Reel*
Might make a hermit play the deel!
So full of gig!
Famed for its *Cotillions* gay *France* is;
But e'en give me the dance of dances,
An *Irish Jig*.1

The slow *Pas Grave*, the brisk *Coupee*,
The rigadoon, the light chassee,
Devoid of gig,
I little prize; a Saraband
Of Spain; or German Allemande:
Give me a Jig.

When once the frolick Jig's begun,
† Then hey for spirit, life, and fun!
And with some gig,
Trust me, I too can play my part,
And dance with all my little heart
The Irish Jig.

Now through the mazy figure flying,
With some (less active) partner vying,
And full of gig.
Now warm with exercise and pleasure,
Each pulse beats wildly to the measure,
Of the gay Jig.

New honours to the Saint be given,‡
Who taught us first to *dance* to heaven.
I'm sure of gig.
And laugh, and fun, his soul was made,
And that he often danced and played
An Irish Jig.

I think 'tis somewhere clearly proved,
That some great royal prophet loved
A little gig,
And though with warriour fire he glow'd,
The prowess of his *heel* he showed
In many a Jig.

Nay, somewhere too I know they tell
How a fair maiden danced so well,
With so much gig,
That (I can scarce believe the thing)
She won a *Saint's* head from a *King*,
For one short Jig.

But I (so *little* my ambition)
Will fairly own, in meek submission,
(And with some gig.)
That for no *holy* head I burn,

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1 This trifle is given as it was written, *impromptu*, in the first flush of triumph after having "simply gained renown" by tiring out two famous jig dancers at the seat of a particular friend in Tipperary. There are few countries whose inhabitants are strictly natives, that have not a national *dance* as well as a national *song*. "This must have peculiarly been the case in *Ireland*," says Noverre, in his essay on dancing, "for such a natural and native taste for musick as I have spoken of, is usually accompanied by, or includes in it, a similar one for dancing.

† The influence which an Irish Jig holds over an Irish heart is strongly illustrated in the following singular anecdote borrowed from the Appendix of Mr. Walker's interesting Memoir of the Irish Bards: "The farce of the Half-Pay Officer, having been brought out at the Drury Lane Theatre, the part of an old grandmother was assigned to Mrs. Tryer, an Irish woman, who had quitted the stage in the reign of Charles II, and had not appeared on it for fifty years; during the representation, she exerted her utmost abilities; when however she was called on to dance a Jig at the age of *eighty-five*, she loitered, and seemed overcome; but as soon as the musick struck up the *Irish Trot*, she footed it as nimbly as a girl of five and twenty.

‡ At Limoges not long ago the people used to dance round the choir of the church, which is under the invocation of the patron Saint, and at the end of each psalm, instead of the "Gloria Patria," they sang as follows: "Saint Marcel pray for us, and we will *dance* in honour of you.

Cast not *my* heart would serve *my* turn,
For well danced Jig.

Since then we know from "truths divine,"
That *Saints* and *Patriarchs* did incline
To *fun* and *gig*.
Why let us laugh and dance forever,
And still support with best endeavour,
THE IRISH JIG.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio

CONRADS' AMERICAN REGISTER.

The enterprising booksellers of this name have in a state of great forwardness for publication a valuable work, entitled, "The American Register." This performance is upon a similar plan with Dodsley's Annual Register, and has long been wanted in this country, as none of the ephemeral productions of the press can possibly preserve all the valuable historical, state, and miscellaneous papers, to which every year gives birth. The useful repository which we have now in review, is edited by Mr. C. B. Brown, who has already distinguished himself in various walks of polite literature. The first part of his Register includes annals of Europe and America. This portion of his performance is entirely original; it is modelled after Burke's historical introductions, and it is written with great ability, and in a temper of the utmost moderation. In the form of a summary, a concise chronicle succeeds. A review of domestick and foreign literature, a copious collection of state papers both foreign and domestick, and various essays scientifick and classical, together with many other valuable articles, either useful or elegant, make up the volume.

From "the Annals of America" we select the exordium of the authour's tenth chapter. The style is honourable to him, and the sentiments will be extremely agreeable to his countrymen.

While Europe was thus laid waste by so many years of war, the United States of America remained in tranquillity. For more than twenty-two years, their internal peace had been disturbed by no commotions of any importance. Scarcely a life had been lost, or a cottage been demolished in any intestine feud or insurrection. Though divided by accidental circumstances, existing at their first settlement, into several independent states, unequal to each other in size, population, and riches, dissimilar in habits, manners, and interests, they had never quarrelled with each other; though obliged to undergo a thorough revolution in their government, this dangerous and critical experiment was conducted and completed without the drawing of a sword; though harbouring in their bosom a nation of slaves, whose bondage was exasperated by many extraordinary circumstances of hardship and cruelty, who were drawn into union with each other, and set in irreconcileable opposition to their masters, by the indelible tokens of feature and colour, and who were roused by the example of successful revolt in a neighbouring country, yet they have hitherto avoided the calamity of a servile war. The evils of internal dissension and rebellion, instead of approaching nearer, are every day removed to a greater distance; the gulf which divides the master and the slave is becoming gradually narrower, and the ties which bind together the various members of the nation multiply and strengthen by time.

During this period, the American nation has increased in numbers and opulence, in a degree far beyond any known example. This increase indeed, is the natural consequence of their local circumstances; but those who were unacquainted with any previous instance of increase on so large a scale, could not have imagined anything resembling that which the present age has witnessed in America.1 Twenty-two years

1 That an infant colony, settling in a fertile and wholesome country, previously unoccupied, should increase from fifty to a hundred persons, in twenty years, could easily be conceived by one that lived in the seventeenth century; but that, in the same circumstances, five millions should increase in the same time, to ten millions, is equally certain, yet the imagination of such an observer would be startled and rendered incredulous merely by the magnitude of the event. Though this rate of increase cannot be eternally progressive, yet, considering the condition of the people with regard to arts, manners, and government, and the actual extent of territory inland, it is not easy to set the due limits to it. We can discover no material obstacle to the continual extension of our settlements to the Pacifick Ocean, nor can the increase be less than

of prosperity have increased the population of the country from three millions to six millions. Each individual of the present generation is richer, is surrounded with more luxuries and comforts, than his ancestor. The increase, therefore, in money, stock, publick and private revenue, and trade, is augmented in more than a double proportion. The imagination might easily pursue the various consequences of this two-fold increase, in the additions made to the quantity of cultivated land; to the number and size of cities, towns, and villages; to the number, extent, and excellence of roads; and to the quantity of shipping. It might dwell on the improvements in the structure and economy of cities and buildings, and in dress and furniture; on the improvements in the art of navigation; on the extension of the sphere or theatre of trade and commerce; on the diffusion of literature and science; and on the increase of military strength. In contemplating these in their actual state, compared with their condition at the peace of 1783, the change would appear like the effect of magick; nor would a plain account of them obtain credit with a distant observer, till he had thoroughly reflected on the unavoidable effects of an increase in population, from three millions to six, in so short a period as twenty-two years, an increase connected, at the same time, with an evident increase of individual opulence, refinement, and luxury. These effects are magnificent, and strike the imagination with wonder in proportion as the number doubled is small or great. A colony of five hundred can only enlarge itself, in twenty years, to a thousand; consequently these twenty years are employed in furnishing additional food, clothing, and dwelling only to five hundred persons; but a nation of three millions, increasing in twenty years to six, these twenty years are obliged to furnish additional clothing, diet, and habitation for three millions of persons.†

double in every twenty years, till the whole be occupied, in the proportion of at least a hundred to a square mile. Supposing therefore, that there is only three millions of square miles of good land, connected with good climate, on both sides of the Mississippi, our numbers, in a hundred and ten years hence (little more than the life of some men), must be *three hundred millions*. Two hundred millions would people this space only in the small proportion of sixty-six to a square mile. Mighty and gigantick as this increase is, the reader must remember that the increase that has actually taken place would equally have startled a follower of William Penn, or a member of the Plymouth company.

† It is evident that this source of curiosity and wonder will go on rapidly increasing for at least another century. We have witnessed certain changes in the last twenty years; but those of the ensuing twenty must be double these in magnitude and importance; and the third period of twenty years will witness changes four times greater, in extent and consequence, than those of the first. The increase, indeed, will be much greater than this, because we have good reason to believe that individual opulence, luxury, and refinement, will go on increasing in quite as great a proportion. While numbers are only doubled, the mass of general wealth will be more than doubled. The city whose population shall have doubled, will have more than doubled its former size, because the new house will be more spacious and magnificent than the ancient one, and the new created street will not only be twice as long as the old, but much superiour in all other respects.

Barlow's Columbiad.

A new epick poem, entitled The Columbiad, in ten books, by Joel Barlow, will shortly be published by C. and A. Conrad, in a splendid quarto. This work will be ornamented with twelve engravings, from original paintings, by English artists of the first celebrity. The typographical part, which is wholly American, is executed in a manner highly creditable to the persons employed. The paper is from the manufactory of Amies, the types from the foundery of Binny and Ronaldson, and the printing is executed by Messrs. Fry and Kammerer, with uncommon taste and elegance.

A work, like this, on a great *national subject*, will excite great curiosity; and the publishers flatter themselves that it may be deemed not only a monument of American genius, but a proof of the rapid progress of the arts, in the metropolis of our empire.

Bradford's edition of Dr. Rees's New Cyclopedia.

The indefatigable proprietor of this American edition of a very popular and useful performance, has, with

great diligence, reached the first part of the sixth volume. The interest of this work seems to increase as we proceed The biographical articles, though brief, are extremely amusing, and to the scientifick departments it is evident that much important and local light is given from no ordinary source. The work is certainly well edited, and proofs of much ingenuity, as well as great industry are by no means wanting. In the typographical department, Mr. Carr has attained to neatness, and in a work of this kind, it is needless to aspire to splendour. The paper is manifestly *much better* than that employed, either in London or Paris, on similar occasions. The plates are *superiour* to the British engravings. The west door of the Cathedral of Carrara by Tiebout, and the figures by Murray and others, illustrative of Ornithology and Natural History, are executed with uncommon beauty and spirit. The whole work deserves that generous patronage, with which, we understand, it is very generally favoured.

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DE BORDES' Edition of DODSLEY'S ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE, with a collateral version into French.

J. M. De Bordes, Professor of the French language, has published an elegant translation of Dodsley's most popular work. This translation is reputable to the Professor, and will be useful to his pupils. The following testimonies are from respectable French instructors resident in Philadelphia. It is lamentable that our authour did not employ some *Englishman* to correct the preface.

To Mr. De Bordes, Professor of the French Language.

SIR,

I have often and with renewed pleasure perused your elegant, yet faithful translation of the Economy of Human Life by Dodsley. An advantage (far more important than that of comparing the phraseology of the two languages, in order to ascertain the difference of their genius, and of the taste of the two nations) will be derived from your edition, viz. the diffusion of sound morals and precepts among those who understand French, to which your beautiful and animated version of a work which might with propriety have been entitled "The Honest Man's Manual," will powerfully contribute.

I make no doubt but the booksellers in Paris will be eager to add your production to their stock of translations from foreign literature, and that it will meet with the universal applause of men of letters.

With every wish for your success, I remain very respectfully,

Sir,

Your most humble,
and most obedient servant,
N. G. DUFIEF.

Philadelphia, 20th October.

Philadelphia, October 18th, 1807.

MR. DE BORDES,

Dear Sir,

I have perused with the greatest satisfaction your French translation of a work entitled The Economy of Human Life.

Permit me, sir, to pay you my most unfeigned compliments for your having enriched our language with so valuable a treatise of morality. Your translation is elegant, bold, and imitative of the sublimity of the original; your style as chaste as the subject itself. I am of the opinion that, independently of its merit, as an instructive work of morality, it might be very useful in the hands of the lovers of our language, who have a desire of becoming acquainted with its genius.

Wishing you all the success you so justly merit, I am, sir,

Very respectfully, yours,
L. C. VALLON.

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CONRADS' Edition of CARR'S TOUR THROUGH HOLLAND.

Sir John Carr, who appears to be a most resolute and persevering traveller, after amusing himself and others, by tours through France, rambles in Russia, and an excursion to Ireland, has, during the Summer and Autumn

of the last year, journied through Holland, along the right and left banks of the Rhine, to the south of Germany. It is the mode, among a certain class of criticks, to abuse our tourist, and many a joke has been published at his expense. On the whole, we think he has been in many instances treated with too much illiberality. Though he is not a profound, yet he is certainly a very amusing companion, and we have observed that the prosing and statistical class of travellers are the dullest fellows in the world. Although one would not look very eagerly for much entertainment in the description of the dull and monotonous country of "the swag bellied Hollander," yet the lively talents of our authour give interest even to Dutch canals and Dutch society. We have derived too, more information from this tour than from any other volume we have hitherto perused on the subject. Though written confessedly in great haste, yet it is not destitute of elegance, and will by no means detract from the rank the authour holds in the opinion of candid criticism.

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PELHAM'S NEW SYSTEM OF NOTATION.

Mr. W. Pelham, a very respectable bookseller, and a man of letters, has issued proposals at Boston for a new edition of Dr. Johnson's eloquent and moral "Rasselas," with a view to exhibit a novel mode of printing, by which, with the aid of a few marks, the variable sounds of the vowels and consonants in the English alphabet may be accurately distinguished. The ingenious authour's proposals, which we have inserted at length on the covers of The Port Folio, will more fully explain the nature of this laudable attempt. If Mr. Pelham can even partially accomplish a plan so desirable, as to simplify the alphabetical principles of our language, which, as a learned prelate has observed, are in some instances scanty and in others redundant, and which tend much to the confusion of foreigners in particular, he will render a most acceptable service to the republick of letters, and we cordially wish that he may prove successful and the publick kind.

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CONRADS' Edition of THE MODERN SHIP OF FOOLS.

Messrs. CONRAD have just published a quaint work, in the guise of a satire, with the following old-fashioned titlepage: "Stultifera Navis; qua omnium mortalium narratur stultitia. The Modern Ship of Fools ære perennius; with the following appropriate motto, "a whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back."

He, who is skilled in black-letter lore, or who has waded through the notes by Shakespeare's commentators, or peeped into the preface of Johnson's Dictionary, may remember divers allusions to a worm-eaten volume of the fourteenth century, entitled *The Shippe of Fooles*, translated into English by Alexander Barclay, a priest. This little volume, its successour is a *mélange* of prose and poetry, the intention of which is to lash the reigning vices and follies of mankind. Our authour's poetry is better than that of his predecessour, but still we cannot compliment him highly upon its merit. The notes are better than the text, and will pleasantly beguile a vacant hour. As this is a cheap edition, not much splendour of mechanical execution can be expected. On the whole, it is neatly printed by Fry and Kammerer, but in consequence of the Philadelphia *Jehu* style of *driving* a work with all possible velocity through the Press, some errours have escaped the vigilance of the proof-reader.

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Mr. William Spence, F. L. S. has in the press a work entitled "Britain Independent of Commerce." The object of this publication is to show, in opposition to the commonly received doctrines that Great Britain does not gain any accession of riches from her trade: that her wealth, prosperity,

and power are wholly derived from reasons inherent in herself, and consequently that she has no reason to be alarmed, though her enemies should succeed in their attemps to exclude her from commerce with any part of the globe.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

The following epigram of the classical Fracastorius has so sharp a point that we wish ASMODEO would make it visible to the English reader.

DE LEONILLA ET LYDIA.

Me lætis Leonilla oculis, me Lydia torvis
Aspicit: hæc noctem nunciat, illa diem.
Has Cytherea meo stellas præfecit amore:
Hæc meus est Vesper, *Lucifer* illa meus.

The following is a very spirited if not a very just description of the artifice of a *belle coquette*.

Like thistle down, that, borne with every blast,
At random floats, and sticks where'er 'tis cast,
The maiden's wish o'er all the species roves,
'Tis not her lover, but a man she loves,
Plum'd for occasion, fluttering with desires,
She flies to sate the passion she inspires;
Hers are the freedoms of the midnight dance,
The squeeze, the whisper, and the meaning glance;
Hers sweet confusion, playful kitten arts,
The cobweb springes for unwary hearts,
The studied chance, where secret charms appear,
Alluring languors and enticing leer.

Pope, in his bitter satire on the sex thus describes female inconstancy:

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray,
To toast "*our wants and wishes*" is her way,
Nor asks of God, but of her stars to give
The mighty blessing "while we live, to live,"
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul,
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl:
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.

The origin of eating Goose on Michaelmass day.

Queen Elizabeth, on her way to Tilbury Fort, on the 29th of September, 1593, dined at the ancient seat of Sir Neville Umfreville, near that place; and as British Bess had much rather dine off a high-seasoned and substantial dish, than a flimsy fricasee, or a rascally ragout, the Knight thought proper to provide a brace of fine geese, to suit the palate of his royal guest. After the Queen had dined very heartily, she asked for a half pint bumper of Burgundy, and drank destruction to the Spanish Armada. She had but that moment returned the glass to the Knight, who had done the honours of the table, when the news came (as if the Queen had been possessed of the spirit of prophecy) that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed by a storm. She immediately took another bumper in order to digest the geese and good news; and was so much pleased with the event, that she every year after, on that day, had the above excellent dish served up; the court made it a custom, and the people have followed the fashion ever since.

Burke.—The splendid eloquence of Mr. Burke, has often been the theme of praise, and his great merit as a writer and oratour not only eulogized by his friends but his enemies. Mr. Hall, in his "Apology for the freedom of the Press," although his political adversary, yet disdaining to detract from merit through the malevolence of party motive, with the pencil of truth sketches his character in the following animated manner.

Polyanthos.

"He is a writer of the most splendid and unequal powers; the fascination and magick of his eloquence cannot be withstood. His Imperial fancy has laid all Nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of creation, and every walk of art. His images are so select, so rich wit

colours dipt in heaven, that whoever can read his works without rapture, may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility."

The following account of the number of copies said to be regularly sold of the principal London Magazines and Reviews, has lately appeared in several Journals and newspapers.

	Copies.
The Monthly Magazine,	5000
Monthly Review,	4250
Gentleman's Magazine,	3500
European Magazine,	3500
Lady's Magazine,	3000
Medical and Physical Journal,	2250
British Critick,	2000
Universal Magazine,	2000
Journal of New Voyages and Travels,	1500
Philosophical Magazine,	1250
Anti-Jacobin Review,	1250
Critical Review,	1250
Monthly Mirror,	1000
Nicholson's Journal,	1000

How striking is the contrast of the sale of similar publications in France, of the most popular of which, not more than 500 copies are regularly circulated. The periodical press of Germany is in better condition, 4000 copies being sold of the Jena Literary Gazette, and nearly as many of some other literary and scientifick Journals.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

With mingled regret and indignation, the Editor has been recently apprized, from authentick authority in the North, that a report has been industriously propagated, and generally believed, which had induced many to assert, as a sort of axiom, that the property of The Port Folio had passed into other hands, and that for more than two years, the Editor had merely lent his name to assist the sale of that work. This rumour, false as well as injurious, must be instantly quelled, as dishonourable to the Editor's character, and pernicious to his property. He is the sole proprietor of this paper, of which, for years, he has had the absolute direction, and, if any emoluments arise from the subscription, the property is exclusively his. It is absolutely necessary to make this statement, because it is understood, *that* MANY *who would willingly patronize the work, have withheld their names, from a persuasion that they were only advancing the interest of some venal mechanick, who walked abroad with a vizor mask, disgracefully borrowed from the Editor.* It is presumed that to the men of honour and cavaliers among his subscribers, to the *real* friends of his paper and his party, and to those who have hourly opportunities of surveying his actions, and scrutinizing their motives, it is superfluous to declare from education, temper and habit, he is utterly incapable of an imposture so venal and flagitious. This for his friends. With respect to his foes, the fanaticks, the propagators of this story, however they may persevere in the malig-

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nancy of their designs, or the audacity of their assertions, proofs shall be given, as long as The Port Folio is published, that the Editor is deeply interested in the work, that he writes habitually in that Journal, and that, if for no other purpose, he considers that paper his property, as affording him the means of ridiculing Absurdity, of chastising Faction, and of branding Hypocrisy.

It does not become the Editor, to dilate on the character of this Journal, or to court favour by the speciousness of professsion, or the magnificence of promise. His labour has for many years been before the publick, and if he has been censured by fanatick folly and party prejudice, he has been applauded and encouraged by the most venerable of his friends, and by a NESBIT, a GIFFORD and a REEVES; by a FATHER,—by a politician, a poet, and a divine. This is consolatory. In any fortune he will remember this and be comforted. In any fortune he will remember this, AND GO ON, without the *smallest compliance* with the *vagaries* of the *multitude*, and without THE LEAST CHANGE, OR SHADOW OF TURNING. So far from the remotest intention of relinquishing this Journal, or making it an object of sale and barter, he will continue to publish it upon THE MOST INDEPENDENT PRINCIPLES, while that POWER, who, at least has given him spirit, graciously indulges him with the use of his eyes, however dim, or his hand however unskilful.

The approbation, with which a gentleman whose signature is G, has honoured our humble labours in this Journal, is sufficient to requite the Editor. With such a philosopher for his friend, he cares not though Party Prejudice is his enemy. The Editor dreads nothing so much as the applause of the *common people*, and, whenever he hears a shout from the shambles, he remembers the following:

When Parmenio, the Grecian, had done something which excited a universal shout from the surrounding *multitude*, he was instantly struck that what had *their approbation must certainly be wrong;* and, turning to a philosopher, who stood near him, "Pray sir," says he, *pardon me;* I fear I have been *guilty* of *some absurdity.*

One of our friends, who to all the fancy and fire of a poet, adds delicacy of taste, and correctness of criticism, has favoured us with some very liberal remarks on the poems of Freneau.

Two poems, which our correspondent has indicated for publick approbation, we mean The Indian Burial Ground, and The Indian Student, or The Force of Nature, we published many years ago, in a country paper, but from very mutilated and deformed copies. We have now the satisfaction to exhibit these beautiful pictures in their proper light. For the *politicks* of the authour it is pretty well known that we have no peculiar partiality, but of the *poetry* of this versatile bard we must say that, by the

impartial, it will be, at length, considered as entitled to no ordinary place in a judicious estimate of American genius. As we are fully of our correspondent's opinion, we shall from time to time, publish such extracts as we think honourable to Freneau's muse. The specimens, which our friend has selected, have been, principally, sentimental. We cannot refrain from copying the following humorous effusion, a parody of Phillips's harmonious translation from Sappho.

TO A HANDSOME MILLINER.

"Blest as the immortal gods is he."

Cursed as a beggar's brat is he,
The unlucky wight who deals with thee,
Who still behind the counter sit,
To catch our cash, and show your wit.

Whate'er you prais'd, with sly design,
Whate'er you touch'd, I wish'd it mine,
And homespun trash from Nabby's paws,
In your fair hand was English gauze.

Twas this that drove Rinaldo mad
At times, and made him look so sad,
For ere he well could count the cost
His cash was gone, his credit lost.

His girls grew vain—their dress and show
Alas! soon brought his pockets low,
With India silks their shoes were bound,
The news went all the country round.

With constant duns his doors were vext,
His house with sheriffs was perplext,
His barber's bill he could not pay,
He blunder'd, broke, and ran away.

This is certainly an effort of Genius, and if it had been published in any English Miscellany, however respectable, it must have had the commendation of the Editor.

The Conductor of this Journal, apprizes the publick that a constant regard to elegant and useful literature will always be a distinguishing feature of this publication. Though, from the easy access he has to all the foreign Journals of merit, and from the interesting nature of many of their contents, he has both the power and inclination to describe the progress of Literature and Science abroad, yet Genius and Learning at home will challenge his regard. Every topick, connected with the refined and elegant pleasures of life will be occasionally discussed and as wide a space as possible assigned to original communications of value or of lustre.

The critical, biographical, and poetical departments will be sedulously superintended. The first from its powerful agency in reforming and refining taste, and the two last because they are, confessedly, among the purest pleasures of the studious hour, and always reward curiosity, amplify knowledge, or procure delight.

EDMUND BURKE took his seat in parliament in the year 1765, and his first speech was on the stamp act. It had all the elegance and fire of his maturer productions, and elicited the praise of Mr. Pitt, who then predicted the future greatness of this illustrious oratour. This speech was certainly preserved in some vehicle of the intelligence of the day. We hope to be indebted to some curious collector for a copy.

We have never yet seen *accurate* and *complete* reports of the harrangues of this oratour on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. However intemperate his language, however rash and angry his assertions, however defective his proofs on this memorable occasion, still the eloquence of his speeches attracted the admiration of the political, the fashionable, and the literary world. In this instance, Mr. Burke sedulously strove to emulate the most indigant style of Tully; and the immortal invectives of the Roman oratour against Verres, Cataline, Piso and Anthony were at that time constantly in his hands, during the intervals of his publick engagement. Copies, by such an imitator as BURKE, from such matchless originals will be highly valued by the Editor.

It is a circumstance much to be regretted, while so many heavy tomes of dullness are reposited in many a library, that any particle of the productions of Genius should be lost. We wish to apply this remark to many of the speeches, letters, and tracts of Mr. Burke, which have been strangely omitted in the new edition of his works. About the year 1780, he ad-

dressed a letter to Lord Kenmare, which was published in *Dublin*, and we believe never reprinted in London. As many of the Irish booksellers who resided in the capital, at that time, have since migrated to America, some of them undoubtedly have knowledge of the pamphlet. The Editor will acknowledge his obligations to any of these gentlemen, if they will furnish him with this letter.

The second article in this day's Journal, the excellent essay on Prejudice, is from the pen of a clergyman so respectable for his talents, that we sincerely hope he will keep his promise, oblige us with his speculations, and, with all the versatility of genius bound with a light step

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

By some of the highly respectable trustees of a flourishing seminary in the state of New York, and by M. Du Bourg, principal of St. Mary's College Baltimore, we have been honoured with sketches of the plan and terms of their respective places of education. These articles shall have our marked attention. In the present state of our country, we feel it to be our duty to contribute our utmost aid to every liberal scheme of education. The worth, splendour and dignity of any nation, are in an exact ratio with the number of the MEN OF GENIUS, and the WELL EDUCATED GENTLEMEN, by whom it is adorned. To our eternal disgrace, be it spoken, we have neither a National University, nor a munificent Government, we have neither an Augustus Cæsar, nor a Caius Mæcenas, therefore it imports every lover of letters to lend his solitary assistance to the drooping Muses, and vindicate the literary renown of America.

A full description of Mr. Peale's valuable Museum, will soon appear and the praise worthy proprietor of that useful and amusing collection of curiosities is requested to furnish the Editor regularly and *early* with catalogues of the additions, donations &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

We were informed some time ago, by a friend at Washington, that a certain Secretary of the Navy, "which is neither here nor there," and a certain person much greater than the certain Secretary, had a terrible sparing about the expediency of using the torpedoes, invented by Mr. Fulton for the purpose of annoying the impudent British ships which come into our bays and harbours, no withstanding the weight of metal opposed to them in the late proclamations. The Secretary, who has always been a gunboat man, was so provoked by the philosopher's declaration, that the submarine torpedoes of Mr. F. together with some ærial ones of his own invention, would effectually supersede the necessity of putting the nation to any further expense of building one-gun vessels, and of themselves be sufficient to liberate the seas from the tyranny under which they at present groan, that he, though generally a very meek man, furiously asserted that one gunboat was worth fifty torpedoes, and even went so far as to declare, that a single line of battleship would more effectually oppose an enemy at sea, than all the hundred thousand militia lately called from their repose, even though each one should be armed with a proclamation of the largest size, to be flourished about in the same manner that (as Mr. Barrow informs us) the Chinese soldiers perform their manual with their lanterns.*

* "As we approached the city Tongtchang-foo, we were much amused with a military manœuvre, which was evidently intended to astonish us. Under the walls of the city, about three hundred soldiers were drawn out in a line, which, however, the darkness of the night had rendered invisible. But just as we were coming to anchor, each soldier, at the sound of a gong, produced from under his cloak a splendid lantern, with which he went through a regular manual exercise."

Barrow's Travels in China.

Our friend has sent us the following copy of verses, as the production of one of those appendages of the press, which, from their smutty appearance, have obtained the elegant appellation of printer's devils.

The only reason we have to suppose it the production of one of those imps of literature, is the knowledge of the different sizes of types displayed at the conclusion; except, indeed, the pronunciation of *have* in the third line of the fifth stanza, which is given with the true Columbian accent. This errour we think the friend of Mazzei alluded to could not have fallen into, as we presume he knew that Walker authorised him to pronounce it "with the short sound of the *Italian a*." However, this is a point we don't pretend to determine, but leave it between the Devil and the P——.

J.

With Madison to oversee,
When I penn'd my Proclamation,
Then had I refused to be
Emperour of the Gallick nation.

S.

When you gunboats used to build,
And torpedoes were not thought of,
If a foe refus'd to yield,
Soon by douceurs was he bought off.

J.

See the British Squadron comes!
All asleep it is supposed—
Burst torpedoes! ocean foams!
And the squadron's "decomposed."

S.

D——n torpedoes all! say I;
Fulton and his nine-days wonder:
Line of battleships let's try;
Fire and faggot, blood and thunder!!

J.

Well but, Robert, how you rave!
Do not get in such a passion,
And more gunboats you shall have,
Gunboats still shall be the fashion.

S.

If so, through each Briton's heart
May your Proclamation strike a
Terrour, when he reads "DEPART
FROM OUR BAYS," in twelve line pica.

MERRIMENT.

When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV, his Majesty was astonished to find, one Sunday, instead of a numerous congregation, only him and the Priest. "What is the reason of this?" said the King. "I caused it to be given out Sire," replied he, "that your Majesty did not attend Chapel today, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the King."

—

When Captain Grose first went over to Ireland, his curiosity led him to see every thing in the capital worth seeing. In the course of his perambulations, he one evening strolled into the principal meat market of Dublin, where the butchers, as usual, set up their usual cry of "What d'ye buy? What d'ye buy?" Grose parried this for some time, by saying, he did not want anything. At last, a butcher starts from his stall, and eyeing Grose's figure from top to bottom, which was not much unlike the idea we form of Dr. Slop's, exclaimed, "Well sir, though you do not now want anything, only *say* you buy your meat of me, and you will make my fortune."

—

A poor man in Paris being very hungry, staid so long near a cook's shop, where they were dressing meat, that his stomach was actually satisfied by the smell of it. The cholerick cook demanded payment for his breakfast; the poor man refused; and the controversy was referred to the first man who should pass by. On the relation of the cause, he gravely decreed, that the man should jingle his money between two plates as long as he had staid, and thus pay the cook's *ears* for the benefit his *nose* had received.

—

After the battle of Senef, which the great Conde had, 1664, against the Prince of Orange, he went to pay his respects to the King. Louis XIV, happening to be on the top of the staircase when the Prince was going up, who moved slowly on account of his gout, "I beg your Majesty's pardon," said he, "for making you wait." "Do not hurry yourself, cousin," replied the King, "no man can walk fast so covered with laurels as you are."

—

A country paper mentions that a Miss *Legg* gave her *hand* to a Mr. *Grasp*.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, November 7, 1807.* [No. 19.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. VI.

Imperat Cupido etiam diis pro arbitrio,
Et ipsum arcere, ne armipotens Jupiter.

"Love rules the camp, the plain, the grove,
"And men below, and saints above,
"For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love."

WE have heard of the musick of the spheres; but harsh and discordant are their enrapturing sounds, compared with those, which saluted my ear as I approached the planet sacred to love. Thousands of various instruments seemed to harmonize in one sweet consonance, to lull the soul to soft tranquillity, and diffuse over its faculties their soothing influence. Bewildered by the ecstasy of her enjoyment she almost forgets to live, and faints in the raptures of the purest, chastest sounds. Such musick might have soothed the raging of the stormy sea, or arrested the wandering star, astonished in its orb. Surely, thought I, this cannot be reality: either I dream of bliss before unfancied, or I breathe the air of Heaven itself. My speedy arrival within the realms of Venus confirmed and realized my happiness. Soon as I had alighted upon this delicious orb, new objects opened on my view; new feelings swelled my bosom, new ideas occupied my mind. On every side a Paradise more lovely than that where our first parents dwelled, expanded beyond the limits of my sight.* Verdant meads, carpetted with flowers, and variegated with gentle streams, delighted the excursive eye; majestick trees extended their shadows over mossy banks that seemed to invite repose; while whispers of the passing breeze inspired new passions, and taught the raptures of beginning love. Perfumes more grateful to the senses than the spices of Arabia still gratified without satiety: soft winds fanned the bosom, and a feeling more than mortal purified every thing around.† Overcome by the excess of my delight, I reclined upon a bank and foretasting the joys of Heaven, sunk into repose.

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* Philosophers tell us that every one is some time or other, swayed by love, and that the soul is not perfect until that period has arrived. Although in "these degenerate days" we do not witness Sapphos plunging "from Leucadia's frowning height," yet the torch continues to burn with undiminished splendour.—

Parce metu, Cytherea, manent immota tuorum,
Fata tibi.—

† Such is the fancied felicity of the poet—

——— Placidique tepentibus annis
Mulcebant Zephyri ———

Surrounded with such objects and impressed with such ideas, my dreams could only be the images of what I felt; they were dreams of love. I thought a fair one, more beauteous than the Houris promised to the faithful worshippers of Alla, hailed my arrival. She invited me to follow her, and, gliding o'er the ground, she smiled with a half-averted eye, and pointed to a bower, where nature seemed to have vied with art in the graceful combination of every charm. Closely woven flowrets, with intermingled clusters of the richest fruits, hung temptingly within the reach; a silver fountain flowed before the entrance, and around, the birds flew fearlessly from spray to spray. I awoke with ecstasy: But oh! faint shadows of divine reality, how were my visions eclipsed by what I now beheld. Leaning over me and gazing with a look of tenderness, I saw an object whose smallest beauty far surpassed the colourings of imagination, or the wildest dreams of love-sick fancy. Her hair, like melted gold, flowed in graceful ringlets over her snowy neck; the mild lustre of her soft blue eyes shed around a ray of divinity; the rosy tints of her cheeks were surpassed only by the brighter ruby of her opening lips, from under which, pearls just ventured partly to display a brilliancy that seemed to ask a trial of their sweetness too. A thousand loves appeared to nestle in her bosom.‡ A light robe, flowing from her shoulders, conferred a grace upon a person which was perfect grace before. My feelings deprived me, for a moment, of the powers of utterance; but, with returning recollection, I broke forth in exclamations of rapture on her charms. Poetick numbers escaped from me without exertion, and I felt that my address, though unpremeditated and unadorned, was eloquent, for it was the language of love.§

"Ah stranger, said she, and ambrosial sweets distilled from her lips, "you behold for the first time, and therefore you adore me, but the heart was not formed for constancy, and soon as your eye shall light on other objects repetition of your view will satiate and cloy. I will prove generous; I restore your heart which I stole from you as you slept. I will be your conductress. Come with me and I will teach you the mazy paths of love, its dangers, hopes, and fears. Henceforth, that you may escape the snares abounding everywhere, look not at the azure eye or the inviting lip, but lift the veil that rests upon the soul: view that alone, and you are secure: We all may do so, but want the courage necessary for the act." Thus saying, she cast on me a glance that restored my soul. The eye appeared to be the organ of the heart, and could convey and regain it by a single look.‖

Passion being at an end, my curiosity was excited by a thousand objects, and first to know whom I so much admired and late so much adored. Smiling she replied. "The Empire of Love, the world we inhabit, is completely under the dominion of female influence; beauty is the reward of merit, and want of it the punishment of every fault. Our Queen, who unites in herself the assemblage of every charm, who with a smile can inspire the feeblest with heroism, whose agents are diffused throughout all nature, rules with undisputed sway. Her ministers in the work of happiness are Sylphs, of whom, in me, you behold one, and Eria my name.¶ On the

‡ The object which comprises more various beauties than any other in nature, says Mr. Burke, is a female bosom.

"A bosom where a bright cærulean vein,
"Sheds a soft lustre o'er the lucid snow!"

§ One of the many strange effects of love is, that it converts every man, at least in his own estimation, into a poet. From Petrarch whose "Triumphs" display some of the sweetest effusions of genius, to the poorest poetaster, who indites doggrel rhymes, all yield, if not to the inspirations, to the madness of the muse.

‖ This is the *speaking silence*, the *eloquent look*, mentioned by Homer in his description of the Queen of Heaven, when attired in the majesty of beauty, encircled with the zone of love, she waited on her Imperial Lord.

¶ Who will dare to doubt the inspiration of Pope? The Rosicrusian system must no

intelligence of your approach, I was despatched to protect and guard you: the musick which delighted you was mine; I witnessed your transports, I conducted you to your mossy bed, and there directed the gentlest zephyrs to lull you to repose; into your soul I infused dreams of rapture, and made the most enchanting objects play around your fancy. As you awoke I assumed this shape to try your sensibility, and found you in a moment worthy of my protection. It is our duty in general to guard the fair; to you is extended an especial favour, and I trust you will merit my kindest care. You must promise to preserve, for a little time, your actions subject to Reason, for where she resides, Love can never come. This will be an arduous task, but 'tis for your benefit, and after I have disclosed to you the mysterious attendants upon this delicious, fatal passion, you may enjoy or avoid it as you will; remembering that none can remain subjects of our Queen but such as yield themselves implicitly to love." With a sigh I consented, fearful of my ability to keep my word, and conscious that if I should meet with but a faint resemblance to the charming Eria, my resolution would be vain.

Some one now passed us in man's attire: his pace was slow, his look cast downward, yet melting with tenderness, his hand was placed upon his bosom, and now and then a sigh escaped that seemed to breathe forth his soul. He appeared careless whither he went, and yet each moment cast an anxious look around: he now trembled, and his limbs almost refused to support their burthen, for the object of his desires approached. She was tall and graceful, yet her smiles were wanton, and her appearance bespoke rather an ardent than a tender soul. I asked if this could cause his fears. Your surprise will cease, said Eria, when you know her power. She touched me with a golden wand, and instantly the eyes, which before had almost escaped my observation, assumed the brilliancy of stars; the soft tints of her complexion surpassed the beauty of the rose; every fault that I had remarked before appeared more lovely than its absence; her form became so pure that it ceased even to cast a shadow, and she looked and moved an angel.* I was about to prostrate myself, when my conductress removed the illusion and restored my proper sight. "Blame not," said she, "him you see, who is deprived of your information, when even so well instructed, you plunge into as deep an errour: remember it is the soul you are to observe in order to escape delusion. Every female is gifted with the ability thus to charm, and every one employs the magick art: the talisman that dispels the mists of errour and delusion is that which discloses the mind. Let this experience prove a lesson to guide your future conduct; let it teach you to examine and deliberate, ere you fall. But come, a thousand objects claim your notice far more useful than this commencement of the passion. As you advance, snares and dangers multiply, and although the first impulse be sweet, seldom are its roses unattended by a thorn."

longer be considered fabulous, since it is now traced to its source. My friend had given a full description of this system, but it differed so little from that in the Rape of the Look, that I have ventured to omit it here.

* No magician can so speedily change an object as can love. Deformity becomes beauty, vice and folly assume the appearance of virtue and wisdom, fierceness changes into amiableness, when breathed on by this potent passion.

Quam gratiarum cura decentium,
Ornat; labellis cui Venus insidet

For The Port Folio.

We are always happy to communicate in this Journal any of the rare productions of Genius. The following poem by Dr. Akenside has never been published in America and but recently discovered in England. The close of the second stanza will remind

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some of our friends of certain of the Gimcrack tribe not wholly unknown in this country. The description and office of Phantasy are in the very spirit of the Faery Queen.

THE VIRTUOSO—*A Fragment,*

IN IMITATION OF SPENCER.

I

Whilom by silver Thames's gentle stream,
In London town there dwelt a subtle wight;
A wight of mickle wealth and mickle fame,
Book learned, and quaint, a Virtuoso hight;
Uncommon things and rare were his delight;
From musings deep his brain nor gotten ease,
Nor ceasen he from study day nor night,
Until (advancing onward by degrees)
He knew whatever treads on earth, on air, or seas.

II

He many a creature did anatomize,
Almost unpeopling water, air, and land;
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,
Were laid full low by his relentless hand
That oft with gory crimson was distain'd;
He many a dog destroyed, and many a cat;
Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drain'd,
Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat
And read a lecture on the entrails of a gnat.

III

He knew the various modes of ancient times,
Their arts and fashions of each various guise;
Their weddings, funerals, punishment for crimes;
Their strength, their learning eke and rarities.
Of old habiliments each sort and size,
Male, female, high and low to him were known;
Each gladiator dress and strange disguise,
With learned clerkly phrase he could have shown
How the Greek tunick differed from the Roman gown.

IV

A curious medallist, I wot, he was,
And boasted many a course of ancient coin;
Well as his wife's he knewen every face,
From Julius Cæsar down to Constantine.
For some rare sculpture he would oft ypine,
(As green-sick daimoiselles for husbands do)
And, when obtained, with enraptured eyne
He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,
And look and look again, as he would look it through.

V

His rich Museum of dimensions fair,
With goods that spoke the owner's mind was fraught;
Things curious, ancient, value, worth, and rare,
From sea and land, from Greece and Rome were brought,
Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought.
On these all tydes with joyous eyes he por'd,
And, sooth to say, himself he greater tho't
When he beheld his cabinets thus stor'd
Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities Lord.

VI

Here in a corner stood a rich scrutoire,
With many a curiosity replete;
In seemly order furnished every drawer,
Products of art and nature as was meet;
Air pumps and prisms were placed beneath his feet;
A Memphian Mummy King hung o'er his head.
Here phials with live insects small and great,
Here stood a tripod of the Pythian maid;
Above, a crocodile diffused a grateful shade.

VII

Fast by the window did a table stand,
Where hodiern and antique varieties,
From Egypt, Greece, and Rome, from sea and land,
Were thick besprent of every sort and size;
Here a Bahaman spider's carcase lies,
There a dire serpent's golden skindoth shine,
Here Indian feathers, fruits, and glittering flies,
There gums and amber found beneath the line,
The beak of Ibis here, and there an Antonine

VIII

Close at his back, or whispering in his ear
There stood a sprite, ycleped Phantasy;
Which, wheresoe'er he went, was always near:
Her look was wild and roving was her eye;
Her hair was decked with flowers of every dye;
Her glistering robes were of more various hue
Than the fair bow that paints the cloudy sky,
Or all the spangled drops of morning dew;
Their colour changing still at every view.

IX

Yet in this shape all tydes she did not stay,
Various as the cameleon that she bore;
Now a grand Monarch with a crown of hay,
Now mendicant in silks and golden ore;
A statesman now, equipt to chase the boar,
Or cowled monk, lean, feeble, and unfed,
A clown like Lord or swain of courtly lore;
Now scribbling dunce in sacred laurel clad,
Or papal father now in homely weeds arrayed.

X

The wight, whose brain this Phantom's power doth fill,
On whom she doth with constant care attend,
Will for a dreadful giant take a mill,
Or a grand palace in a hogstye find,
(From her dire influence me may Heaven defend)
All things with vitiated sight he spies,
Neglects his family, forgets his friend,
Seeks painted trifles, and fantastick toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

For The Port Folio.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

On our first introduction to the City of Philadelphia, this collection was naturally one of the objects of liberal curiosity. Though sufficiently delighted with the portraits of revolutionary heroes and sages, with the stuffed birds of the tropicks, and the uncouth animals of America, yet we perceived a deplorable want of scientifick arrangement, and occasionally, perhaps a sort of carelesness, or childishness in the choice of many of the articles. The general impression, therefore, was rather unfavourable, and we were, for some time, of opinion that this boasted Museum had been overrated, and that it was rather a show for the amusement of children, than a system to excite the speculations of a philosopher. But every Opinion or Prejudice of this sort, has long since vanished away. The Museum now is entitled, not merely to the candid, but careful attention of every friend to Genius, and every lover of nature. A visit to this interesting collection of curiosities will amply reward the inquisitive stranger, and will detain awhile, from other joys, even the vacant city lounger. Real Science will scrutinize the genuine objects of her research; vulgar Curiosity will stare at wonders; and Affection or Vanity will induce many to repair to the Physiognotrace for the sake of a Silouette, by which the ladies dream to be immortal even on perishable paper.

The reason why we have exchanged indifference for admiration, in this instance, is sufficiently cogent. When we first saw the Museum, it appeared to us an indigested heap. The *Linnæan* classification has given it order, grace, and beauty. Besides, the additions are not only ample, but exceedingly valuable. A contemplative man will here find much room for meditation, and a man social and benevolent will experience much gratification from the attentions of the Proprietor, and his sons, who are equally courteous and communicative, and whose talents, industry, and zeal for the advancement of Useful Science, or Elegant Art, we are glad to perceive patronized by a liberal community.

A GUIDE

TO THE

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

This Museum is the property of Charles W Peale, who began it in 1785, with some bones of the Mammoth, and the Paddle-Fish, which were then added to his Picture Gallery: shortly after, relinquishing his profession as a Portrait Painter, his exertions were directed, and have been ever since devoted to the present establishment. His persevering industry has been so far crowned with success—and when the plans now preparing for execution shall be accomplished, the Institution, in point of arrangement, preservation, and number, will rival in value and utility any of a similar nature.

In 1802, the Legislature of Pennsylvania, influenced by an idea of its increasing utility, granted for the use of the Museum, the greater part of the State-house, where it is now displayed in a manner better becoming the importance of the Institution, and more worthy of the State which gave it birth.

——————" Here, undisturbed
" By noisy Folly, and discordant Vice,
" On Nature muse with us and Nature's God!"

MILTON.

Quadruped Room.

This room, which is 40 feet long, contains upwards of 190 *Quadrupeds*, mounted in their natural attitudes—those of the larger kinds, with their names in gilt frames, are placed on pedestals behind wire-netting—the smaller Quadrupeds are in glass cases on the opposite sides of the room; numerical catalogues in frames over each case, state the *genera* to which they belong, and their specifick names in Latin, English, and French. The *Linnæan* Classification is general

adopted throughout the Animal department.

Among the most remarkable of the Quadrupeds are—the long-clawed Grisly Bear from the source of the Missouri; the American Buffaloe or Bison; the Great Ant-Eater; (seven feet seven inches from the snout to the tip of the tail)—the Ourang Outang, or wild Man of the Woods; the Crested Porcupine, some of whose quills measure 18 inches; the American and New-Holland ditto; Madagascar Bats, (measuring 4 feet from tip to tip)—the Hooded Bat, &c. The Lama or Camel of South America; the untameable Hyæna, and fierce Jackall; American Elks; the Picary, remarkable for a secretory organ on its back; the slow moving Bradypus or Sloth; Antelopes from Africa; the Indian Musk of astonishing agility; and the Kangaroo, or Opossum from Botany Bay, &c.—Various horns of different animals.

And a large ELECTRICAL MACHINE sufficiently powerful to give a moderate shock, without the Leyden Phial.

LONG ROOM.

Linnæus's Classification of Birds, with the characters of each order and genus, is, (for want of space to display it better) exhibited in a gilt frame at the entrance of the Long Room. All the birds are in glass cases, the insides of which are painted to represent appropriate scenery; Mountains, Plains or Waters the birds being placed on branches or artificial rocks, &c. These cases, rising 12 feet from the floor, extend the whole length of this room, which is 100 feet, producing an uncommonly elegant display.

The first order, *Rapacious* Birds, begins in the upper row at the head of the room, and extends nearly to the centre; each succeeding order beginning at the left, and extending to the right. In frames over each case, the *genus* is first noted, then their species, and names in Latin, English, and French, referring to the numbers which are attached to each species.

There are now in this collection (including many nondescripts) perhaps *all* the birds belonging to the middle, many of which likewise belong to the northern or southern states; and a considerable number from South America, Europe, Africa, Asia, New Holland, and the new discovered Islands in the south seas.—The variety of interesting objects in this department is too great particularly to enumerate a few; the number exceeds 760, without the admission of any duplicates contained in 140 cases.

On projecting cases, between the windows at the west end of the room, is a classification of 4000 Insects in gilt frames. Those species which are too small to be examined with the naked eye are placed in microscopick wheels with the numbers continued from the glass frames; there are also two other compound microscopes of a new construction, adapted to a large collection of choice Insects, one for opaque and the other for transparent objects, with a catalogue of each.

Projecting between the windows at the east end of the room, are Glass Cases containing Minerals and Fossils, arranged according to Kirwan. Among the Clays are some American specimens, equal to those of which the finest Porcelaine is made, in China, or France; various fine coloured Earths, proper for Pigments; a variety of handsome Chrystals and precious Stones, among which the North American Topaz. Among the calcarious specimens in Case 1, are, a Petrifick Incrustation of a Bird's Nest and Eggs; a Petrified Fish from the top of a Mountain near Naples; an elegant concretion of small Cornu-Ammonis. It is of importance that this department should, and, it is hoped, ere long will, contain a more complete collection of American Minerals, accompanied with a description of the quantity, and situation where found.

In Case 2, Vesuvian Lavas, polished; curious stones; Amber enclosing perfect Insects; Sulphurs, Bitumens, Native Gold, Silver, and other ores—among which the splendour of the Iron is most conspicuous.

Case 3, contains a valuable collection of Fossil Shells from Hampshire,

England; a variety of Petrifactions and Incrustations—among them the great American Oyster, Clam, and Pediculus Marinus found with the Mammoth; Shrimp, Crabs, Fishes, Ferns, &c. and an elegant polished segment of a Cornu-Ammonis, showing the cellular structure.

Case 4 contains Miscellaneous articles—among which are a lock of Silvery Hair of the beautiful Nictalops of England; various Calculi, Coins, &c. and 5 jars showing the result of Dr. Hunter's analysis of City Pump Water, *viz.* 220 gallons of water evaporated yielded 24 oz. common salt. 32 oz. Salt Petre, 17 oz. Magnesia, and 12 oz Lime!

Over the Birds, in handsome gilt frames, are two rows of Portraits of distinguished Personages, painted from the life, by C. W. Peale and his son Rembrandt. This collection was begun in 1779, and contains various other characters of distinction beside civil and military; such as Franklin, Priestly, Rittenhouse, Sir Joseph Banks, Humboldt, &c.—Their names are in frames over each portrait, yet there is a number which refers to a concise account of each person in small frames on the opposite cases. Of seventy persons here pourtrayed, forty are dead—Some portraits of a larger size adorn each end of the room. One of J. Hutton of Philadelphia, who died aged 108 years and four months.

In a gallery in the centre, between the windows, is an excellent organ for the use of such visitors as are acquainted with musick.

A person attends in this room with Hawkins' ingenious Physiognotrace, for the purpose of drawing profiles.*

MARINE ROOM.

In the centre of the room, supported on a pedestal, stands the Chama, a shell 3 feet long, and 185 lbs. weight; a pair of them are behind the railings.

A railing at each end of the room encloses the larger Fishes and amphibious Animals, on each of which in a gilt frame, is the respective name, *viz.* Sharks, Lizards, Sword, and Saw-fishes, Sun-fish remarkable for having neither flesh nor bones, being wholly cartilaginous, and equally extraordinary for its bulk and form, more resembling the head of an immense fish than an entire one. The smaller Fishes, Lizards, Tortoises, Snakes, Snakes with two heads, &c. are displayed in two large glass cases, on inclined shelves, with numbers referring to a framed Catalogue. The tops of the cases are ornamented with artificial Rock work, supporting marine productions, such as Corals, Sea Fans, Feathers, &c.

Between the windows, projecting 6 feet into the room, are four glass cases, containing a classical arrangement of Shells, Corals, Sponges, &c.

Against the wall are sundry skins of large Snakes; one 16 feet long (Amboiya) from South America, and the beaks of Sea Fishes.

ARTS AND ANTIQUITY.

This part of the Museum is in the Philosophical Hall.*

MAMMOTH ROOM

Contains the skeleton of the Mammoth which was discovered in Ulster county (New-York) in 1801. It is the first put together, and is as valuable as it is stupendous—being an almost perfect skeleton, the bones belonging to one animal, and very few deficient. It is 11 feet 10 inches high, and 19 feet long. A particular account, by Rembrandt Peale,† of its discovery, with many interesting remarks on it, is in 92 gilt frames, hung up in a con-

* The attendant is allowed to receive 8 cents for cutting out each set of profiles, from such as choose to employ him.

* To prevent mistakes, all donations intended for the Philadelphia Museum should be directed to C. W. Peale, with such memorandums as are interesting, and the name of the Donor.

† Pamphlets of this may be had at the Museum.

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venient gallery for viewing the skeleton.

The Mammoth is a Nondescript, and, as it is called, Antediluvian animal, with carnivorous grinders; and although formerly supposed to be a species of Elephant, yet differing from it, and from all other animals in several extraordinary particulars. Since the year 1740 the learned have been gratified with the occasional discovery of various mutilated collections of similar bones; but it was not until 1801, that C. W. Peale, after great exertions, was enabled to obtain this skeleton. Some bones of the Mammoth first gave rise to the Museum in 1785 which, 16 years after, possessed the first entire Skeleton.

Here is also part of the skull of an unknown Animal of the Ox kind, the pith of the horn measuring 21 inches in circumference—probably the horns would have measured from 14 to 16 feet from tip to tip.—This precious relick belongs to the Philosophical Society, by request of the Donor, Dr. Brown, to be placed with the Mammoth.

There are in the same room, various small skeletons such as the Monkey, Greyhound, Parrot, Ibis, Ground hog, &c. and that of an ordinary Mouse, as an object of contrast with the Mammoth.

In frames hung up against the wall, are engravings of the whole Skeleton and the detached parts of an unknown Quadruped of the Sloth kind, of great size, found in South America, and now in the Museum at Madrid. Inside the railing are similar bones found in Virginia. Encircling the door are the lower Jaw-bones of a Whale, 13 1-2 feet long.

MODEL ROOM.

Extending across this room, in front of the windows, is a case containing 1400 elegant casts from antique gems which are a part of the collection in the Antique Room; a Silver Salt Seller, which belonged to Oliver Cromwell, presented by Mrs. Washington; Antique Pot, Household Gods, and bas reliefs, from the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii; Curiously fabricated Earthen Pots found in South America—(in case 3 is a Pot resembling these, found in Tennessee, 25 feet deep); Chinese instruments and ornaments, and a considerable variety of such as are used by the Aborigines of North and South America, such as wrought Tubes of Stone, Chrystal Hatchets, &c.

Around the room are displayed some Paintings, and a number of Indian curiosities, models of canoes, spears, bows and arrows, clubs, paddles, baskets, the Phoonka or great Chinese Fan, Chinese Match Gun, and ancient Bow-gun, &c.

Here is the beginning of a Collection of Models of useful, foreign, and domestick Machinery—such as the Chinese Plough and wheel-barrow; Cottle's Thrashing Machine; a Dry Dock; improved Spinning-wheel, &c. On the floor stands a Throne of curious workmanship, said to be executed by the King of the Pelew Islands, out of a solid piece.

In cases 2 and 3, are models in wax, the size of life, of the following characters, drest in their real and peculiar habiliments, *viz.*—Chinese Labourer and Gentleman; Inhabitant of Oonalaska; a Kamskadale; an African; a Sandwich Islander; an Otaheitan; a South American; and Blue Jacket and Red-pole; celebrated Sachems of North America. These cases likewise contain a great variety of articles of Indian dress and ornaments of extraordinary workmanship.

ANTIQUE ROOM

Contains several fine casts from the celebrated Statues of Antiquity, deservedly the admiration of the world, such as the Apollo de Belvidere, the fighting and dying Gladiators, the Antinous, Meleager, Venus of the Capitol, Venus Calliope, the crouching Venus, Paris, together with Houdon's Diana, besides 12 Busts, and 10 Basso Relievos. We are indebted for these casts to the taste and liberality of Mr. Smith, the brother of Wm. Loughton Smith, Esq. of South Carolina, who deposits them with Mr. Peale un-

til they form part of an American Academy of the Fine Arts.

P. S. As this Museum, like all others, has necessarily grown into importance by means of a gradual increase from the collection and careful preservation of individual subjects; the same means pursued with unceasing care will ensure its greater perfection.—The Proprietor therefore solicits the assistance of Gentlemen travelling into foreign countries, into whose hands articles occasionally fall, which are rendered valuable in a collective view, but otherwise lost to the publick, and of little value to the possessours.

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

At the commencement of the last volume of The Port Folio, save one, a change was made in the *Orthography* of its pages, by restoring the authority of Johnson; which is indeed the only real standard of our language. This reformation, Mr. Oldschool, has had the influence which might have been anticipated from the high rank of the paper, and was unquestionably gratifying to those of your admirers, who are in the habit of looking up to The Port Folio, as the criterion of their taste in most matters of literature. But while so judicious a revision was made, and alteration was so happily applied, one errour crept into your press, and has since resolutely held its place. I refer to the word *author*, which your printers invariably give us as *authour*. This orthography is not justified by Johnson, or by any other Lexicographer whom I have consulted. The true spelling of the word must be allowed, indeed, to be an anomaly; for the parent words in Latin and French have the same termination as the parents of *honour*, &c. Of course, if the rule with regard to *honour* were uniform in its application, the insertion of *u* in *author* would be justifiable. But at present it is enough for us that such an interpolation has been hitherto unauthorized. And as the errour in The Port Folio probably arose from oversight, I presume I have only to point it out.

Allow me a word or two on another head, The employment of the preposition *from*, prefixed to the adverbs *whence*, *thence* and *hence*, has always appeared to me, not only redundant, but extremely uncouth. Johnson says it is a "vitious expression;" and yet instances of its use may be found in our best writers. L. Murray, if my memory is correct, is neutral on the subject. Does the Editor of The Port Folio believe, that the phrase can be justified by any principle of our language? That it is justified by authority, the following instances will amply prove.

"Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that while they are all willing to take offence, they are so equally desirous of giving nobody offence. *From hence* they endeavour to please all," &c.

GOLDSMITH's 12th Essay.

"Friendship is like a debt of honour—the more it is talked of it loses its real name and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. *From hence*, we find, &c."

Goldsmith's Essay 26th.

"No problem has more embarrassed the learned, than to give an account *from whence* the Americans sprung."

Lord Kaimes.

"At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard *from whence* it proceeded."

Addison, Spectator No. 7.

"Here we see the head increasing insensibly to the middle, *from whence* it lessens gradually until it mixes with the neck," &c.

Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, p. 3 Sec. 15.

In the first examples (Goldsmith) the use of FROM is shocking to one who has an ear for composition, and in both the ease and gracefulness of the style would be rather improved by expunging it. In the instances from Kaimes and Addison it may, perhaps,

be admitted that the *froms* are essential to the roundness and harmony of the periods; in the instances from Burke, I will venture to say, that the term *which* might be substituted for *whence*, with strict propriety, though not with elegance.

C.

THE MANSION-HOUSE HOTEL.

From time to time we are careful to describe such features of this city, as may prove alluring to strangers, and are a credit to herself; and we hope, gradually, to multiply our sketches to such an extent, as, at length, to be able to present a COMPLETE PICTURE of PHILADELPHIA.†

In the founding and gradual improvement of cities, men, at first attentive principally to convenience, advance naturally from use to elegance and luxury. We first think of domestick comfort, and, in process of time, of external magnificence. At a certain era in the history of every metropolis, its inhabitants, from a laudable pride, are solicitous that all foreigners and visitors should leave the place with the most favourable impressions. We are naturally angry when strangers abuse our city, our character, our architecture, and our inns, and we are both naturally and justly delighted, when every visitor, satisfied with the accommodation and hospitality he has received, leaves us with a reluctant farewell.

Although, as the *genuine* capital of the country, this vast and flourishing metropolis, which is incomparably the finest city in America, is constantly thronged with travellers, yet till lately the publick accomodation for them was very indifferent. Most of our inns were low, dark, dirty or inconvenient. Even some of the principal, from their vicinity to the din of business, or from being connected with stage offices and stables were extremely noisy and offensive. Many had no *table d'hote*, and where an ordinary was to be found, it was generally ill spread, and worse attended. The lodging rooms were exceedingly narrow and inconvenient, and the wines remarkable for every thing but purity.‡ A new establishment upon a broad and elegant plan was manifestly wanted, and is now formed both to the credit of the proprietor, and the city.

The Mansion House of the late William Bingham, Esquire, was acknowledged both by natives and foreigners to be the most elegant private building in this city. Delightfully situated in a tranquil quarter of the town, and surrounded with groves and gardens, it seemed peculiarly proper for a genteel hotel, and place of elegant resort. It was accordingly chosen for that purpose, is now established, and we believe is well encouraged. It certainly deserves the amplest patronage. The Master and Mistress of the inn, who have long been accustomed to the business, are extremely well qualified for the arduous task they have undertaken. Their manners are courteous. Their breakfast, dinner,§ and supper tables are exceedingly well served, and as well attended, and the prices are very moderate.

† Information and assistance are respectfully requested, from the proper authorities, respecting the publick institutions of this city, the Library, and Academy of the Fine Arts in particular, the greater manufactories, the noble bridge over the Schuylkill, Gray's Gardens, Bartram's do., Philosophical and Literary Transactions. The aqueduct, the architecture of the various Banks, Peale's Museum, &c. &c.

‡ At New-York the general accommodations, we understand, are more than tolerable, and in some instances they are elegant. But, at Boston, there is no such thing as a genteel hotel, and in most of the miserable boarding houses the unhappy lodger is exorbitantly taxed for very indifferent fare.

§ A sumptuous dinner was recently given by a party of gentlemen to a publick character of distinction on a visit here. By many of the guests who had enjoyed the luxury of London, and feasted at the restarateaurs of Paris, it was agreed that a more genial board was never spread in America. The banquet was splendid and the attendance admirable.

A daily ordinary is kept, at which may be found all the delicacies of the season. The thirsty guest is sure to be regaled, whether his taste leads him to sound Madeira or sparkling Champaigne, whether he quaffs Claret or prefers Port, whether he drinks Gin and Brandy with the *Americans*, or Soda and Seltzer water with the Invalids; and at night, when the tired traveller or the exhausted Epicure seeks the balm of sleep, he finds the bed of down and the pillow of luxury.

The order and economy of this establishment, which is decidedly the most comfortable and genteel inn in America, and which, in the opinion of many unprejudiced travellers is not exceeded by some of the best houses in London at the west end of the town, remind us of a stanza in the most beautiful poem of James Thomson.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his found:
Some rapid hand these silently display'd
E'en undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and instantly obey'd
FAIR RANG'D THE DISHES ROSE, AND THICK THE GLASSES PLAY'D.

In this elegant inn many of the apartments are spacious, and all are extremely elegant and well furnished. In summer the garden and shrubbery will attract the infirm, the delicate, and the contemplative; and in many a pleasant walk the merchant may, for a while, forget the cares of life and the din of commerce, and the romantick lover dream of delight and Delia. In Winter, the coffee-room, furnished with the best papers, will be thronged by many a quidnunc and lounger, eager to heat himself with politicks and a brisk fire. In the dismal nights of December, the dancers may

Trip it as they go
On the light fantastick toe.

By the brilliant chandelier the ladies may dazzle us with all the blaze of beauty, and the gentlemen display either a graceful bow, a new coat, or a *pigeon's wing*.

—— The social soul,
Who warms him in the ruby bowl,

the choice spirit, the jocund son of Comus, or the man of letters, tired of contemplation and willing to converse, will here find Johnson's throne of human felicity. In the snug supper-room, the song and the story may go round, and Champaigne and çigarrs chase chagrin away.

For The Port Folio

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are authorized to state, that Vols. I and II and V of Dr. CHAPMAN'S "Select Speeches," are nearly ready for publication. This portion of his highly popular work is enriched with many of the most exquisite specimens of parliamentary and forensick eloquence, with which modern Genius has charmed and convinced thousands. Among these, is a speech by the Right Honourable Sir Hercules Langrishe, delivered in the Irish House of Commons, on the 19th of July, 1793, during the debate on the bill to improve and amend the state of the representation of the people in parliament. This elaborate, logical, and brilliant harrangue, which is entirely new on this side of the Atlantick, is both in sentiment and style very nearly allied to the best manner of Mr. Burke, who was the intimate friend of the Speaker.* This elo-

*The Editor cannot resist the temptation of quoting the following passages. It is scarcely necessary for him to add, that these correct principles are fully in unison with his own.

"The prevailing argument, which is to silence every tongue, and convince every understanding on this subject, is, 'That the *Voice of the People* calls for a Parliamentary Reform;'—an argument of much weight indeed, if it were well founded!——But notwithstanding all I have heard to that purpose, I do not believe the fact to be so. The people of Ireland are *many*, the agitators, the writers for the publick prints, the heroes, and the historians of newspapers, are

quent Baronet argues with great ability against the frenzied schemes of the Irish reformers; and his remarks may be very profitably perused by many an American.

Mackintosh's noble defence of Peltier, which has become very scarce, and which is greatly in request, both among politicians and the Gentlemen of the bar is here preserved.

All the best speeches on the subject of the Slave Trade; Flood's and Grattan's on the Union; Ld. Clare's, Sheridan's on the Begum Charge; Erskine's Defence of the Bishop of St. Asaph. Curran's famous plea in the case of Judge Johnson, together with the whole of Burke's Speeches; Chatham on the Boston Port Bill; Lord Lyttleton on the Canada Bill.

Among the precious reliques of English eloquence at an earlier date, the reader will find Waller on the impeachment of Judge Crawley Lord Belhaven on the Union of Scotland, Fletcher of Saltoun on the same, Speeches of Sir Robert Walpole, Lords Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield, Sir William Windham, and Mr. Pulteny.

The Editor has preserved some of the most valuable Speeches of the famous Malone, of Lords Mansfield, Camden, and North.

Fox on the India bill
Erskine on the Rights of Juries
Pitt on American Peace
Wilberforce on the Slave-trade
Langrishe on the Catholick Petition
Knox *ib.*
Egan *ib.*
Sheridan on the Assessed Tax
Windham on Bull Baiting
Ld. Moira on the address, and
Windham on the Peace of Amiens
Pitt on the Union with Ireland
Earl of Clare *ib.*

After so full an enumeration of the valuable contents of these amusing and instructive volumes, need we add, that they richly

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few; though they speak, as it were, with many tongues.—The discontented are clamorous; the contented are silent; the songs of industry are only heard at home, whilst the trumpet of Discord is audible from shore to shore.

"I know there are several respectable persons, who think favourably of a *Parliamentary Reform.*—Several very respectable Members of this House have indulged themselves in something like enthusiasm on the subject;—they have woven garlands to decorate the offering, and prepared crowns of laurel for those who should administer the sacrifice. And yet, when they have disclosed the particular object of their idolatry; when they have stated the different plans with which they have favoured us during the course of this session, they have discovered a sufficient *diversity of opinion* indeed. Therefore I can never be persuaded, that the people of Ireland are unanimous in calling for a measure, when scarcely any two of them are agreed in their sense of the measure itself. —*Reform* is a word to which every reformer annexes his own idea.—It is a picture that every man draws from his own imagination, and sometimes colours to his own interest. Therefore if you say the people are unanimous in calling for a Parliamentary Reform, you describe a whimsical unanimity indeed; a unanimity of discordance; something like that ridiculous concert you have heard of, in which every man sings a different tune; but as they all make a noise together, they call it a concert.

"The fact is—In times like the present, when the most mischievous industry has been employed to propagate new notions of government, and new models of constitution, mere *popular clamour* is ever ready at the call of those who invite it; and there are many to be found who take up the word *reform*, or any other parole of discontent, because they know it means *innovation*, and may be commotion. For there are in all countries, however free and however happy, many to be found too restless for peace, and too turbulent for government; men out of the habits of tranquillity; men whom commerce cannot enrich, or freedom satisfy. There are to be found in all countries, many who have neither property nor industry, nor occupation; who must embrace every thing like a change, and aspire at commotion, because they know victory may be acquisition, and defeat can take nothing from them."

† Mr. Burke, on a memorable occasion, took occasion to pay him some very high compliments. "You have," says the orator, "an exceeding good understanding, very good humour, and the best heart in the world." In another place, Mr. Burke declares, that he honours and shall forever honour and love him, and that his services will never be forgotten by a grateful country.

deserve the liberal patronage they have gained, and that they reflect great honour upon the taste and judgment of the Editor.

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TOUSSARD'S AMERICAN ARTILLERIST'S COMPANION.

Messrs. Conrad have issued proposals for publishing by subscription a military tract with the above title, written at the request of GEN. WASHINGTON, by Col. Louis Toussard, a skilful tactician and a brave officer, who has fought with great gallantry in America's defence. This gentleman, from his personal merit, and from the value of such a work as his, in perilous times, is entitled to the favourable regard of the publick. The nature of his performance has already been fully declared on the covers of this Journal.

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MARGARETTA, a new novel.

During the past Summer, Mr. S. F. Bradford published an American novel, with the title of Margaretta. Its moral is pure, its style is neat, and some of the characters are pourtrayed with the felicity of a female. As this romance, we understand, is the production of a lady not in affluent circumstances, they, who pride themselves on fostering native talents, and assisting Merit in distress, will be easily induced to patronize this performance.

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AMERICAN POEMS.

Messrs. Belcher & Armstrong of Boston propose publishing, by subscription, in one volume duodecimo, the Poems of Robert Treat Paine, Jr. Esq. This gentleman is well known in the literary circles of Boston, and, on many occasions, by a union of Patriotism and Poetry, has gained the applause of his countrymen, and sometimes that of foreign criticks. Some of his lyrick compositions display much of the fire and enthusiasm of the bard; and as the authour proposes to exhibit "maturer effort," and to undergo the labour of revision and correction, we anticipate that he will publish a volume, which not only partial Friendship but stern Criticism may commend.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

At the commencement of the present year, the Editor requested his Printers invariably to employ the orthography of Dr. JOHNSON, and in all doubtful cases, to consult that oracle, not as the responses are given in the common abridgment in 8vo. but according to the invaluable authority of the folio edition, with a careful attention to the authour's etymology, syntax, and apposite quotations. Moreover, in the composition of any manuscript, as the Editor had much confidence in his Printers with respect to a correct style, they were directed, whenever any newfangled, barbarous, or redundant expression should occur, to the prejudice of language, and in defiance of Johnson, that the same should be expunged without mercy. Messrs. Smith and Maxwell were accordingly furnished with the complete edition of Johnson, and with equal uniformity and approbation have pursued the path indicated by that illustrious guide.

A gentleman with the signature of C., and whose polite favour has the Boston post mark, has, in terms of great urbanity, made a few remarks, and one stricture upon the uniform standard of orthography, adopted at the commencement of vol. III of the New Series of The Port Folio, at the suggestion of our Printers, and with the entire consent of the Proprietor. Our courteous correspondent observes that what, in his opinion, is an errour, the orthography of the word authour, resolutely keeps it place, though it has not the sanction of Johnson nor of any other Lexicographer to whom our correspondent had access. The Editor replies at once, that this errour has not *crept in*, but the innovation, if our friend choose to call it so, was deliberately made, and on these princi-

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ples: For the sake of uniformity; and as there is no occasion for departing from Johnson's practice in all other instances; the habit of many of the standard English writers, contemporary with Raleigh, Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson: This is fortified by the rule, that, whenever two vowels meet in a syllable constituting an improper diphthong, the last vowel only is to be pronounced: therefore the Etymology and the Genius of the language are satisfied by writing the word authour, pronounced by the English *authur*. It is observable that the Scots are so careful in this particular, have such accuracy of ear, and conform so nearly to the derivation, that they give the last syllable a sweet diphthongal sound, and pronounce the word *othōre:* Its derivation, according to Bailey, from the French *auteur:* and the uniform practice of James Boswell, not only a polite, but a remarkably accurate scholar, who, in his Life of Dr. Johnson, printed by Baldwin, in a mode scrupulously correct, has, doubtless from a rigid adherence to Dr. Johnson's own rule, printed this word in the manner above complained of.

With respect to the barbarous and redundant combination in the phrases *from whence* and *from thence*, the Editor's principle and practice have, for many years, been entirely on the side of our correspondent. We are fully aware, that high authorities for the use of the preposition, in both these cases, may be pleaded; but the argument of Dr. Johnson is irresistible, and a very great majority of the purest and most classical scholars, since his time, write, invariably, *hence* and *thence;* Dr. Parr, Dr. Knox, and almost all the Scotch literati, Blair, in particular, who is very rigid on this head. Our Printers were requested, on the first day of their labours in this Journal, always to expunge the preposition, whenever, in this *uncouth* combination it occurred. In all the authorities, splendid as they are, which our correspondent has cited, the ungraceful and unnecessary use of the preposition is not only an excrescence, but a most barren and unseemly one.

VIGIL is a midnight man and loves late hours with all the fondness of Dr. Johnson. But from social joys he can turn to the folio page, and, while meaner mortals are drenched with all the dews of oblivion, he can study profoundly;

At that dim hour when fading lamps expire,
And the last lingering clubs to bed retire.

The trade of vulgar criticism is easily learned, and to rail without reason is no laborious service. Shee has well described this sort of carpers:

Dolts from the ranks of real service chas'd,
Pass muster in the Volunteers of Taste,
Soon learn to load with critick shot, and play
Their popguns on the genius of the day.

We wish that "M" would realize his project. His visit would burnish the face of many a boon companion.

Come, happy friend! to hail thy wished return,
Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn;
From gentle bosoms purer flames shall rise,
And keener ardours flash from Beauty's eyes.

Lord THURLOW, both at the bar, and in the House of Lords, distinguished himself by many a bold and nervous specimen of the *abruptum genus dicendi*. Where are his speeches preserved without mutilation? The offspring of such a mind, if not lovely, like the Graces, must, at least, be dignified, like Apollo, and vigorous, as Hercules.

The *Single Speech* of the celebrated Hamilton, the friend of Burke, as it is believed, has never been printed here. How shall we obtain it? It is certainly preserved in some English repository.

A complete collection of the orations of the younger LYTTLETON would add materially to a friend's stock of literary curiosities. As whatever obliges him is a source of pleasure to us, we shall be happy to receive from an authentick source, the speeches in question.

Our contemplative friend "W" should guard carefully against those gloomy views of life, the offspring of that Melancholy which too often haunts the vacant hour. Nothing can be more judicious than the advice of my Lady Montague on this subject. Life, to make it supportable, should not be considered too nearly. The idle mind will sometimes fall into contemplations that serve for nothing but to ruin the health, destroy good humour, hasten old age and wrinkles, and bring on an habitual melancholy.

We are glad to receive the approbation of a man of business, who has not leisure to peruse prolix essays, but who finds occasional amusement in the Article VARIETY. It is the same in Life as in Landscape.

Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay
To disperse our cares away.

"Amandus" appears to suffer from a common caprice in love; let him expostulate with his mistress in the language of Moore;—

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I say she equalled you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers,
As if her merit lessened yours?

Sir Walter Raleigh, we believe, is the authour of some stanzas, of sweet simplicity, the burden of which is,

If she be not kind to me
What care I how kind she be?

In the Opera of the Duenna, Sheridan introduces Antonio, singing

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me.

In the very tone and cadence of those delightful measures, our charming friend "Manto," whom next Summer we hope to visit, has written the song which adorns our present number. It has all the beauty of her predecessours, without any thing like the servility of imitation. Nothing can be more agreeable to the Editor, than the correspondence of a writer of so much genius, taste, and sensibility. As distance, at present, interdicts our listening to the conversation of such a fascinating friend, we hope to peruse frequent letters from M.

E. W. the authouress of a domestick tour, and to whom we are occasionally indebted for moral poetry of a superiour character, is assured, that her recent essay is favourably received. We shall always be happy to receive her communications, either in prose or verse. We are flattered when she listens to any of our suggestions; and the advice which the Editor ventured to give, Experience has convinced him, has a basis of utility.

We have seen several numbers of The OXFORD REVIEW, and are sufficiently satisfied with their orthodoxy, and their style. The principles of the Conductors of this Journal resemble the principles of the British Critick, and have our high admiration. From a wish to diffuse so respectable, so elegant, and so useful a pamphlet among the men of elegant letters and sound principles in America, we advertised this Review some time since, and have received the names of several subscribers. These and new subscriptions as fast as received, are transferred to Mr. S Bradford, bookseller of this city, who regularly imports all the periodical works of merit.

Orders may be addressed to the Editor, or to him, at the pleasure of the subscriber.

We hope that the Cavaliers, to a man, will patronize this work, as e joint effort of a band of real Scholars, Gentlemen, Politicians, and Christians. A literary Journal supported by the talents of the most magnificent Seminary in the world, must have irresistible attraction.

The Speech, or rather, the violent Philippick of Mr. WEDDERBURN on the examination of Dr. Franklin be-

fore the Privy Council, prior to the war between Great Britain and her colonies, has escaped the most diligent research of the Editor, who hopes, however, to obtain it by the aid of others.

In the July of 1765, Charles Townsend, one of the most brilliant wits and fascinating speakers of the age, was elevated, in consequence of his oratorical talents alone, to the dignity of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. In this situation, with his admirable and versatile talents, with his inordinate ambition, and insatiable desire to please, combined with a sense of official duty, it was impossible that he should have been a *mute*. Nay, we know that on many occasions, to use the forcible expression of a contemporary, he talked, on a vast variety of subjects, *like an angel*. Many of his harangues are referred to by the party writers of the day, and must, doubtless, exhibit shining proofs of the Chancellor's eloquence. But although we have looked into all the registers, reports, chronicles, histories, and newspapers of the time, we cannot find a single speech of Charles Townsend. Has any of our countrymen any memorial of this great man's rhetorick? And will some English gentleman assist our inquiries?

We have access to many of the speeches of the late Earl of SANDWICH, but they are either too brief, or carelessly reported. The noble Lord, who, at a very busy and eventful epoch, was at the head of the Admiralty, and who was continually attacked by the keenest weapons of opposition, was in the habit of defending himself not only adroitly, but successfully; nay he generally disarmed his adversaries. We should be glad to obtain *genuine* proofs of his skill as a political Fencer. At the period in which Lord Sandwich distinguished himself, there was not an individual in the Ministry who possessed so much genius and talents for business.

The PLANETS shine beautifully.

We bid "S" be of good cheer, and continue his contempt for popular clamour; a troop may seem to overcome him, but he will overcome at last.

For, let his hapless case be falsely told,
By the rash young, or the ill-natured old;
Let every tongue its various censures choose,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse,
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
And Malice vanquished heightens Virtue's praise.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

SONG.

Tell me not her cheek is bright
As the dawning blush of light,
That her honied lip bestows
Richer sweets than Hybla knows,
And her ever-sparkling eyes
Shame the jewels of the skies—
These may gain her love from thee,
These are not enough for me.

Does her cheek with feeling glow?
Does her lip with kindness flow?
Do her varying eyes express
All the bosom's tenderness?
While, by FANCY'S power refined,
BEAMS THE GENIUS GIFTED MIND!
Then, though void of charms to thee,
She has every charm for me.

MANTO.

EPITAPH.

St. Mary Key, Ipswich, Suffolk.

ON Jo. WARNER, AGED 22, 1641.

I *Warner* once was to myself,
Both living, dying, dead I was;
Now a warning am to thee:
See then thou warned be.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, November* 14, 1807. [No. 20.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. VII.

"Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,
"Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;
"Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lover's tears;
"What is it else? A madness most discreet,
"A choaking gall and a preserving sweet."

A PATH now appeared, that seemed to extend as far as the eye could trace its eccentrick course. In the entrance it was temptingly beautiful, at the extremity, on a lofty eminence, faintly shone a temple, whose construction and figure were not distinctly visible, but whose distant view inspired delight, and over the intermediate way light clouds were suspended, impenetrable to the sight, yet seemingly easy to be dissipated I was struck with the countless numbers that entered joyfully on the road: encircled with garlands of the gayest flowers, they danced merrily along without reflection or care; or if their course were ever impeded, it was only to admire the objects immediately surrounding them, or to cast a look of complacency on the distant temple; but the clouds, which they were to penetrate, escaped their notice, or were treated with contempt. They soon vanished from my view, lost in the labyrinths or enveloped in the mists that abounded throughout the way. Their place, however, was soon supplied by others, equally heedless with themselves, and every part was thus perpetually filled.

My charming conductress led me to the path, and I discovered that the sides were everywhere crowded with figures of various kinds, the angels or the demons, presiding over the different objects and passions that accompany the course of love, or follow in its train.

Beauty first appeared smiling on her votaries.* With one hand she forbad the approach of Science with her hoary locks and visage pale, of Prudence mildly whispering her salutary precepts, and of Reflection with her careworn brow; with the other she led on a train of charms and graces, each one scarcely inferiour to herself, and lightly moving through the maze, was cheering Hope, whose aspect promised happiness and never-ending love.

* Let the pride of philosophy say what it will, beauty must always triumph over any other quality, though in itself more solid and important. Indeed, its very essence, say the definers, is the ability to excite love. United with grace, which indeed is a constituent part, it can warm the coldest heart. "Beauty without grace," says the lively Ninon, "is a hook without a bait."

Next came Desire, loosely clad, and inspiring amorous thoughts with her swelling bosom and her soul-dissolving eye. Then Wealth, who, by a single touch, could create perfection from deformity; and not less temptingly stood Ambition, encouraging the lover on his way. Beyond these, after many a winding of the road, two objects caught my view, in appearance widely different from each other, yet separated by a path so narrow. as scarcely to admit a passage between them. The one was a nymph, pale and languishing; her eye averted from every object, that offered to gratify or please; her countenance not inelegant, yet disfigured with disdain; her person well formed and even beautiful, yet impressing the beholder, he knew not why, with sentiments of disgust. It was Satiety. The other was a monster of hideous mien, whose influence, I was informed, the truest and most faithful lovers never entirely escaped. He was in perpetual pain. Tortured with imaginary anguish, he would continually clutch at a fancied foe, and embrace nothing but air: yet thus exhibiting his pangs to every one, that gazed on him, he persuaded himself that they were never known, and often forced a smile to hide the bursting tear or rising sigh; his heart, which was not concealed by his body, was lacerated with never-ending anxiety;† his lips, pale and quivering, and his large round eyes green, and always watchful.‡ They call him Jealousy. The lovers, as they approached, smiled at his terrours, and despised his frowns. Triumphing in the purity of their affection, they confidently believed he would not dare to exert his powers on them, or if he did, that his efforts would be vain; yet beyond the spot where he stood, the alacrity with which they had before pursued their journey immediately ceased to exist; their fervour cooled; the blooming garlands, that had adorned their bosoms or wreathed their cheerful brow, faded and shed their flowers. Either they soon lost their way, and wandered separately from the path, or dragged heavily and reluctantly along to the abode of Poverty. In a barren spot, encircled with thick, impenetrable mists, and invisible at the shortest distance, had this demon fixed her dwelling. The tempests of a hundred winters seemed to have howled around without destroying it. The walls, filled with crevices, tottered to their foundations: the door swung on half a rusty hinge, and, at the entrance, nestling in rags and filth, sat, squalid, sickly, and in tears, the worthy tenant of this drear abode.

Secured by the magick influence of Eria, I passed unhurt through all these dangers, and found myself almost alone in the neighbourhood of the temple. In vain had Beauty spread her toils; fruitlessly had Jealousy darted his stings, and fixed on me his baleful eyes; Poverty had shed her tears in vain. "You have seen," said Eria, "the effects of love, commenced without caution, and mutual esteem. Through yonder sacred gates, none are allowed to pass, but such as have burned with the purest, sincerest, and most disinterested flame. Beyond, is hallowed ground. It is consecrated by the Queen of Beauty to uninterrupted bliss. Within that wall, Age and Suffering can never enter. The tide of time rolls on, but to bring with each returning flood a new access of happiness: The bloom of youth glows forever on the cheek, its ardour perpetually warms the heart, and its vivacity animates the eye. Innumerable ministers of pleasure wait around to supply the minutest want and even to anticipate desire. Every sense is gratified by the richest profusion of delights. The solar rays gently sweeping over the instruments of musick, tune them to sounds of sweetest mer-

† The seat of love and its attending passions has never been ascertained. Some have supposed their residence to be within the brain. Burton, the modern Democritus, places it in the liver, and warmer fancies extend it over the whole system. But after all, the eyes seem to be the instruments of love, and the heart its abode.

‡ Shakspeare describes him to be "the green-eyed monster that mocks the meat he feeds on."

lody. Incense the most fragrant rises before a thousand altars. Every variety of colour shines to gratify the eye; delicious viands please, while they nourish appetite, and the imagination, bewildered with the extent and diversity of its felicity, indulges in the excess of every joy. You are not yet worthy of participating in these pleasures, because you have never truly loved. But though within the realms of our Queen the purest and most perfect passion holds its throne, yet there is no region in the universe destitute of scenes like those I have described. Where there is true, unfeigned love, there must be perfect bliss; for even the delirium, that it induces, is a delirium of ecstasy. Stay with us, and I will promise, by my care, speedily to procure you admittance to that paradise: the fairest object that our world can boast shall own you for her choice; your progress shall be undisturbed, your arrival shall be crowned with the happiest success."

My desires to benefit mankind compelled me to forego such exalted happiness. My heart suffered the severest anguish, at parting from her to whom my debt of gratitude could never be discharged. She did justice to the worthiness of my motives and dismissed me with a tear.

Since my return to earth I have inquired, without success, for the bliss that was promised me by Eria. In the palace of royalty, where the gilded heart forgets its nature, I have sought for love in vain; neither dwells it under the peaceful shelter of an humbler roof; but still I live in hopes, for that tongue "with grace divine imbued" never could have given birth to ought but truth.§

§ If Shakspeare's description be true, love formed of so many contradictions does not indeed exist on earth—He calls it

Heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still waking sleep, that is not what it is, &c.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

Dr. Abercrombie, whose reputation, as a judicious, indefatigable, and affectionate instructor, is well known to the lovers of learning, and goodness, has lately added to his numerous and acceptable services by publishing a very valuable work, entitled "Lectures on the Catechism, on Confirmation, and the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church; delivered to the students of that denomination in the Philadelphia Academy: to which is prefixed—the Catechism of said Church, an Appendix, and occasional prayers, with an Address to Parents, Sponsors, and Guardians. Published for the use of that Institution.

This religious manual is extremely well composed. It is plain, practical, and pleasing. The doctrines of the Church are familiarized to the apprehension of the juvenile student, and the elementary principles of the Christian Faith are very lucidly unfolded. This pious performance will prove not less creditable to its worthy authour, than salutary to his pupils. We hope it will have what it deserves —a very liberal circulation. It is dedicated with great propriety to Bishop WHITE, and will derive additional value, and produce a wider good, if sanctioned by the approbation of a prelate so wise and amiable.

The Preface and Dedication are honourable to the head and heart of the authour, and the impassioned Address to Parents, we hope, will animate them to be more than usually attentive to the formation of the moral, and religious habits of their offspring.

—

Messrs. Conrad have just published a new Comedy, by Morton, entitled "Town and Country." This play, though not free from the blemishes which generally deform this rapid authour's page, is very popular and diverting. In spite of all the severity of Criticism, it is impossible to refrain from laughter in perusing many of the scenes.

Messrs. Conrad have in the Press, Part Second of the sixth volume of the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society.

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Their first volume of the American Register, edited by C. B. Brown, is nearly ready for publication This valuable and national work is to be continued semi-annually.

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Messrs. C. have just published the Life of George Washington, Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, throughout the war, which established their Independence, and first President of the United States; by David Ramsay M. D., authour of the History of the American Revolution. This Biography is written with elegance, and will add to Dr. Ramsay's reputation. As a very favourable specimen of the work, we strongly recommend the character which the Dr. has drawn of the illustrious subject of this interesting Memoir.

—

Mr. B. B. Hopkins has in the Press a fine edition of Dr. Campbell's Lectures. This work is highly esteemed by the Criticks and Theologians. It is not unworthy of the authour of the Philosophy of Rhetorick—one of the most acute treatises that has appeared since the days of Aristotle.

—

The Rev. Mr. Collinson has a Life of the historian Thuanus in the Press wh ch will be comprised in an octavo volume. From the distinguished rank which Thuanus held among the literary men of his age this promises to be a very interesting publication.

—

A beautiful and splendid edition of Shakspeare will shortly be published in twelve volumes octavo. It is printed from the text of Johnson, Steevens, and Reed, by Ballantyne of Edinburgh; and every volume is embellished with three highly finished, and exquisite, engravings, from designs by Smirke, Thomson, Stothard, Cook, &c. This will form one of the most elegant editions of the works of our immortal Bard which has at any time appeared.

—

Sir John Sinclair has published in 4 vols. 8vo. a very curious and instructive work, entitled "The Code of Health and Longevity; or a view of the principles calculated for the preservation of Health and attainment of long life."

—

Alfred Allendale, which we presume is a mere *nom de guerre*, has published a *quizzical* work entitled "The World of Fashion," with illustrious Anecdotes, *Scandal*, Histories, and Characters.

—

Henry James Pye, Esq. the Laureat, has published "Comments on the Commentators of Shakspeare;" with Preliminary observations on his genius and writings: and on the labours of those who have endeavoured to elucidate them.

—

Vol. IV of "The Lounger's Common-place book has just appeared, and contains one hundred new and curious articles.

—

We are glad to perceive that the London booksellers have published the *Poetical* Works of Sir William Jones, with the Life of the authour, and Frontispieces designed by Dagley.

—

Wm. Wordsworth has published two volumes of poems. We hope that he does not continue to *strike the very base string of humility*.

—

Sir R, C. Hoare, a man of Fashion, and an elegant writer, has published a "Journal of a Tour through Ireland." This book, probably, will supersede

Carr's, and we strongly advise its republication in this country.

—

The ingenious Dr. Thomas Trotter has published a valuable medical work, entitled "A view of the Nervous Temperament; being a *practical* Inquiry into the increasing prevalence, prevention, and treatment of those diseases commonly called Nervous, Bilious, Stomach, and Liver complaints, Indigestion, Low Spirits, and Gout." This work has been strongly recommended to the careful perusal of all those parents who may wish to correct the hereditary tendency of those diseases in their children. The republication of this work, we think, will redound to the publick benefit, and the interest of the bookseller.

—

A Biography of Popular Modern Characters, with Original Portraits is now Printing under the immediate direction of several eminent literary gentlemen. This work presents us a view of the leading characters of the day.

—

The epistles of Ovid have appeared in London, with a new translation by the late Rev. W. W. Fitzthomas.

—

The Rev. F. H. Carey has translated into blank verse, the "Inferno" of Dante.

—

The Hon. Mr. Lambe, one of the literary and social friends of *Anacreon Moore* has published a Comick Opera entitled "Whistle For It."

—

New Memoirs of Pitt and Fox have just appeared. These, if authentick, and well written, would have a wide circulation, if republished here.

—

The Rev. Montague Pennington has published "Memoirs of the life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, with a new edition of her poems;" to which are added some Miscellaneous Essays in prose, and notes on the Bible. The character of this learned lady has been so exalted in the opinion of the greatest scholars of the age, that a cheap edition of her works, including her translation of Epictetus, ought to be undertaken in America.

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Among the new editions of the Classicks, we are glad to find, that an admirable one of Horace is published in a superb quarto, and a royal octavo, with the collations and notes of Mr. Baxter, the various readings and criticisms of Gesner, and the notes of Zeunius. This is *the* edition.

—

A reply to Mr. Malthus's remarks on the condition of the poor, from the pen of a gentleman of eminent abilities, is now in the Press, and will shortly make its appearance. This publication will also contain strictures upon the famous plan of education devised by Joseph Lancaster.

—

We are glad to see that the British booksellers have published a fine edition of the works of Archbishop Leighton, that successful assailant of the sect of Methodists.

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SMITH & MAXWELL'S EDITION OF STEELE'S CHRISTIAN HERO.

This favourite tract, by a sprightly and distinguished writer, whose *argument was still right, though his conduct might have been wrong*, we believe was out of print abroad, and scarcely known at home, except in some country clergyman's library. With great propriety Messrs. Smith & Maxwell have published a cheap edition of this little volume, which is a memorable proof both of the piety and genius of the authour. Though, from the nature of Sir Richard's occupations and habits some crude and careless passages have fallen from his rapid pen, still, in many a neat and pointed sentence,

you may discover the chief writer in the Tatler. Many a page of this performance will remind the reader of the authour's best periodical style We recommend it strongly to the favour of the publick. The serious part may fix the faith of the Christian, and the lighter may enchain the attention of the lounger. There are some very fine parallels run after the manner of Plutarch, which the critick will study for their elegance, and there is a character of George I, which the politician will consider as a curiosity. There is a certain air of urbanity and elegance diffused over this book, and while we are reading it, it seems that we are in company with a man of the world, and a gallant soldier, as well as with a student. Instead of the nauseous and vulgar style of the sectaries, who

What should be great still turn to farce.

Our courteous Knight talks of religious faith in the tone of a cavalier, and we cannot refrain from a smile of approbation, whenever he mentions St PAUL, whom, with great justice, he always salutes with the title of *Gentleman*. He was certainly the polished scholar of the Apostles; he was adorned with all the erudition of the times, skilled in the intricacies of the human heart, a most artful manager of the populace, of wonderful pliancy of manners, an oratour, *of the first impression*, and a courtier with every blandishment. He was, indeed, a Gentleman; and a Julian, and an Apostate might tolerate a sect which had given birth even to *one* like St. PAUL.

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ESPIRELLA'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

Messrs. Munroe and Francis, of Boston, intend to publish, as speedily as possible, in one* duodecimo volume, an elegant, and very instructive and entertaining work, entitled "Letters from England; by Don Manel Alvarez Espirella. Translated from the Spanish by an English Gentleman.

This interesting work is a great curiosity. Remarks on England, by a student from the University of Alcala, are quite a novelty in the literary world; but the most extraordinary circumstance remains behind.

After a very careful perusal of these letters, we have acquired the right to declare, that it is the most accurate description of English scenery and manners, that in the form of a tour has yet appeared. We have not access to the original, but the English translation is extremely spirited and elegant.

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BOSTON EDITION OF "THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CHATTERTON.

Messrs. Belcher and Armstrong propose to publish immediately "The Life and Works of Thomas Chatterton, including the Poems attributed to Rowley. The undertaking of this edition is highly creditable to the proprietors; and as they propose compressing three octavos into one, they will enable the inquisitive student to peruse the works of this stupendous genius, at a moderate rate. Mr. Southey's edition has sold for the enormous price of 12 dollars, and, partly in consequence of this exorbitancy, the biography and writings of CHATTERTON, *that varlet bright*, have remained too often undeservedly neglected on the bookseller's shelf. Of this eccentrick and dazzling meteor of genius, the description by Dr. GREGORY, though scanty, is entertaining; and those poems of the unfortunate authour, which are obvious to the vulgar eye, as well as those which demand the spectacles of an antiquarian, will always be considered as a monument of miraculous precocity.

* The London edition is very diffusely printed in *three*. One of the principal advantages we derive from the republication or British books is, a portable size, and consequent cheapness. The enormous prices of foreign books, enhanced by the illiberal, disgraceful, and absurd imposts of our government, nearly interdict Literature from our country. Learning should never be taxed, and Genius disdains the idea of a manacle.

Messrs. Wright, Goodenow, and Stockwell, booksellers at Troy, have purchased, for the State of New-York and the western part of Vermont, the copy right of "Hubbbard's Geography" and of his "American Reader;" two very excellent books for the use of schools. These volumes they have recently printed, and are furnished upon very moderate terms to the *Trade*. For these works, and for a popular spelling-book, orders from any part of the U. S. will be attended to, at the Rensalaer book-store.

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With respect to the merit of Mr. Hubbard's books for the instruction of youth, we can speak positively. We were once well acquainted with the amiable authour, and we know that he is competent to the salutary task he has undertaken. He is a good scholar, a man of judgment, and of skill and experience in the instruction of youth. Small and cheap volumes of this nature, compiled by an authour of ability, are extremely useful in schools, and at the children's fireside. They familiarly communicate much useful information, at a moderate rate; they enlighten the cottage; they instruct the villager. In a country like ours, *useful* books will, for many years, almost exclusively, prove profitable to the proprietor. The *luxury* of literature is still at a distance.

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Mr. T. S. Manning has in the Press "The Lay of an Irish Harp," and the third edition of "The Wild Irish Girl," by Miss Sydney Owenson, the Mrs. Sheridan of Ireland. Both these works merit the attention of the friends to female genius.

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Wm. P. Farrand and Co. of this City, have in the Press Douglas's, Wilson's, and Cowper's Reports; Roberts on Fraudulent Conveyancing; Kyd on awards, and Wilson on Partnership. From various specimens of their typography, and from a careful comparison with the best foreign editions, we have no hesitation to aver, that these Law books, in point of correctness and beauty of printing, will have a decided superiority.

—

W. P. F. and Co. are preparing for Press Bacon's Abridgment with copious additions, comprising points of English and American Law, since Mr. Gwillim's notes were added.

The edition by these gentlemen of Tidd's practice is one of the best printed Law books we have ever seen. Both the type and paper are better than the London Copy.

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Ezra Sargeant, of New-York, has just published a small, but very interesting volume, entitled "The Contrast," by Maria Edgeworth, and "To-morrow, or the dangers of delay." These amusing and instructive stories are judiciously selected from "Popular Tales."

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Messrs. Belcher and Armstrong, booksellers, at Boston, have just published the second edition of an abridgment of the History of New England, for the use of young persons by Hannah Adams. To which is added a valuable Appendix. In the opinion of the most respectable British criticks, this elegant and instructive summary is not only very creditable to the ingenious and industrious authour, but is incomparably the best synopsis of events that has yet appeared in America. Some of the first political and literary characters in the state of Massachusetts have strongly sanctioned the use of this abridgment in schools and academies. The recommendation which these gentlemen have published in most of the Boston Journals is expressed in glowing terms of praise, and a literary club of no mean renown, have advised the general adoption of this little manual. We once had an opportunity of witnessing the colloquial and literary powers of the

amiable authour, and we have no hesitation to declare, that her multifarious reading, sound judgment, correct, perspicuous, and fluent style claim for any book that she may compose, a candid and attentive perusal.

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Mr. B. B. Hopkins has published a good and portable edition of Ballads and Lyrical pieces, by Walter Scott, Esq. The fame of this genuine poet has been so widely diffused by his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the most beautiful poem that has appeared since the days of GOLDSMITH, that nothing can be added to Mr. Scott's praise. In this volume he has given us various specimens of his talents in the ballad style, and from the surprizing felicity of the execution, we will venture to say, that these beautiful imitations of the English *antique*, will be regarded with more pleasure than even the elegant collection by the Bishop of Dromore. The description in one of the lyricks, of the fancied operations of the Second Sight, and the miraculous prescience of a Scottish Seer, is at once "striking, resistless, and grand." It is certain that this accomplished authour and Monk Lewis have an exclusive privilege to excellence in this sort of poetry.

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Isaac Weld, Esq has published Illustrations of the Scenery of Killarney, with numerous plates.

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Robert Southey has published specimens of the *later* English poets, intended as a continuation of Mr. Ellis's specimens of the *early* English poets, to the conclusion of the last century. This very pleasing and instructing work forms 3 vols. crown octavo.

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Mr. Southey is also preparing for the Press, two vols. of Poems and Miscellanies, by the late H. K. White, of Cambridge, a most excellent and admirable man, whose genius bid fair to have placed him in the first rank of English poets. This work will be accompanied by a Life of the authour and will be embellished with his portrait and other plates.

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A careful examination of the newest Magazines and Reviews enables us to impart the following news from the Literary World.

The veteran Cumberland, and Sir James Bland Burgess, have in conjunction written a poem of which criticism speaks highly, entitled THE EXODIAD, embracing the history of Moses from the period of his leading the Israelites out of Egypt, to his death upon Mount Horeb.

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A new edition of Palmerin of England, corrected from the original Portuguese, by Mr. Southey, is in the press, a translation by the same gentleman of the Chronicle of the Cid, is preparing for publication.

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Holcroft has written a new comedy entitled, The Vindictive Man.

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The new translation of Persius, to which we alluded in No. 10, of The Port Folio, and an animated extract from which fully justifies the highest expectations, has made its appearance, accompanied by the original Latin and notes. If the whole version be equal to the specimen we have published, more vigorous poetry has not appeared since the days of Dryden.

—

Edward Scott Waring, Esqr. has printed a Tour to Shiraz, by the route of Kazroon, with various remarks on the manners, customs, laws, language and literature of the Persians.

—

Wm. Wilberforce Esqr. who is a fine writer as well as an eloquent oratour, has published a Letter on the

abolition of the slave trade. It is addressed to the freeholders and other inhabitants of Yorkshire, and forms a large octavo volume.

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New editions are constantly in demand of D' Israeli's brilliant productions, Shee's Rhymes on art, the Miseries and Comforts of Human Life, and of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances.

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Thomas Tomkins has published a volume intended to enlighten and amuse youthful readers, entitled, Rays of Genius.

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Mr. J. H. Rice has in the press a work of some promise, entitled, the Academick Oratour.

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Walter Scott is engaged in a poetical work of great interest.

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Sotheby who is one of the best poets of the age, has published a poem in two parts, entitled, Saul.

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Dr. Percy of St. John's College, Oxford, and nephew to the Bishop of Dromore, is preparing with his approbation a *fourth* vol. of The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

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Mr. Beloe has published several agreeable volumes containing anecdotes of literature.

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The foreign Journals, to which we have constant access, furnish us with the following information. We shall often have recourse to the Reviews of England and of France, for the purpose of announcing, as speedily as possible, every new work of merit.

Mr. C. Stower has in the Press and will speedily publish a new edition of The Printers' Grammar, which will contain the improvements of the last 50 years in the theory and practice of Printing.

—

S. Egerton Brydges, Esq. the elegant editor of the Censura Literaria, a work lately announced in The Port Folio, has a volume of poems in the Press.

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Prince Hoare Esq. has undertaken the editorship of a new weekly periodical publication, to be entitled "The Artist," which is to consist of a collection of Essays on miscellaneous subjects, which are to be subscribed with the names of the several writers.

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Mr. Gifford has completed his edition of Ben Johnson's works.

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The admirers of Shakspeare will be happy to learn that considerable progress has been made in the Printing of a new edition of his works, which is intended to exhibit, as to size, paper, type, text, and orthography, as nearly as possible, a *fac simile* of the first folio edition.

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Two magnificent editions of Gil Blas are in preparation; one in the original, the other in English, both under the superintendance of Mr. Malkin, authour of the Scenery and Biography of South Wales, who has undertaken to supply, by an entirely new translation, the deficiencies of the English edition under the name of Smollet. Should this be executed with spirit and fidelity, it will furnish what has been so long wanted—an appropriate English dress for the best novel that was ever written. These two editions are to be Printed uniformly in the best manner. They will be illustrated with plates executed by the first engravers, from pictures painted by that admirable delineator of life and manners, Robert

Smirke, Esq. R. A. In such hands, it may be presumed, that this work will rival the most elegant productions of the PRESS, in an age when the arts of Printing and Engraving are carried to so great a degree of perfection.

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The new edition of the English poets, which has been in the Press for some time, is now in a considerable state of forwardness. This collection embraces not only the series published by Dr. Johnson, but also such of the ancient poets, from Chaucer to Cowley, as appear necessary to illustrate the rise and progress of English poetry. Dr. Johnson's series will also be brought down to the present time, by the addition of our most popular authorities, from Lyttleton to Cowper. The lives of the Poets not included in Dr. Johnson's collection are written by Alexander Chalmers, Esq. The last volumes will contain the best English translations, by Pope, Dryden, &c.

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A *new edition* of the British Essayists, in 45 volumes, is now in the Press. This work, a very large impression of which was published so late as 1803, is nearly out of print; and perhaps, *there is no instance of a work of such extent becoming so soon popular.* As a library for young persons, with which view it has generally been published, there is no collection preferable for forming the taste and conveying a knowledge of the world. The Editor has made considerable alterations and additions to the Historical and Biographical Prefaces: and The LOOKER-ON will be added to this new edition.

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The new edition of "The Biographical Dictionary" is in a considerable state of forwardness, and will probably be extended to 18 volumes. So copious are the alterations and additions that this edition, in many respects, may be considered as a new work. Besides the addition of several thousand lives of persons of literary merit, of all nations, a regular series of references will be given throughout the whole; a labour which, although it has delayed the work, will add greatly to its utility.

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Mr. S. F. Bradford of this city has published the "Birds of Scotland," with other poems, by James Graham, authour of "The Sabbath." The reputation of the last volume is so high, that the studious, and the lovers of nature will peruse with eagerness a work from he same pen which poetically decribes the Ornithology of North Britain.

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HOPKINS'S EDITION OF GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Mr. B. B. Hopkins, bookseller of this city, has recently published a very neat edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Its size is that of a neat pocket volume, and, both from its "form and *pressure*," it ought to be the pocket companion of studious youth in the country. By all who are emulous of a style always equable, and always easy, the works of Goldsmith should be habitually perused, and none of his elegant writings display more of the authour's manner than the fascinating novel now under review. All is natural and simple, yet all is uniformly neat and polished. Goldsmith's ear was fine and his periods are sweetly modulated. His choice of words is happy, and his phrase is picturesque. A more moral, pathetick, and instructive work has been seldom produced. The English character, habits, manners, and peculiarities are hit off with the most exact precision. The very landscape is neither Arcadian nor Italian. It presents neither the vines of Champagne nor the vallies of Estramadura. It is British; and Farmer Flamborough's

wish and care

" A few *paternal acres* bound,
" Content to breathe his native air,
On his *own ground*.

This volume has been very carefully printed at the Lorenzo Press, by Mr. Bronson. The publisher challenges a scrutiny of the correctness of the text. We have not discovered any typographical deformity, and the authour's sense is very fairly exhibited by a collation of the best editions.

If this little volume were perused, and its style imitated as diligently as it deserves, foreigners would have small occasion to reproach us either for oral or written barbarisms.

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

(*Continued from page* 260.)

Falconer, Captain Thompson, and Freneau have shown that the Muses may be induced to accommodate themselves to the boisterous habits of a sailor's life, and sing as melodiously on board a ship, as on Parnassus. Æschylus was, at the same time, a poet and a sailor. Homer, Virgil, Appolonius Rhodius, and others, with the maritime adventures of their respective heroes, describe the vessels on board of which they were embarked: these, however, with little rigging, and of simple structure required no great art to introduce, with a description of all their parts, into poetry, in comparison with the complex machinery of modern navigation. When, a soldier was at once, by a mandate of his officer, transformed into a sailor, and a general, upon stepping on board a galley, became an admiral: now, years are necessary to acquire a requisite knowledge of the science of directing a ship, as well as of the language spoken on board it, which is perfectly unintelligible to a landsman; and which some of our best writers have in vain endeavoured to use. Shakspeare's "Lay her a-hold!" and Dryden's "Veer starboard sea and land," would be understood neither at sea nor on shore. Falconer first wrote a nautical poem in nautical language, and his work may justly be termed classical in a new department of poetry.

Sannazarius, stepping out of the beaten path of pastoral, wrote his Piscatory Idylls; but this required little invention, and although they talked of mullets, tunnies, oysters, &c. the language and sentiments of his fishermen, and the language and sentiments of the shepherds of the pastoral bards, who have all servilely imitated each other in committing so great an outrage on nature, as to cause rivers to weep and rocks to groan whenever some country wench was supposed to be in an ill humour.

The following lines describe the building, sailing, and capture of the Aurora with great beauty.

Assist me, Clio! while in verse I tell
The dire misfortunes that a ship befel,
Which outward bound to St. Eustatia's shore,
Death and disaster through the billows bore.
From Philadelphia's crowded port she came;
(And here the builder plann'd her lofty frame,)
With wonderous skill and excellence of art
He form'd, dispos'd, and order'd every part,
With joy, beheld the stately fabrick rise
To a stout bulwark of stupendous size,
Till lanch'd at last, capacious of the freight,
He left her to the pilots and her fate.
First, from her depths the tapering masts ascend,
On whose tall bulk the transverse yards depend,
By shrouds and stays, secur'd from side to side
Trees grow on trees, suspended o'er the tide:
Firm to the yards extended, broad and vast,
They hung the sails susceptive of the blast,
Far o'er the prow the lengthened bowsprit lay,
Supporting on the extreme the taut forestay,
Twice ten six pounders, at their port holes plac'd,
And rang'd in rows, stood hostile in the waist:
Thus all prepar'd, impatient for the seas,
She left her station, with an adverse breeze,
This her first outset from her native shore,
To seas a stranger, and untry'd before.
From the fine radiance, that his glories spread,
Ere from the east gay Phœbus lifts his head,
From the bright morn a kindred name she won
Aurora call'd, the daughter of the Sun,
Whose form, projecting, the broad prow displays,
Far glittering o'er the wave, a mimick blaze.

The gay ship now, in all her pomp and pride,
With sails expanded, flew along the tide;
Twas thy deep stream, O Delaware, that bore
This pile intended for a southern shore,
Bound to those isles where endless summer reigns,
Fair fruits, gay blossoms, and enamell'd plains;
Where sloping lawns the roving swain invite;
And the cool morn succeeds the breezy night,
Where each glad day a heaven unclouded brings,
And sky-topt mountains teem with golden springs.
From Cape Henlopen, urg'd by favouring gales,
When morn emerg'd, we sea-ward spread our sails,
Then, east-south-east, explor'd the briny way,
Close to the wind, departing from the bay;
No longer seen the hoarse-resounding strand,
With hearts elate we hurried from the land,
Escap'd the dangers of that shelving ground
To sailors fatal, and for wrecks renown'd—
The gale increases, as we plough the main,
Now scarce the hills their sky-blue mist retain:
At last they sink beneath the rolling wave,
That seems their summits, as they sink, to lave.
Abaft the beam the freshening breezes play,
No mists advancing to deform the day,
No tempests rising o'er the splendid scene,
A sea unruffled, and a heaven serene.
Now Sol's bright lamp, the heaven-born source of light,
Had pass'd the line of his meridian height,
And westward hung—retreating from the view
Shores disappeared, and every hill withdrew,
When, still suspicious of some neighbouring foe,
Aloft the master bade a seaman go,
To mark if, from the mast's aspiring height,
Through all the round a vessel came in sight.
Too soon the seaman's glance, extending wide,
Far distant in the east a ship espy'd,
Her lofty masts stood bending to the gale,
Close to the wind was brac'd each shivering sail;
Next from the deck we saw the approaching foe,
Her spangled bottom seem'd in flames to glow
When to the wind she bow'd in dreadful haste
And her lee-guns lay delug'd in the waist;
From her top-gallant flow'd an *English jack;*
With all her might she strove to gain our tack,
Nor strove in vain—with pride and power elate,
Wing'd by the winds, she drove us to our fate,
No stop, no stay her bloody crew intends,
(So flies a comet with its host of fiends)
Nor oaths, nor prayers arrest her swift career,
Death in her front, and ruin in her rear.
Struck at the sight, the master gave command
To change our course, and steer toward the land—
Straight to the task the ready sailors run,
And while the word was utter'd, half was done;
As, from the south, the fiercer breezes rise
Swift from the foe alarm'd Aurora flies,
With every sail extended to the wind
She fled the unequal foe that chac'd behind.
Along her decks, dispos'd in close array,
Each at its port, the grim artillery lay,
Soon on the foe with brazen throat to roar;
But, small their size, and narrow was their *bore;*
Yet, faithful, they their destin'd station keep
To guard the barque that wafts them o'er the deep,
Who now must bend to steer a homeward course
And trust her swiftness rather than her force,
Unfit to combat with a powerful foe;
Her decks too open, and her waist too low.
While o'er the wave, with foaming prow, she flies,
Once more emerging, distant landscapes rise;
High in the air the *starry* streamer plays,
And every sail its various tribute pays:
To gain the land we bore the weighty blast;
And now the wish'd-for cape appear'd at last;
But the vex'd foe, impatient of delay,
Prepar'd for ruin, press'd upon his prey;
Near, and more near, in awful grandeur came
The frigate Iris, not unknown to fame;
Iris her name, but Hancock once she bore,
Fram'd and completed on New Albion's shore,
By Manley lost, the swiftest of the train
That fly with wings of canvas o'er the main.
The frigate, now, had every sail unfurl'd,
And rush'd tremendous o'er the watery world;
Thus fierce Pelides, eager to destroy,
Chas'd the proud Trojan to the gates of Troy—
Swift o'er the waves while, hostile, they pursue,
As swiftly from their fangs Aurora flew,
At length Henlopen's Cape we gain'd once more,
And vainly strove to force the ship ashore;
Stern fate forbade the barren shore to gain,
Denial sad, and source of future pain!

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For then the inspiring breezes ceas'd to blow,
Lost were they all, and smooth'd the seas below;
By the broad cape becalm'd, our lifeless sails
No longer swell'd their bosom's to the gales;
The ship, unable to pursue her way,
Tumbling about, at her own guidance lay,
No more the helm its wonted influence lends,
No oars assist us, and no breeze befriends;
Meantime the foe, advancing from the sea,
Rang'd her black cannon, pointed on our *lee*,
Then up she *luff'd*, and blaz'd her entrails dire,
Bearing destruction, terrour, death, and fire.
Vex'd at our fate, we prim'd a piece, and then
Return'd the shot, to show them we were men.

Dull Night, at length, her dusky pinions spread,
And every hope to 'scape the foe was fled,
Close to thy cape, Henlopen, though we press'd,
We could not gain thy desert, dreary breast;
Though ruin'd trees beshroud thy barren shore
With mounds of sand half hid, or cover'd o'er,
Though ruffian winds disturb thy summit bare,
Yet every hope and every wish was there:
In vain we sought to reach the joyless strand,
Fate stood between, and barr'd us from the land.

All dead becalmed, and helpless as we lay,
The ebbing current forc'd us back to sea,
While vengeful Iris, thirsting for our blood,
Flash'd her red lightnings o'er the trembling flood;
At every flash a storm of ruin came
Till our shock'd vessel shook through all her frame—
Mad for revenge, our breasts with fury glow
To wreak returns of vengeance on the foe;
Full at his hull our pointed guns we rais'd,
His hull resounded as the canon blazed;
Through his broad sails while some a passage tore,
His sides reecho'd to the dreadful roar.
Alternate fires dispell'd the shades of night;
But how unequal was the daring fight!
Twelve pounders from the foe our sides did maul,
Our stoutest guns threw but a six pound ball;
And while no power to save him intervenes,
A bullet struck our captain of marines;
Another blast, as fatal in its aim.
Wing'd by destruction, through our rigging came,
And aim'd aloft, to cripple in the fray,
Shrouds, stays and braces tore at once away,
Sails, blocks, and spars in scatter'd fragments fly—
Their softest language was—submit or die.

Repeated cries throughout the ship resound;
Now every bullet brought a different wound;
Twixt *wind and water*, one assail'd the side:
Through this aperture rush'd the briny tide;
Twas then the master trembled for his crew;
And bade thy shores, O Delaware, adieu!
And must we yield to yon' destructive ball,
And must our colours to these ruffians fall?
They fall!—his thunders forc'd our strength to bend,
The lofty topsails, with their yards, descend,
And the proud foe, such leagues of ocean pass'd,
His wish completed in our wo at last.

Too many criticks judge of the excellence of a poet by the length of his pieces. Freneau, measured by this scale, would not rank high; for he never detains his reader long on one subject. He, in too many places, shows a disrespect for the pulpit, which deserves to be highly censured; but although we touch, with much reverence, in whatever is connected with that guardian of our happiness both here and hereafter, we cannot avoid smiling at the odd association in the stanzas on the crew of a certain vessel several of whom happened to be of the same name with celebrated clergymen.

In life's unsettled, odd career
What changes every day appear
To please, or plague the eye;
A goodly brotherhood of priests
Are here transformed to swearing beasts
That heaven and hell defy.

Here Bonner, bruised with many a knock,
Has chang'd his surplice for a frock;
Old Erskine swabs the decks:
And Warts, that once such pleasure took
In writing hymns, here turn'd a cook,
No more shall sinners vex.

Here Burnet, Tillotson, and Blair,
With Jemmy Hervey, curse and swear;
Here Cudworth mixes grog;
Pearson the crew to dinner hails,
A graceless Serlock trims the sails,
And Bunyan heaves the log.

(To be continued.)

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

During the *present* year, the subscribers to this Journal are very respectfully requested to furnish the Editor, in letters, *post paid*, their orders, as they respect continuance, or discontinuance of patronage. This favour is very earnestly asked, that the Editor may be enabled, at the commencement of the next volume, which is to be executed in a very brilliant style, to calculate upon the number of copies that he may safely venture to print. In former years, much inconvenience, and great loss were sustained on account of the Editor's not being *seasonably* apprized of the wishes of his subscribers. Those gentlemen who do not choose to be at this trouble, or who are averse to the expense of postage, and continue silent on the subject, till the first of January ensuing, will be deemed *seatdfast* subscribers, and, at the commencement of our next volume, debited for it as usual.

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The advice of David Garrick is well worth perusing by all the restless tribe, of whom "Dismal" is a right worshipful member.

Ye mortals, whom fancy and troubles perplex,
Whom Folly misguides, and infirmities vex,
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest,
Obey my glad summons, to Lethe repa
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain,
The rake shall forget how, last night, he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd.
Obey then my summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife, at one draught, may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;
The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy today.
Obey then my summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

—

We regret that our friend R should relinquish his pen. Whenever he loiters in the bower of ease we are disposed to call to him with a friendly voice.

Come then, dear Robert, come away.
Tis criminal to lose a day
With talents bright as thine.

Let Indolence on beds of flowers,
Consume the weary lagging hours.
ACTION'S THY NOBLER LINE.

—

The information from M, relative to the respective shares which Gen. Hamilton, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Madison had in the composition of that imperishable collection of political essays, "THE FEDERALIST," is curious and valuable.

—

A SHAVER is a well known occupation in America, we mean one that shaves without soap or razor. He may address his dependents in the words of the following stanza:

And let none of the wicked wits
Despise my occupation;
The greater always shave the less,
In every rank and station.
The rich will ever shave the poor
The minister, an't please ye,
Well lathers you with promises
Then shaves you mighty easy.

The gallantry of *Sir Topaz* is like the levity of Lucio

tis his familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest
Tongue far from heart.

—

Though the allegory of R is light, yet it has a profound moral and

——— a purpose,
More grave and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

—

The phlegm of certain speculations from —— is the chastised offspring of the cloister. He is precisely what Escalus fancied Lord Angelo was—

——— A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study, and fast.

—

The ingenious essay of W brought to our recollection the following lines by the most epigrammatick of the English satyrists.

In malice to proud wits some proudly lull
Their peevish reason, *vain of being dull*,
When some home joke has stung their solemn souls,
In vengeance they determine *to be fools*,
Through spleen, that little nature gave make less,
Quite zealous in the ways of *heaviness*,
To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons *who are awake*,
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—*He's a wit.*
Poor negroes thus to show their burning spite,
To Cacodemons say they're *devilish white.*

—

The sarcasm by L. G. upon newly coined words and phrases shall soon appear, with a few alterations.

—

H. appears to have imbibed Horace's aversion to the sea.

Attalicis conditionibus
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.

The two Sosias seem lost in the fog of conjecture. We think we can hear them exclaim

Tandem venias, precamur,
Nube candentes humeros amictus
Augur Apollo.

—

To the suggestions of Senex the reply is exceedingly easy. A timid and time serving editor will, at length, find emolument the price of sneaking servility. But he, who has wider views, must *lanch out into the great deep*, and be fully prepared for thwarting currents and furious storms.

"Instead of that narrow and dastardly *coasting*, which never ventures to lose sight of Port Security, he should, stimulated by the audacity of Enterprize, and guided by the *polarity* of Reason, hazard a bolder navigation, and discover the mine in unexplored regions."

—

Nothing can be more pleasing than the contemplation of such a band of ambitious youth as P. has described.

Ye generous youths! by Nature's bounty grac'd!
Whose throbbing hearts have heard the call of taste,
With honest ardour, in the lists of Fame,
Risk every hope, and rival every claim.

—

S. has caught the enthusiasm of the poet's zeal.

—— He feels
That high impulse, which the bounding soul
Of Genius urges to its utmost goal.

—

Many of our *Columbian* correspondents are very prodigal in the use of the American word *amiability*. This is not an English expression, and however mortifying to our patriotism, is wholly rejected by Dr. Johnson. The proper word is *amiableness*, and the authority is ADDISON: As soon as the natural gayety and *amiableness* of the young men wears off they have nothing to commend them, but lie by among the lumber and refuse of the species.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

In the Port Folio, Vol. 1. No. 3, Old Series, you published the Fable of "The Ass become Flute-Player," translated from the Spanish of De Yriarte. I enclose you a translation of this same fable, produced on the banks of the Ohio, and published in a village newspaper. Its republication in The Port Folio may amuse some of your readers, especially those who consider "A classical imitation by a Woodman of the West," as something *wonderful*. The literary Loungers and Index Students of the City will, no doubt, discover its demerits, when compared with the translation referred to, though for myself, I must declare, it appears to me, to contain a greater share of the spirit of the original.

THE FLUTE-PLAYING ASS.

From the Spanish of De Yriarte.

The fable I recite,
Which, whether wrong or right,
Has just occurred—and quite
By chance.

O'er yonder pasture-lawn
By hunger, doubtless, drawn,
An Ass was passing on,
By chance.

A flute was on the spot,
Which Corydon, I wot,
Or Thyrsis, had forgot,
By chance;

The Ass drew near to smell,
When, miraculous to tell,
He snorted in *so well*,
By chance,

That th' air which left his snout,
Made, in its passage out,
A most melodious shout,
By chance!

The Ass he thought, hey! hey!
What musick I can play!
Tho' folks, perhaps, may say,
By chance,

Yet, without rules of art,
An Ass may get the start,
And act a *clever* part,
By chance.

If the Editor thinks the enclosed, from one whom he has been pleased to consider "a Bard of Promise," worthy his attention, he may rely on future communications from

S.

LINES

Addressed to a young Lady on her Birth-day.

Time's swiftly running glass at length has sped,
And blushing eighteen lights upon thy head:
Thy youthful charms evince in early hour
The budding beauty of a future flower.
When thrice thy present years Time shall have told,
And e'en thy friends pronounce thee growing old;
Then, though the roses of thy cheeks be flown,
And all the graces of thy youth be gone,
Thou still shalt please; thy tender, loving heart
Shall shine alone, when fleeting charms depart,
As when the Sun his drooping splendour laves,
At time of eve, beneath the western waves,
And though his glory sinks concealed from view,
His mid-day beams absorpt in twilight dew,
Yet still the welkin, streaked with gold, remains,
And every cloud its brilliant tinge retains;
So thy affection shall, in life's last stage
Charm, when thy Sun of Beauty sets in age.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The Executors of the last will of General Hamilton have deposited in the Publick Library of New-York a copy of "*The Federalist*," which belonged to the General in his lifetime, in which he has designated, in his own hand-writing, the parts of that celebrated work written by himself, as well as those contributed by Mr. Jay and Mr. Madison. As it may not be uninteresting to many of your readers, I shall subjoin a copy of the General's *memorandum* for publication in "The Port Folio." M.

Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 54, Mr. Jay.

Nos. 10, 14, 37, to 48 inclusive, Mr. Madison.

Nos. 18, 19, 20, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Madison jointly—all the rest by Mr. Hamilton.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, November* 21, 1807. [No. 21.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

SPLENDID EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

SOMETIME since, a Printer in this city undertook the publication of Shakspeare's Plays according to the text of Johnson, Steevens, and Isaac Reed, with voluminous notes. The Editor of this Journal wrote the prospectus, and anticipated the success of the work. But the execution of the initial volume did not equal his wishes, nor the publick expectation. The Proprietor, perhaps wisely, determined to make it a commodious and cheap edition, and the Editor withdrew himself from the task. Partial to the fame of this immortal writer, and solicitous that his works may be generally perused, it is pleasing to him that this edition sells, though he has no interest in the work, nor responsible for its execution. Though the Editor was not treated with much frankness, or liberality on this occasion, yet he will not suffer resentment to prejudice the interest of the Proprietor, and is perfectly willing to allow, in a spirit of candour, that, if it is not a very elegant, it is a very useful edition, and ought to be purchased by those whose limited resources forbid them to indulge in expensive literature.

But still there is room for a magnificent edition, and such a one is now offering to the publick. A project so liberal ought to have been devised in Philadelphia. But *the Trade* here have strangely neglected the matchless Dramatist, and the glory of introducing him in a splendid dress is reserved for the enterprise of a Boston bookseller.

We perceive, with very great pleasure, that Mr. Lemuel Blake, a man respectable in his profession, and liberal in his temper, has proposed to publish, by subscription, the only safe mode of printing a work so voluminous, The Plays of William Shakspeare, in 21 vols., with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators. To which are added, notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. From the fifth London edition revised and augmented by Isaac Reed; with a glossarial Index, elegant plates, &c.

This spirited undertaking deserves all the publick patronage. The adventurous young man, who is engaged in this expensive and arduous task, stipulates that these plays shall be correctly printed, on an extra fine paper, a beautiful type, and page for page with the London edition. With this copy, as prepared by Mr. Reed, we are exceedingly familiar, and although it is singularly beautiful, ye

we have no doubt that Mr. Blake, if he please, may publish it with greater elegance. We say this confidently, when we speak of the typographical execution. But with respect to the *correctness* of the text, an article of *the first necessity*, and to which the most scrupulous attention should be directed, is Mr B. aware that the assistance of an able editor is indispensible? He should be a man in whose composition the clashing powers of Genius and Industry should be united; he should be "exact without minuteness; and general without confusion;" he should be endowed with a taste both delicate, and correct, and be not meanly skilled in the dialects that prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth and James. He should have a range of reading, excursive from Spenser to *The Shippe of Fooles*, and from "The Paradise of Daintie Devices," to "Eastward Ho!" He should have no fastidious contempt for *Black letter dogs*, nor disdain to seek illustration in an obsolete *ditty*, or a two penny *Garland*. He should have an ear nicely attuned to harmony, an eye that can discern each comma with the perspicacity of a lynx, a heart warmed by

"The generous rapture of a Poet's breast,"

a discernment to perceive all the rainbow colours of splendid imagery, and judgment to distinguish between the voice of Passion, and the bellowing of Rant, between genuine Wit, and contemptible Quibble.

The authour of the animated advertisement which we have inserted below, is a literary friend who is competent to furnish able assistance to this edition, if his forensick labours would allow him time. The ensuing article is a shining proof of his powers. It is modelled after the best manner of Johnson. It is rhetorical, energetick, and elegant. We are warmly solicitous, that it should rouse publick curiosity, and widen the circle of patronage. Without a spirit of zeal, liberality, and literary enthusiasm, no great or splendid work can be printed in this infant country. For the sake of the authour, and for the sake of the proprietor, it is earnestly wished, that many a Mæcenas may be found. Mr. Blake has been unfortunate in business, without blame, and has escaped from the fangs of Adversity with integrity and honour. On his present adventure we hope Fortune will smile and Success console him for the past. To the purchase of SHAKSPEARE no goading stimulus is necessary. It is a truly splendid equivalent for the price of his plays. It is a diamond of Golconda, for paltry pieces of silver.

ADVERTSEMENT.

Notwithstanding the multiplied editions of SHAKSPEARE, the publisher, in presenting a new and beautiful impression to the publick, comprising the critical remarks and historical illustrations, the salutary retrenchments, and valuable emendations of his numerous and learned editors and commentators, presumes that he is not idly engaged in a work of supererrogation.

It will, undoubtedly, be expected that some reason should be suggested to warrant the publication of the projected edition; and some arguments urged to show that it is entitled to encouragement, and ought to be rewarded with success.

The editions which have been republished in America, contain but a small number of the illustrative and emendatory notes which are appended to the best British editions; and from the style of their impression seem rather calculated for the closet of the mendicant student, than the library of the munificent patron.

The proposed impression will include all the notes of Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warton, Farmer, Mason, Blackstone, Ritson, Henley, Tollet, Heath, Douce, Percy, Harris, Henderson, Whalley, Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, &c. &c.; also those of Reed, the last editor, with the various, readings of the Folio and Quarto editions. The last is now justly esteemed as the only genuine edition of the AVONIAN BARD.

The most successful method of republishing works of magnitude, is now ascertained to be by subscription, and in numbers. This method affords an

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opportunity to the gentlemen and scholars of the country, gradually to supply their libraries with the best editions of the best authours, and in a manner the least burthensome. It enables the publisher to proceed with alacrity in his undertaking, without incurring the risk of insolvency; it induces him to persevere with unremitted exertions to answer the expectations of his subscribers.

The works of Shakspeare have passed the ordeal of two centuries, and are passing down the current of time with undiminished honours. He has received no rude shock from the envious malignity of criticism; and his poetical fame is so permanently established, that his laurels cannot be rendered more verdant by the copious contributions of the incense of the learned. Necessity was the parent of his earliest efforts; and when he obtained bread and popularity he was satisfied with his exertions. Like other dramatick writers, he indubitably acquired much celebrity in his own time, by allusions to living persons who are long since numbered with the dead; and by a recurrence to prevailing fashions, which passed away with the evanescent moment which gave them birth. No fortuitous combination of circumstances now conspire to exalt his fame.—He is the oracle of no sect, the tutelary saint of no party. He is now tested only by intrinsick excellence, and his undisputed claims to originality. When he retired from the concerns of the Drama his humanity prompted him to abandon his productions to the players, who mutilated his scenes and corrupted his text, exiled his characters, and remodelled his plots, as interest, or ignorance, as convenience or caprice predominated. This was only the inceptive stage in the progress of irreparable waste which was committed on Shakspeare by the Goths of literature; for, he suffered as much in print from the incompetence of his first editors, as he had done in manuscript from the license of the players. But at length a series of illustrious annotators arose, and ejected what was spurious, and reclaimed what was genuine; explained what was intricate, and solved what was doubtful, and by labour and ingenuity restored sense and consistency to the pages of Shakspeare. Probably no writer destined to immortality was ever so regardless of his fame, or so little restrained by rule. Posthumous renown was wholly extraneous to his consideration, and he was neither fettered by authority, nor trammelled by precedent. In his compositions, as he had no model, his excursive genius ranged unrebuked; for the adoption of the ancient dogmas was yet neglected, and modern criticism had not promulged her canons. It therefore follows, that his defects and excellences are peculiarly his own. He presided over the audiences of his day with the magical wand of his own Prospero, and ages have not subdued his powers of enchantment; for with an unrivalled force and felicity of expression, he had more knowledge of the artificial modes and real occurrences of life, and more of the general laws of nature, as they are exemplified in the operations of human passions, than any other poet. He seized what was transitory, and embodied what was permanent; and he seems to have wanted nothing, but diligent attention, to have rendered his plays as perfect as they are imperishable.

Even where he is most defective, and in the scenes of his greatest obscurity, occasional flashes dispel the surrounding darkness, as the flames of Vesuvius dissipate the clouds which hover on his brow. In those scenes, where, without effort, he apparently aims at nothing beyond popular applause, he sports without a competitor, like Leviathan on the deeps; but when he rises in the majesty of his genius, he appears like the sun's coursers in their radiant ascension, extinguishing all the minor lights of Heaven.

For The Port Folio.

THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

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This ample and liberal foundation, consecrated to literature, contains so

many precious remains of the classical authours, and, with a few exceptions, so many valuable volumes on topicks of art, science, and polite literature, that we should be ungrateful to the directors, who have always been studious to oblige the writer, and we should be unjust to Philadelphia if we did not favourably describe one of its brightest ornaments.

In the year 1731, at a period not very auspicious to learning, a few individuals, of a contemplative and studious humour, raised the trifling sum of one hundred pounds, and made a small * collection of books of no great variety, forming what, in a New England village, is called a parish library. From a beginning of such humility has the present establishment risen to a height of consideration, not inferiour to that of some European collections.

As reading is always the amusement of men, who have stepped even one inch beyond the mire of barbarism, and reading at a small expense, or at other people's expense, peculiarly delightful to men, studious of economy, this infant institution soon became popular. The books were gradually increased, sometimes by the frugal expenditure of the company, but, principally, by generous donations.

The good effects of an institution, even thus imperfect, were soon visible. Even the votaries of Dr. Frankling, at length, dimly perceived that learning, though not to be compared to stock in trade, or the craft of a profession, was still worth something. In case of misfortune, these careful men reasoned that useful information might assist them in the acquisition of property. In the very spirit of *Poor* Richard, whose poetical and economical talents can never be sufficiently admired, they repeated with all the sedateness of a bookkeeper's complacency,

When interest's gone, and money's spent,
Then learning is most excellent.

The obvious utility of this establishment influenced some; the charms of literature attracted others, and something like zeal seemed to pervade all. Rival libraries were quickly formed. But it was soon perceived, that the Muses should never, like some other sisters, pout and quarrel, or envy one another; and, at length, a lasting reconciliation took place. This harmonious union was ratified by the Charter of 1769, when the Library Company of Philadelphia was incorporated by the Penns, the royal proprietaries of the province.

Since this period, the society and institution have risen fast into consideration. Many sagacious, intelligent, and generous individuals were resolved that a cause so liberal should not be stinted, that Learning was not to be measured by a two foot rule, nor Genius, Art, and Science to be circumscribed by the calculations of the pence table. *Economy was deposed*, and *LIBERALITY BECAME THE RIGHTFUL SUCCESSOUR.* Hence all the splendid success of such a reign. There are now seven hundred members of this flourishing institution, and in the three departments of the Library there may be found nearly *nineteen thousand* volumes. The annual expenditure for every new and valuable work is by no means penurious. A spirit of taste and munificence seems to actuate the directors. The books are mostly selected with judgment, and great docility is displayed towards those, who from a love of learning, or an ardent curiosity indicate, at any time, books to be imported. The access to these learned shelves is easy, the librarian is always prompt and obliging, the reading rooms are tranquil, the Loganian department, which, of course, is gloriously illuminated *within*, is admirably well lighted from without by a skylight in the centre of the roof, and the whole edifice is spacious, airy, and elegant In the recesses of each room, convenient tables, and the implements of writing are provided, and if Attention, Memory, and Imagination be on

* The first importation of books from London amounted to forty-five pounds sterling, and the Library was at first kept by Robert Grace in a *small* room in *Pewter Platter Alley!*

the alert, the studious and inquisitive may here pass many apleasing andprofitable hour. In turning over the Athenian, the Roman, or the British page, they may enjoy all the charms of Genius, listen to all the pleadings of Eloquence, profit by the counsels of Wisdom, and partake of the triumph of Wit. Generous spirits may here forget the deformities of their country, crippled by a faulty government and correspondent manners, and turn indignant eyes from loathsome objects to the contemplation of virtuous and wise men, and better ages.

For The Port Folio.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PLAN OF A NEW DICTIONARY.

Mr. Noah Webster has announced to the world his intention of publishing a Dictionary on a new plan. Many have given it their sanction. Aided by formidable signatures, Mr. Webster may set criticism at defiance, and his ability to execute such a task must, therefore, be unquestionable. The names of Walker and Sheridan will soon be forgotten, and even that of Johnson himself must yield to *Noah Webster*.

It was once proposed by a member of Congress, in the beginning of the Revolution, to abolish, not only the *English government*, but the *English language* in the United States, and to substitute the *Hebrew* in its stead. Mr. Webster, with more propriety, is about to institute a language of his own, and ought in justice, to be styled *the Father of the American Tongue*.

As Mr. Webster's Dictionary is intended to be a complete assylum for fugitive words, no doubt the idiotisms of his countrymen will here find refuge: Thus, her's, and your's will be changed into *hern*, and *yourn*, fetch and catch, into *fotch* and *cotch*; and roof and hoof into *ruff* and *huff*. To render his work useful to foreigners, who may pass through *Virginia*, he will tell them that up stairs is not to be used in that land of improvement, but *up stārs*; whereas, if they travel into *Carolina* they must say *up steers!*

Novelty, as Mr. Webster correctly observes, is one great source of pleasure; and novelty will characterize the Dictionary of Mr. Webster. New laws and new customs, he asserts, have introduced new words, and combinations of words. Americans boast of their independence in polity, and why should not this independence extend to language also?

As Washington was the hero of American liberty, so Webster will become the defender of the *American language*, and consequently ought to rank with that great man in the annals of his country. We shall no longer use the word *carry*, but substitute the more expressive phrase *to tote*, as they more elegantly say in *Virginia*. *Parson* will be altered into the *New-Jersey* appellation of *domini*; and he will join the *Long Islanders* in using *stuns* instead of *stones*. When a ship enters the harbour, we must not say she *lies*, but she *lays* at anchor. When a lady reposes on a sofa, we must not say she *sits* down, but she *sets* down; and in speaking of a member of Congress, we must not say he made a *long*, but a *lengthy* speech. The word *suppose* will become obsolete, and *guess* rise up in its stead. Thus, when one predicts a storm, he must not say I *suppose*, but I *guess* there will be a storm. His alterations will, doubtless, extend farther: he will no longer retain the superlative adverb *very* in his vocabulary; and instead of observing that a thing is very straight, very good, or very bad, he will say *right* straight, *right* good, *right* bad, and *right* wrong.

A verb is deemed by grammarians the chief word in a sentence; consequently the more numerous our verbs are, the more forcible will be the American language. As it will be necessary, like Johnson, to quote authorities, he will have a copious catalogue of these, in which a man of his etymological research cannot fail to find a sufficient number of new verbs, or rather more properly *werbs*.

The authour of the "Conquest of Canaan," opens his poem with the verb

to sun,* and, sheltered under such authority, Mr. Webster will, no doubt, give us the verb *to moon* If he wants higher authority still, for new diction, and graceful phraseology, he has an inexhaustible source in the works of Mr. Jefferson. Thus, should it be very cold, and that he wishes to have his door shut, he will not say to his servant, *shut*, but *occlude* the door. But the greatest flight that any writer has taken into the region of new words, was by Mr. Webster himself. This was, when he brought down on earth the verb to *happify*; a word, which, whether we speak or write it, connot be sufficiently commended; a word that has enriched our language by its harmony and significance; a word, which, to go through its inflexions, cannot fail to have *happified* its most excellent and *happy* authour.

L. G.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

Directions for the use of coffee, taken from a dissertation on that berry, by M. A. A Cadet de Vaux, in the Journal de Physique, T. 53.

M. de Vaux's dissertation extends to the history, properties, and chemycal analysis of coffee. *It is the most complete of any we have on the subject:* those who wish to see it at large, in an English translation, may find it in the Repertory of Arts and in the Philosophical Journal, No 72. The method of preparing coffee for use, recommended by the authour, we suppose to be that part of the Dissertation most likely to be agreeable to our readers, and have, therefore, extracted it for their perusal.

DIRECTIONS.

1 Choose coffee, that, when dry, has no taste of mouldiness, and which is not damaged by salt water.

2 Divide the quantity to be roasted into two equal parts.

3 Roast one portion till it is the colour of dry almonds, or bread raspings, and has lost one-eighth part of its weight.

4 Roast the other portion till it is of a brown chesnut colour, and has lost one-fifth of its weight.

5 Mix both these together and then grind them.

6 Let the coffee be both roasted and infused that day on which it is to be drunk.

7 Pour four cups of cold water on four measures, or two ounces of coffee, and, when the water has run off, set it by.

8 On the same coffee pour three cups of boiling water, and mix the water that runs off with the preceding, you should thus have six cups of coffee.

9 The moment you are going to drink the coffee, heat it over a brisk fire, *but do not let it boil.*

10 The infusions should be made in china, earthen, or silver pots.

The object of the ninth direction is that the aroma may be retained, which is dissipated by a strong heat or by much boiling. In a note the following two processes are mentioned for retaining the aroma: the first which is practised in India, and by some persons in France, consists, in putting into the cylindrical roaster, a little fresh butter when the coffee begins to be coloured. No more butter must be used than what will slightly varnish the surface of the berries. The butter retains a part of the essential oil that would have evaporated It is not a bad method, but sometimes it imparts to the coffee a peculiar flavour which every body does not like.

The second process consists in spreading the roasted coffee, while yet hot and sweating, on writing paper, and powdering it slightly with sugar. The sugar absorbs the oil of the coffee and retains the aroma; but it did not appear to the authour to increase the pleasantness of the coffee, and besides renders it uncertain how much sugar should be put to each cup.

In another work, on the same subject, it is mentioned, that coffee triturated in a mortar is superiour to that ground in a mill.

* In this place, our ingenious critick is not fully justified. The verb *to sun* is quoted by Walker. Parnell, a very correct poet, uses the adjective *moony*.

Dr. Aikin, the editor of The Athenæum, commenting upon this minute and curious article, remarks, that M. de Vaux is apothecary in ordinary to the French Emperour Napoleon. *The plentiful use which Bonaparte is said to make of coffee* probably caused de Vaux to turn his attention so minutely to the subject. *His directions may, therefore, be supposed the best at present known.*

A principal impediment to the use of coffee arises from the trouble of preparing it, which is by no means diminished by the French directions. It may, therefore, perhaps be useful to some of our readers to know, that a very agreeable infusion may be drawn from coffee, in the same manner as from tea, by merely pouring boiling water on it when ground, and leaving it so, a few minutes before using it. In this state it is full as strong as that which is boiled, which may be accounted for from the aroma being more fully retained in it. Its taste is somewhat different from coffee managed as usual, and though pleasant to some is disagreeable to others. It acquires, however, the same taste if it is held over the fire a minute or two, so as to be thoroughly heated without permitting it to boil; or, at least, taking it off the instant it appears to do so, to prevent the aroma from being disspated.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio

DEAN'S NEW SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP.

Mr. Joshua Cushing, of Salem, Massachusetts, has published, for the authour, Dean's recently improved Analytical Guide to the Art of Penmanship, containing a variety of plates, in which are exhibited a complete system of practical penmanship, made easy and attainable in much less time, and greater perfection, than by any other method in present use; collected and arranged by Henry Dean, W. M. and correctly engraved by Thomas Wightman. This work, where the authour avails himself of the labours of Astle and others, is compiled judiciously, and where he trusts to his own genius is laboured successfully. His work, which deserves extensive patronage, is a valuable guide to the acquirement of an art useful and ornamental. The engravings are well executed, the plates by a young lady, Miss Payne, of Boston, are eminently ingenious and beautiful. The authour's theory is subtle and scientifick. Parts of it, however, appear to be calculated rather for proficients than pupils, but the practical portion of this work, we think well calculated for the improvement of the Tyro. The number of literary and mercantile subscribers to this ingenious quarto is no defective proof of the rank, which the authour holds in the opinion of his judges, and we understand that his system is sufficiently popular. After all, writing masters, merchants' clerks, engrossers, scriveners, and notaries publick are the best qualified persons accurately to appreciate the merits of a publication on penmanship. The writer of this article speaks with the diffidence of one who scribbles with velocity on multifarious topicks, and who is too much engrossed by the care of composing with purity and precision to be very solicitous about the *form* in which his letters are traced. He, who writes repeatedly for the publick eye, looking at him every seven days, must be careless though his penmanship be cramp; happy if his mind is not considered so.

Mr. James Humphreys, bookseller, of this city, has in the Press a very curious and entertaining work, received by the last vessels from London, entitled "The Last Year of the Reign and Life of Louis XVI., by Francis Hue, one of the officers of the King's chamber, named by that monarch after the 10th of August, 1792, to the honour of continuing with him and the royal family; translated from the French by R. C. Dallas, Esq. We have had an opportunity to examine this volume, and find the French-

man's narrative extremely entertaining, and the translation accurate and elegant. Indeed, the reputation of Mr. Dallas is so high in the literary world that he would not affix his name to a meagre or uninteresting work.

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Mr. H. has put to press "An account of the Life and Writings of that celebrated Divine, Hugh Blair, one of the Ministers of the High Church, and Professour of Rhetorick and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, by the late John Hill, L. L. D. Professour of Humanity in the University, and fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

As might be expected from the sequestered studies of a Scottish divine, though this narrative is not crowded with incidents, nor varied by adventures, though it does not dazzle the reader with the meteors of romance nor confound him with the prodigies of Fancy, yet it is a pleasing picture of a good man, studiously and piously employed.

—

Mr. S. F. Bradford will shortly publish a new and interesting work, entitled "A Portraiture of Methodism," being an impartial view of the rise progress, discipline, doctrine, and manners of the Wesleyan Methodists, by Joseph Nightingale. This, we understand, is an elaborate defence of this sort of sectaries, and will be read with vast delight by those who, from indolence, ignorance, enthusiasm, or piety, are induced to follow *field* preachers, and partake of *love* feasts. To ears which are wide open to the vociferations of ghostly instructors, the notes of this *Nightingale* will discourse sweet musick. Of late, the world is inundated with apologies, defences, explanations, candid narratives, and impartial histories of obscure people, who, from the restlessness of dissent, form themselves into small platoons, in the regiment of society, and suppose that the rest of mankind are extremely interested in their manœuvres.

B. B. Hopkins & Co., of this city, have recently published a very elegant, interesting, and moral work entitled Rural Philosophy, or Reflections on Knowledge, Virtue, and Happiness, chiefly in reference to a life of retirement, by Eli Bates, Esqr. This pleasing performance is reprinted from the *fourth* and last London edition. To those, who are partial to Zimmermann on Solitude, and books of a similar description, in which the joys of the *rural reign* are elaborately enumerated, no recommendation of Mr. Bates is necessary. We have found much to admire and approve in this volume, and nothing to reprehend, except an idle, ill digested, and rash argument against classical learning. This the judicious reader will pass over, and be neither pleased with his assertion nor convinced by his proof. In all other respects, this work deserves high consideration. The style is pure, flowing, and neat, and the shy, the studious, and the contemplative, will be abundantly satisfied with the authour's reasoning.

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Messrs. Wright, Goodenow and Stockwell, booksellers at Troy, have just published the third edition of Rudiments of Geography, by John Hubbard, Esqr. Professour of Mathematicks and Natural Philosophy in Dartmouth College.

Mr. Hubbard, who, for many years, has been advantageously known as a very respectable preceptor has distinguished himself by the compilation of many useful books for the instruction of youth. His performances are in general demand in the north and have found their way into many seminaries in the State of New-York. All Mr. Hubbard's books are very strongly recommended by the Presidents of Dartmouth and of Union Colleges. Such familiar and useful tracts deserve the attention of parents, guardians, and instructors.

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B. and T. Kite have in the press, and will publish early in November,

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Chaptal's Chymistry, with improvements and additions by James Woodhouse, M. D., professour of chymistry in the University of Pennsylvania, in two volumes octavo. They have also in the Press, a letter on the Innoculation of the vaccine; practised by Dr. Francesco Calcagni, translated from the Italian, by Edward Cutbush, M. D. A sketch of the character, and an account of the last illness of the Rev. John Cowper, A. M., written by his brother, the late William Cowper, Esq, of the Inner Temple. They have likewise issued proposals for publishing Elements of Natural Philosophy; explaining the laws and principles of attraction, gravitation, mechanicks, pneumaticks, hydrostaticks, hydraulicks, electricity, and opticks; with a general view of the solar system, adapted to publick and private instruction, by John Webster, with notes and corrections by Robert Patterson, Professour of Mathematicks in the University of Pennsylvania.

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In one of the Boston papers we have found the following advertisement, and we copy it with alacrity, because we think the plan is liberal, and because young gentlemen destined to the mercantile profession here would do well to form similar establishments. Why should literature be banished from the counting-house? Why should the reading of a merchant be confined to an invoice or price-current.

Though it be not necessary for a man to be a scholar in order to be successful in trade, yet it is desirable that the Merchant should have read some other volume besides his Waste Book and Ledger, and be learned in some other sciences than Arithmetick and Book-keeping, in order to make a *figure* in the world. A correct knowledge of Grammar, of Geography, of Navigation, and the principles of Commerce is very important. To this may be added, an acquaintance with the modern publications on Arts and Manufactures, Voyages and Travels, and the History and Laws of Nations.—With a desire to become accomplished in these sources of information, as well as to be eminent in their professions as Merchants, a number of young men in Boston propose to form a Social Library, for the improvement of their leisure hours; and they humbly solicit the concurrence, and aspire to the patronage of all who are willing to assist good intentions and to favour laudable efforts.

Subscription Papers at No. 3, Court street, No. 12, Cornhill, and No. 5, Marlborough street.

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Wm. P. Farrand & Co. have lately published what they call a *Premium** edition of a very valuable professional work entitled Selwyn's Abridgment of the Law of Nisi Prius, Part I.

This work will be completed in *three* parts nearly equal in size. The second and last parts are in a state of forwardness. The Decisions on the Statute of Frauds, Policies of Insurance, and Promissory Notes will be given under their appropriate titles in the second and last parts.

To the above advertisement the American publisher thinks it only necessary to add, that each of the parts of this work will be printed in a style of uniformity with this volume early after their appearance in England.

*** We are requested to apprize the gentlemen of the bar, that the *second* part of this work has just appeared in England, and will, very shortly, be republished here.

Messrs. Farrand & Co. have employed Messrs. Fry & Kammerer in the typographical department. These gentlemen acquit themselves of their task with equal elegance, accuracy, and assiduity. Their Law Printing is *incomparably better than the English.*

—

THE EMERALD,

A BELLES LETTRES PAPER.

Mr. Oliver C. Greenleaf, a very respectable young bookseller at Bos-

* In order to ensure correctness, the publisher of this book has subjected it to a critical examination in the following manner. Two proof sheets have been put up for publick examination; one at the publisher's countinghouse, the other at the city library, and a premium of one dollar has been offered for every errour that might be discovered hence it is designated a *premium* edition.

ton, who is esteemed by men of letters for his information, by men of business for his industry and integrity, and by his friends for the civility of his manners, we perceive, with pleasure, has become proprietor of THE EMERALD, a spritely literary Journal, which, under various direction, has acquired and maintained a good character, even in Boston, a place, that does not regard literary attempts with too much lenity. This paper is to appear again in a new guise, for it is incident to almost every establishment of this nature in America to undergo more metamorphoses, than are recorded in the lays of OVID. The Prospectus of this New Series is modestly and elegantly written, and the objects of the proprietors are eminently praise worthy. Periodical Essays, Dramatick Criticism, Biography, Poetry, Wit, and Humour, and the *Quicquid agunt homines* are to form the materials of their work. Satire too is to show her frowning face; a department of this Journal is to be "devoted entirely to the overthrow of Absurdity, by the force of Ridicule;" and both local and national extravagancies are to be controlled by the thong of that severe executioner. This determination of our spirited editors is entitled to our warmest encomium; but are they aware of the arduous duties of their office? They may be assured it is no sinecure; and whether the "whims" of Boston, in particular, or of the country in general are to be derided, we doubt whether twelve octavo pages, every week, would *give ample room and verge enough* to trace all the absurdities of the *disjointed time*, or even to enumerate half of their names.

While thus endeavouring to render a service to these gentlemen, we are "like one, who beateth the air." We have no distinct view of their character or pretensions. Darkling we pursue our purpose. Of the names, habits, and occupations of the owners of that sparkling gem, The Emerald, we are profoundly ignorant. The wits of Boston, like the Circassian beauties at Constantinople, may be well enough known by a few, *inside of the Haram*, but they are perfectly invisible to the rest of mankind. There is little intercourse between Philadelphia, our magnificent metropolis, and Boston, the first town in New England, famous for salt fish, and civil fury.* In our researches into much of its present history, we have nothing to assist us, but the dim light of conjecture. Even the blaze of orient gems, even the effulgence of The Emerald itself is not strong enough to assist our inquiring eye.

But while thus lost in mist and vapour, we still pursue our course, because our scope *is to assist our brethren.*† Though the editors of The Emerald are personally unknown to us, yet their Prospectus and objects are sufficiently familiar, and we sincerely commend both. We wish, fervently wish, that many of the factious and foolish newspapers of this distracted country might perish without a mourner. But the establishment of every literary Journal, we hail, as the dawn of brighter days, as the harbinger of Beauty and Utility. The periodical paper, which now invites the publick favour, we think will deserve it. Their hopes of success are sanguine, and we should regret if the proprietors should be disappointed. Their hopes have certainly a wide basis on which to lean the anchor. Promises gratuitously granted, and kindnesses generously conferred. To such

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* See Butler.

When *civil fury* first grew high,
And men fell out they *knew not why*,
When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like *mad* or *drunk*,
For *dish of tea*, and *north end punk!*

† Without any other knowledge of them than the presumption that they are of the *brotherhood of literature*, and members of the *harmonious family* of the Muses In other respects, the Editor is lost, like his illustrious namesake, in the book of Genesis.

"And a certain man found him, and behold, he was *wandering* in the field: and the man asked him, saying, what seekest thou? and *Joseph* said, *I seek my brethren.* Tell me, I pray thee, where they *feed their flocks.*"

generous spirits, to literary adventurers, ambitious of an honest fame, and willing to labour for it, as for *hidden treasure*, we will address no other invocation, than the *God speed you* of old English warmth and affection.

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PHILOSOPHY FOR STUDENTS.

Mr. William Schultz, a Dane of liberal education, and who, we understand, is indebted for his scientifick attainments to the Military Academy of Copenhagen, proposes to publish, by subscription, at the press of Messrs Smith & Maxwell, a translation from the Danish of an instructive work, entitled "Philosophy for Students" in three parts; this will form an ample and elegant octavo, and for the very moderate price of two dollars will be delivered to subscribers.

This elementary work, which the translator avers is concise, perspicuous, and adapted to the juvenile capacity, we think will be a useful addition to the catalogue of school books. We are informed that the original is a standard work in many of the seminaries of Denmark. What has been generally approved in a country by no means cold to Literature and Philosophy, but a benignant Mother and a fostering Nurse to both, certainly deserves an unprejudiced examination by the liberal in general, and especially by those, who, from education or habit, are qualified to appreciate the learning of Denmark.

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ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

We understand that Messrs. Etheridge & Bliss of Boston, are publishing, by subscription, a very elegant edition of Rollin's Ancient History, in eight volumes octavo, illustrated with numerous maps. The amiable Frenchman, who was the authour of this laborious, accurate, and instructive work, was at once an elegant scholar and a primitive Christian. His course of Belles Lettres has scarcely been surpassed by his numerous competitors and successours. Few books are more instructive; and so sagacious and just are his precepts on the subject of Rhetorick, in particular, that he has been aptly denominated the Quintilian of France. His Ancient History, without the lumpish heaviness of Hooke, and the fantastick flourish of Gibbon, is at once a solid and spritely performance. The piety of the authour is as conspicuous as his learning. With alchymist art he amalgamates moral sentiment with historical tradition. Although his narrative appears in the modest guise of a companion for youth, yet it will prove no unsuitable associate of the pensive sage. It will not only *allure children from their play, but old men from the chimney corner.*

The publishers profess that this shall be superiour to the foreign editions: woven paper, new type, and the maps of D'Anville, executed by our first artists recommend the work. We hope that a performance, so meritorious as this History, which has defied the criticisms of a century, will, in America, find numerous readers, and that an ample subscription will reward the enterprize of the proprietors.

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LEWIS AND CLARKE'S TOUR TO THE PACIFICK OCEAN.

Messrs. Conrad have issued proposals for publishing, for the authours, A Tour to the Pacifick Ocean, through the interiour of North America, performed by order of the government, by Captains Lewis and Clarke.

This work, we understand, is under the immediate superintendence of the former of these gentlemen, and is proposed to be divided into two parts, and the whole comprised in three large octavo volumes elegantly printed. The contents of this work of much expectation have been already very fully declared on the covers of this Journal, and from the nature of the undertaking and the character of the tourists, we have no doubt that it will be perused with avidity by a great majority of the Americans. Works of

this kind are exceedingly popular in this country, and the naturalist and the geographer may derive some valuable information from the banks of the Missouri, and the wilds of the west. Our tourists propose, moreover, to publish, on a large scale, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers be obtained to defray the expense, a Map of North America, from the ninth degree of longitude west to the Pacifick Ocean, and between thirty-six degrees and fifty-two north latitude. This map will comprehend all the recent discoveries, and that section, which is least known of this vast continent. It will be compiled from the best authorities and corrected by a series of celestial observations made by Captain Lewis during his tour.

Captain Lewis, in his proposals, modestly observes, that his late voyage was not undertaken with a view to pecuniary advantage, and he pledges himself that the estimate which he will make of his literary labours shall be of the most moderate description. An adventure daring, romantick, and perilous, like a lengthened tour through a savage wilderness, undertaken from no venal motive, and described artlessly and diffidently, deserves to be scanned with candour; and although the authour and his patrons are the political foes of the writer of this article, yet he will not refuse to notice, with applause, Enterprize associated with courage, and Curiosity in quest of Science.

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HUMPHREYS' EDITION OF ODDY'S EUROPEAN COMMERCE.

Mr. J. Humphreys has just published a very interesting work entitled European Commerce, showing new and secure channels of trade with the continent of Europe: detailing the produce, manufactories and commerce of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany as well as the trade of the rivers Elbe, Weser, and Ems; with a general view of the trade, navigation, produce, and manufactories of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland; and its unexplored and improvable resources and interiour wealth by J. Jepson Oddy, Member of the Russian and Turkey or Levant Companies. This very copious title is a very fair description of the multifarious contents of this book, with which every merchant of an adventurous or inquisitive character should be perfectly familiar. The American editor, with great judgment, has expunged what the lawyers call *irrelevant* matter, and by his useful retrenchments, and by the superiour economy of the American to the British press, the publisher sells a book for *three* dollars which could not be afforded in its foreign dress for less than *eighteen*. To the cause of useful science Mr. Humphreys thus imparts very valuable assistance, and in justice to this worthy man it must be affirmed, that he is entitled to the publick favour both for the *choice* and cheapness of his books. He is so attentive to commercial literature, in particular, that he deserves the whole mercantile patronage of the city.

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THORNTON ON THE PAPER CREDIT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. James Humphreys has just published "An Inquiry into the nature and effects of the Paper Credit of Great Britain by H. Thornton, Esqr. Member of Parliament." This commercial work, which conveys much useful information to the inquisitive merchant and the bank director, forms a large octavo, neatly printed on good paper, and is sold at a just price. Those criticks in England, who are the most profoundly skilled in researches of this nature, and, indeed, who are preeminent for their knowledge of fiscal transactions have declared, in a tone of commendation, which is never heard from them except the undisputed merit of a performance challenges the critick's praise, that this book, with no ostentatious profes-

sions, and with no admixture of superfluous matter, contains the largest portion of new information that has, for a long time, been offered to those, who either for the pleasure of speculation, or with a view to publick life are engaged in the researches of political economy.

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BANCROFT'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

Messrs. Thomas and Andrews have just published a valuable specimen of Biography, with the modest title of "An Essay on the Life of George WASHINGTON, Commander in chief of the American army, during the revolutionary war, and first President of The United States. This interesting volume is the production of the Rev. Mr. Aaron Bancroft, a very amiable and respectable clergyman of Worcester, in Massachusetts, and a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He has distinguished himself as a fluent and unaffected writer. In his preface, the authour candidly states, that publishing the life of Washington in *one* volume, at a moderate price, he should enable those of his fellow citizens who are not in possession of Judge MARSHALL'S valuable work, to leave to their posterity a memorial of a man who was preeminently distinguished as a soldier and a statesman.

General Washington was from his youth devoted to his country: his character, therefore, cannot be pourtrayed without bringing into view many important publick transactions. The plan of the writer has been to notice no individual or event further than was necessary to display the principal character.

A few facts which have not before been published, were received immediately from the confidential friends of Gen. Washington, or from gentlemen who in respectable official situations were members of his family during his military command.

It has been the endeavour of the authour to display the character of the man who is the subject of the work, by exhibiting in a connexive view, his actions and his writings; and he has as far as possible made this exhibition in the person of Gen. Washington.

This is a liberal and manly exposition of the plan of this Biography. It is not, by any means, intended to supersede the elegant and elaborate work of the Chief Justice of The United States, which is alike honourable to the accomplished authour, and the illustrious hero.

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Mr. Nightingale, of London, has made considerable progress in a work entitled "A Portraiture of Society;" as taken from a view of the assemblies, associations, institutions, societies, meetings, and clubs, in and near the metropolis; whether religious, charitable, literary, philosophical, political, commercial, or recreative; interspersed with criticisms, anecdotes, and biographical sketches. Carefully compiled from original and authentick sources; designed to introduce the countryman and the foreigner to whatever in society is useful, important, and amusing. This work will be embellished with select views of the most beautiful and magnificent halls and other publick buildings in the cities of London and Westminster; and also with portraits of several well-known publick characters, clergymen, statesmen, and oratours.

—

Dr. Ramsay has transmitted to London a manuscript copy of the Life of Washington. In this copy many alterations and improvements have been made for the benefit of the British reader. It will very shortly be ready for publication.

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The Rev. Samuel Blatchford, A. M. Principal of Lansingburgh Academy, has prepared for the Press a Translation of Moore's Greek Grammar, which we apprehend will be considered a valuable acquisition. We understand that it comes forward under the auspices of Union College, Mr. Blatchford having been persuaded to undertake the task by the President and Professours of that institution. The following is the title:— "Elements of the Greek Language, exhi

bited for the most part in New Rules, made easy to the memory by their brevity, being a Translation of Dr. Moore's celebrated Greek Grammar, to which are added Greville Ewing's Continuation and Syntax."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

THE TAILOR'S LAMENTATION,

A PARODY ON

When Time who steals our years away.

Some rogue has stole my shears away,
And stole my thimble too;
My scissors they are gone astray,
Ah me! what shall I do?

My needles rusted are, alas!
My yard of little use;
And all my hopes now, by the mass,
Depend upon my goose.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,
We'll drink till we are blind.
For every day new cloth shall come,
And cabbage leave behind.

Come, Judy, bring the ball of thread,
I'll work with Pat and thee;
And when we've earned our daily bread,
Thou shalt get drunk with me.

And as I trim this coat with lace,
This thought shall clear my mind,
That future profit I can trace
From remnants left behind.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,
We'll drink till we are blind,
For every day new cloth shall come,
And cabbage leave behind.

But mark! at thoughts of silver lace,
Which makes this coat so gay,
A cloud o'erspreads my Judy's face,
And drives each smile away.

So like this gaudy coat, my dear,
Unless you dry your pipes,
Your shoulders quickly shall appear
Right well belaced with stripes.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,
We'll drink till we are blind,
For every day new cloth shall come,
And cabbage leave behind.

Cleanliness.

A gentleman once told me, that cleanliness was nearly allied to godliness. This is rather bold; but as it might have orginated from a nice sense of physical purity, I would not very harshly condemn it. I believe every one who practises cleanliness, will feel the excellent effects produced by a suitable attention to this minor virtue. The intellect is gratefully affected; the blood courses through the system, and gives vigour and activity. Beauty is also the consequence of purity, Cosmeticks only mar the skin. They destroy the swell of the muscles, and the clear blueness of the veins: they tear to pieces the nice net work of the skin, and reduce to dull uniformity of colour the various tints, which should illuminate the countenance. They also insinuate poison into the body, and soon the fine elasticity of the system gives way to morbid clayiness, and sluggish creeping of the blood succeeds to its former rushing and rapid activity. But look at a French woman, after she has came out of the bath. She is a perfect Venus, risen from the froth of the sea; a celestial light beams from her eyes; her lips breathe the fragrance of health, and her voice is sweeter than the musick of the Graces at the banquets of the Gods. Such are truly the divine effects of physical purity. The French women are almost amphibious, and this is one great reason why they are so beautiful. I am afraid my countrywomen are not entitled to high praise for regular attention to cleanliness I indeed know some, who use the tepid bath and a clean napkin, instead of discolouring themselves with vile washes, dews, and creams from the perfumer; but are there not too many gentlemen and ladies, who pass many months, without feeling the luxury of complete purification? Were I to peruse the subject to niceness of detail, I should have a plenty of subject for many pages; but I hope that the neglect has rather arisen from forgetfulness and inattention, than from dislike to purity or sympathy with uncle aniness.

Anthology.

LINES,

On seeing the portrait of a lady, recently taken by Mr. Stuart.

Not Scotia's Queen with every grace,
Of perfect form, and peerless face;
Nor Sophonisba's conquering charms,
Which filled a nation with alarms;
Nor Inez—whose hard fate for years,
Steep'd a fond husband's couch in tears;
Could e'er such winning grace display,
When youth and bloom had pass'd away;
As o'er that brow, which Nature's hand,
Form'd all to conquer and command,
In softened majesty is seen,
And speaks attractive virtue's queen.
Saint-like benevolence is there,
Shines in that look, that gentle air;
Such touching grace, and winning ease,
So formed for earth, and Heaven to please,
With conquering power they melt the heart,
And prove a Stuart's matchless art.
For e'en like life the shadow glows,
And more than T——'s beauty glows.
For though tis Beauty's brow serene,
Yet all the virtues there are seen;
Contending which shall bear the sway,
And lead the willing heart away.

But not e'en Stuart's art alone,
Could e'er those speaking charms have shown,
Had not indulgent Nature made,
Her mind with charms that never fade—
Opposing Time's too potent sway,
And lending night the blaze of day.
For sense, and wit, and courtly ease,
That win us ere they seem to please,
With native grace around her move,
And win the weakened heart to love.
Thus blessed—she every blessing gives,
And in her life each virtue lives.

And when he paints the hero's face,
Adorned with every manly grace;
And rigid honour's steady reign,
And Wit, and Humour's laughing train,
Still must success his efforts crown,
For Genius marks him all her own.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN.

Versified from Ossian.

O thou who roll'st above in azure field,
Round as my father's battle-sounding shield,
Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light?
Thou comest in thy awful beauty forth,
The faint stars, shrinking, vanish in the North,
And cold and pale sinks down the maid of night.

Thou rov'st alone, O Sun, for who can be
Thy rival, or companion of thy race.
E'en the oak falls; the hills themselves decay,
E'en the cold ocean shrinks beneath thy face.

The moon is lost before thee in the sky;
The tempests flying vanish from on high;
The lightning shudders in its proudest force;
Thou dost alone in equal glory rise,
Triumphant ruler of the boundless skies,
Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When thunder rolls and vivid lightning flies,
When the dark tempest lifts its gloomy form,
Thou lookest in thy beauty from the skies,
And laughest at the raging of the storm.

But unto Ossian's eye thou look'st in vain.
The bard shall never see thy light again;
No ray of thine shall cheer his aged breast;
He sees thee not, whether thy yellow hair
Flows on east clouds, and lights the morning air,
Or trembles at the portals of the west.

But thou, perhaps, like me, art for a time,
Perhaps the boundary of thy years is drawn;
Yes, thou shalt slumber in thy path sublime,
Sleep in thy clouds, nor hear the voice of morn.

Exult, O Sun, then, in thy youthful might;
Age is dreary, damp, unlovely, night.
Behold the glimmering of the wasted moon,
When it shines through the hurrying of the clouds,
And hoary frost the leafless mountain shrouds,
And snow and rattling hail around are blown.

The gloomy ghost bestrides his cloud of rain,
Sweeps o'er the hills and frosty forest grey;
The north wind howls and eddies o'er the plain,
The traveller shrinks benighted on his way.

CARLOS.

For The Port Folio.

MEMORY.

Come, plaintive Muse, on gentle wings,
And bring thy myrtled harp with thee;

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With tender fingers bend the strings,
And thrill the soul of sympathy.

No martial thunders, bold and rude,
No noisy song of thoughtless glee,
Shall on the pensive sounds intrude
Which wake the fairy Memory.

Thou, swift-winged Goddess of the mind,
Rise, placid mourner, rise from rest;
Fly to the hours that lag behind,
And bid them enter to my breast.

There wake the sorrows long represt,
The hoard of griefs so sweet to me,
Brood o'er the sighs which they suggest,
And kiss thy cypress, Memory.

Fly to the maiden, fly away,
On dove-like pinions swiftly fly.
Around her snowy bosom play,
And catch the burthen of her sigh

When sleep sits dewy on her eye,
Oh! bid her fancy dream of me;
Still flutter o'er her pillow nigh,
And she will bless thee, Memory.

And to my Raymond,† distant far,
Fly hills, and woods, and vallies o'er,
This mournful salutation bear;—
Farewell, my friend, for evermore.

When tender grass is springing o'er
The spot where I at rest shall be;
May Friendship and may Love deplore
Their low-laid votary's Memory.

CARLOS.

For The Port Folio.

A Paraphrastick Translation of La Cheminee.

Parnassian air, Parnassian dews
Befit not my too frigid muse,
Her vigour's gone, her wing is old;
Fancy and feeling chill'd with cold;
Yet some has said, that she, elsewhere,
Had sung some lays with pleasing air.
To warm her, then, and tempt her pride,
I'll bid her sing the *Fire-side.*

Thou pleasing sum of social joys!
When age and youth, and girls and boys,
The wise and dull in concert found
In Winter evenings thee surround;
While some at work, some grave, some gay,
Thy light and heat abet the play
In some young breasts, who strive to hide
A warmth rais'd at the *Fire-side.*

The aged soldier, when his scars
He loves to show, and talk of wars,
With aid of poker's sounding rattle
He represents th' alarm of battle.
And—as as a dream rais'd by his fancy,
With rapture speaks of love and Nancy:
Thus flights, not e'en to age deny'd,
Are cherish'd by the *Fire-side.*

EPIGRAM—*for the Ladies.*

A sweeter blush was ne'er suffus'd,
Than that which rests on Laura's face;
And still she is, by some, accus'd,
Of borrowing, what thus gives her grace.

But I, young Laura, will defend
From such a slander, and retort it,
For I, as lovely Laura's friend,
Was present when the dear girl bought it.

MERRIMENT.

An East India governour, having died abroad, his body was put in arrack, to preserve it for interment in England. A sailor on board the ship being frequently drunk, the captain assured him the next time he was guilty of that offence, he should be severely whipped; and, at the same time, forbade the purser, and, indeed, all the ship, to let him have any liquor. Shortly after, the fellow appeared very drunk. How he got the liquor no one could guess. The captain, resolved to find out and punish the person who had thus disobeyed his orders, promised to forgive him, if he would tell whence he got the liquor. After some hesitation, he hickuped out "Why, please your honour, I tapped the governour."

† D. H. Raymond, student in Yale College; writer of beautiful effusions lately printed in The Connecticut and United States Gazettes under the title of "Segar," as well as many others well worthy of the eye of the publick that never appeared in print.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, November* 28, 1807. [No. 22.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. 8.

THE GEORGIUM SIDUS.

"Aliquid nostris de moribus."
JUV.

"Solvite tantis animum monstris,
"Solvite Superi; rectam in melius
"Vertite mentem." SEN.

HUMILIATING were my reflections, in finding myself placed among beings of a superiour order. The inhabitants of the planet, in which I found myself again a stranger, are in figure and deportment elegant and fascinating. The graces of their stature, lofty, noble, and commanding, are increased by the modesty of unassuming greatness A certain air surrounds them, which inspires respect; a dignity of address, which at once conciliates esteem, and repels familiarity. Such an index to the mind could not deceive me.—I found the correspondence strict, and if I was pleased with the appearance and manners of my new associates, I was still more delighted with the readiness of their wit, the depth of their judgment, and the soundness of their understanding.

Great interest was excited by my appearance among them. To this, however, I had been accustomed in my excursions through the heavens, and, as usual, it afforded me an introduction to the better orders of society, and of this I took advantage. I was interrogated much of my native earth, and, in return, received many singular histories from my new acquaintance, one of whom, with great politeness and hospitality, attended me inseparably, and insisted on my remaining at his house, or rather palace, during my residence in this remote orb. It was my good fortune, which placed me there, for I soon found as much difference to exist between men here, as on the earth, and my host was very high in the estimation of his fellow mortals, and very deserving of their distinctive respect.

I learned, that in this planet there are no governments, each of the inhabitants is independent, and integrity they regard as the only barrier against the inroads of vice and corruption, and it renders superfluous the restraints of law. They have been induced to destroy all their governments, from a conviction that the more laws exist, the more violations are the consequence.

What delighted me more than any thing I had ever witnessed before, was the unclouded serenity and cheerfulness of every face. I eagerly inquired whether life had no cares; and if subsistence was procured without

difficulty. Surely, I thought, this is the spot, where nature throws off all reserve—No longer coy, she needs not to be pressed for her sweets, but freely offers her exhaustless store, and flings profusion round a happy land!—No: I was deceived; and soon found that the necessaries of life were, with difficulty procured, and that a flinty, sterile soil, yielded with reluctance to the ploughshare's force. Luxurious, indeed, were this once martial race; but their delicacies were not the spontaneous products of a genial clime. Whence then, I demanded, are they derived? This question produced some embarrassment, because it was one seldom thought of by the polite and well-bred Archones; this was the name of the nation into which I had been received.

The information I obtained from my host was, that the soil produced certain vegetables, by which the various animals were supported, and that these animals, as well as vegetables afforded by culinary treatment a vast variety of the most delicious viands—That a nectar was procured from certain juicy products of the autumn, which could inspire with joy and gladness the coldest hearts, and sooth the mind oppressed with grief; rob it of care, and in its room infuse the rapturous delights of Fancy's gayest dreams; but how or by whom prepared he could not tell. The entrance of a valet relieved the master's difficulty, and he was directed to satisfy my curiosity. From him I learned, that a race called Erebi had long before been brought in conquest from their native country, where a successless war had placed them in the victor's triumphal train. These Erebi are by no means of the same species with their conquerors, the Archones, but a gradation between these and the brute creation, although they appear to possess the same faculties, and are formed precisely upon the same plan; indeed so nearly do they resemble the Archones in figure and appearance, that superficial observers would suppose them of the same nature and species, which mistake I actually made, and supposed them, until my friend undeceived me, in all respects equal. Philosophers have determined that a difference exists, and the doctrine is now practically enforced, and the Erebi perform all the labours necessary for the existence, comfort and luxury of the inhabitants of the country into which I had entered. They appear, say the Archones, designed by nature for the employment. They are compelled to till the ground for its owners. If they perform the task faithfully and with industry, a reward is allotted them of the produce, sufficient for the support of life, and which their hard labour enables them to enjoy with all the zest of hunger; but if sickness obtrude, or an adverse heaven frown upon the sod, great is their reverse of fortune. The owners refuse to assign the proper cause of the scarcity, and punish, with rigour, the wretched victim of their disappointed avarice. Their wives and children share the cruel fate. Often their destiny is so severe, that mothers tear the new-born infants from the breast and rob them of that life, which they had just bestowed, to save them from the evils which themselves had borne. This cause, together with accidental deaths from starvation, and excess of labour, together with the neglect of every attention to their health, renders it necessary to supply, annually, fresh hands to the plough. The Archones foment discords among the Erebi, and the wars which result enable them to furnish a constant supply, because whichever party conquers the captives become alike the property of the Archones.

This wonderful detail much surprised me, and doubtful of the accuracy of my informer, I appealed to my host for the truth of the account; he assured me, that it was true, and that necessity compelled them to continue a practice imposed upon them by luxury and avarice.

And is it possible, I exclaimed, that here, where all is happiness, where not a sigh is heard, and where every bosom is void of care, such a system should be the foundation of your feli-

city? Happy you undoubtedly are—Every tongue proclaims it—Every eye, sparkling with pleasure, tells us that all is gayety and peace around. No, replied my host, you are deceived. Thorns infest our couches; rankling cares corrode our peace. The smiles we wear, conceals the heart's distress; but, could you look within, a picture, black as despair, would meet your view. We know not at what moment the tranquillity we boast may have an end. The Erebi have become more powerful than we, their strength and numbers far exceed our own. Revolts have already begun, and daily do we learn of new plots for our destruction. Some fools* have told them they are men, and our equals; elate with the thought, they would be our superiours. In our vicinity, they have formed for themselves societies, in which they hold the highest rank, and possess privileges from which they exclude their former masters.

Upon this representation, alas! how different were my views! All that had before appeared manly and noble, now sunk into the basest effeminacy. All that had appeared fair and delightful, now was clouded in gloom. Those talents and endowments, which had excited my warmest admiration, served but to augment my detestation of the crimes, to the commission of which they were prostituted. Into the mantling bowl Fancy infused poison. The richest dainties palled upon my palate. Pleasure fled, and I left, disgusted, the deceptive scene.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I am the more induced to offer you these pieces for publication, as you have before spoken with kind approbation of productions from the same pen. They are "*Sketches from Nature*", and you will observe that the subjects of them are chosen from the moral, as well as from the natural world.

It is not always that a landscape painter would select his native village or city, as a subject for his canvas.—Scenes with which we are familiar from youth naturally lose their novelty and value. Thus the inhabitant of the neighbourhood of Niagara views the stupendous cataract, which he has known from boyhood to age, with few of those sublime emotions which fill the breast of a stranger. But the observation is too trite to require illustration.—We often overlook the beauties of our own surrounding fields, while stretching the eye to distant scenes. Hence, we hear of painters, who travel far from home, on a tour of landscape discovery. For my own part, Sir, I would act differently.

Indeed, as an admirer of beautiful scenes in nature which lie scattered around me, unhonoured by the painter, I have often wished that I had the pencil of a Radcliffe, to give them all her life and expression, all her *claro obscuro*, and brilliant colouring.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A Landscape.

BOSTON is encircled on the West by a beautiful bason, into which a small stream, known by the name of Charles-River, discharges itself after creeping through some of the neighbouring villages. On a clear summer morning, the view from a rising ground on the "Common", over this bason to the opposite shore, is extremely picturesque and enchanting. Indeed, the landscape has been often admired by strangers: and while such views as the falls of Niagara in America or the mountains of Switzerland in Europe, may create nobler ideas of *the Sublime*, this scene is surpassed by none in communicating to the mind whatever is understood by the *Beautiful*.—On the right appears the populous village of Cambridgeport, which already aspires to the rank of a mart of trade and commerce. After resting the eye for a moment on a rude illshapen Cupola, which rises in the midst of its buildings, you observe at some distance the spire of the elder church and the plain unadorned edifices of the University, while still further behind

* Similar has been the folly of certain commoners in a terrestrial legislature, Wilberforce at their head!

where the ground opens, you discover through the vista the summits of distant hills, which carry the view into the interiour of the State.—Such is the prospect on the right, but the scenery before you is indescribably luxuriant. From the shore, the ground becoming gradually more elevated, separates, as it swells, into various hills, which seem to repose in peace on the bosom of the water. These beautiful hills present a magnificent tapestry, decorated with all the richness of nature, orchards, groves, lawns, and pastures, displaying every variety of verdure, from the deep foliage of forest trees, to the softer colours of the corn-field; while the work is spangled o'er with many a gay and airy villa, which gives relief to the picture. On the left, as far as the eye is permitted to stretch, this beautiful view is closed by the Blue Mountains, which tower over the surrounding country in gloomy grandeur, adding a tinge of sublimity to the whole scene.

How often have I resorted to these grounds, in those pure moments of the morning, when the sun sheds his virgin beams on this side the hills, and while the grass has not yet been shorn of its dew. Then, while the earth teemed with rich vegetation and the air was perfumed with all the fragrance of the morn, I have imagined to myself for a time, that created nature was silently pouring forth its incense to the Authour of all Being.

Characters.

Camilla has a wholesome featured visage, and a strong sturdy built figure. Without any pretensions to female softness, shall I say purity, she combines all the spriteliness and frivolity of her own sex with the more turbulent dispositions of the other. She is a romp. She is a man spoiled. The cast of her person is masculine, and so also are her habits and manners. She aspires to be thought "independent," and the distinguishing feature of her character is carelesness of the feelings of others. When all around her have been involved in anxiety and grief, I have seen her continue as noisy and unfeeling as ever; and so far does she push this affectation, that I should not be surprised to find her whistling at a funeral, or jumping the rope in the midst of an earthquake.

Camilla too can lampoon with admirable skill, and swear with all the ease of an old practitioner. It seems to me impossible to love such a woman, and yet Camilla has not been without her suitors; but alas! like bees, who perch upon a juiceless flower, they touch only on the surface and soon fly off—What then are her prospects of future happiness? Probably her volatile temper will grow saturnine; probably from being a romp in youth, she will be a termagant in age.—Camilla was evidently intended for the washing-tub, but that arch jade Nature, who so often makes herself merry at the cost of us mortals, dropped her, as if by chance, on a pile of guineas.

Camilla mistakes the true character of woman.—She is anxious to be thought eccentrick, and she despises equally the lecture of her monitor, and the scorn of the world.—Whoever affects this stubborn contempt for surrounding circumstances and characters, has a hard lesson to learn. The world may live without us, but we cannot live without the world; the soil can flourish without the plant, though the plant cannot thrive without the soil. In our passage through life, it is often at least prudent to yield to the whims, the inconsistencies, and even to the injustice of mankind; it is safer to bend to the storm with the osier, than be uprooted with the oak.

How opposite to Camilla's is the character of *Eudora*,

Admired Eudora,

———worth
What's dearest to the world!
So perfect, and so peerless.

Eudora presents to the eye, a light, aerial form, "so delicate, that as it floats upon the gaze, it seems like the incarnation of some ethereal spirit, which a sigh too roughly breathed would dissolve into its kindred air." Though her features may not be formed to draw the common stare of admiration, yet they discover something so interesting, so unearthly, so much virtue, so much sense and intelligence, that we regard her at once with reverence and affection. And her whole soul is not less angelick. It is now long since I saw Eudora, but the image of her gentle, unobtrusive character is still vividly impressed on my mind. Sincere, humane and conciliating, it seems her highest ambition to be distinguished for all the mild and silent virtues; and at that age when most of her sex are won by the glitter of life, it is said that she still loves seclusion even in the metropolis, shrinking as it were intuitively from the seductions of the scene. Happy disposition. She possesses that feminine softness, that pensive aspect of character, which engage the feelings in her favour, even on a transient acquaintance; and she is all simplicity and innocence, for she is unacquainted with those interests which give rise to artifice and affectation. I have heard Eudora observe with the utmost ingenuousness, that, though seldom gay herself, she was always made happy by the smiles and cheerfulness of others. Eudora has too much virtue not to be religious, and too much understanding not to comprehend her faith; her religion is pure and undefiled before God and the Father, for she delights

to kindle the smiles of happiness around her, and, at the same time, to keep herself unspotted from the world.

Long may it be before the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl broken;—may the sweetest gales of happiness bear her softly down the current of Time, and at last land her safely on the shores of Eternity.

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

The Independency of the Mind, Affirmed. A Poem, in two parts, with occasional notes.

The following preface will sufficiently explain the intention of the authour.

"The discussion of a question in conversation lately with a friend, gave rise to the following Essay. The controversy originated in his advancing, as a position, That the attrocities committed in France during the Revolution, proceeded from each other in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of acting otherwise than as the people did act; which he illustrated by the simile of bricks placed on end, and falling, through a long line, in consequence of a blow given to the first one, just hard enough to knock it down. This position was denied; and a few evenings afterwards the line from Young's Night Thoughts, with which this poem commences, being read, was claimed by both disputants as a text suitable to their respective opinions.

The writer is too much of a recluse to be very anxious concerning the rank in which this little work will place him as a poet. Though the fire of his eye is not dimmed by age or infirmity, he has lived long enough to know, that human applause, or human censure ought not to be the capital consideration of his mind. Nor is he fond of controversy with any one, whose ear is disingenuously shut against the voice of fair and dispassionate argument.

He is a lover of mankind; a friend to the diffusion of true knowledge; and he is earnest in his endeavours to spread before the view of other minds, those ideas respecting the great principles of Being, which he has found, after much anxious search, to be most satisfactory to his own."

We were surprised to find a poem of this nature, dated at "Locust Bridge, on the Ohio; and in this age of amatory poets, it is no small merit to have

"—— sat on a hill retir'd,
In thought more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute."

On the subject of the controversy we give no opinion; our business is with the poet.

The production before us appears to have been hastily written, as there are several errours, which a careful revision would have easily detected. The authour has taken the style of COWPER for his model, and in many passages imitated it very closely. This similarity must strike the most unpractised ear in the following lines, with which the poem commences:

"Objects are but th' occasion; man's th' exploit."
—Were I a preacher, and were this my text,
And as diffusive as the theme my strain,
In what an orbit should my spirit move,
Discursive, through th' expanse of intellect!
But since alone the subject, not the voice
Of the grave teacher, nor his learned skill,
To cut and mince, divide and subdivide,
Is mine by adaptation, I restrict
To narrower bounds the poet's tethered range.

And again:

The tenant of this mansion-house, the world,
Receiv'd it from his Lord in such fit case
As needed no repair,—good, perfect, great.
His tenure was in *Soccage;* and he held
By right of *sufferance*. Fealty, alone,
Comprised the services he had to do;
A service of the heart, which, freely done,
Secur'd him the *domain*. His was the soil,
To dress and till,—the usufruct all his.
For him the harvest ripen'd in the field;
And herbs and flow'rs beneath his footsteps sprang,
To catch his roving eye, and on the breeze
Pour'd their rich odours to regale his sense,
Eager to mingle with his spirit, theirs.
For him the fruitage cluster'd on the bough,
Inviting to be pluck'd; and Earth's broad lap
Displayed her vast fecundity for him.
Nature's *bright* side was next him;—for his Lord
Cast with his smile a happiness throughout,
A sunshine of the soul: that smile withdrawn,
Leaves Nature as she is—dull, dreary, dark.
Man soon withheld that homage, which he owes
To his superiour, whereupon the smile
Of happiness was pendant, broke his tenure,
And drew the shade of Nature o'er his soul.

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The joys of Paradise are his no more,
And Eden decks not her parterre for him.

The following is somewhat in the tone of Dr. Young:

—Is this too much to say of Earth's frail worm,
A mere Ephemeron, which buzzes round
This atom world, and spreads his mealy plumes,
Vainly to glisten in that sun's bright beam
Which sees, ere noon, his garish pinions fade?

But while we find much to praise in the matter, we discover some inaccuracies to censure in the manner. There are several words used, which can be found only in a *Columbian* vocabulary; and an affectation of others, that have long been obsolete; as, *gemmeous* ore, dross *desfumed*, *theorick* plans, glorious *regentship*, *thunderous* neck, &c. from the Miltonick elevation of which, there is a great descent to such exclamations as,

So *lobs* of clay (and seeing men are clay,
How *pat* the chosen simile comes in!)

Thou, as a *bit* of a philosopher.

That 'tis no *chancework-job* thus to perform.

Men's diet ought to *jingle all in tune.*

Nor will she *grudge the sweating and fatigue.*

I, as sage Reason's royal advocate,
Though feeble in the way of argument,
And feebler still to *squeeze it into verse.*

Every reader must be struck with the tautology of

Th' astrictive bias, convolutive bent.

And,

Their sympathies, and their *inflexious turns.*

Such lines as

Make Horrour and Ruin rule over all,

bid defiance to all measure; as naughty and naughtiness, which frequently occur, are downright nursery language.

On the whole however, we are pleased with the performance, the first part of which only we have seen, and exhort the authour to "persevere in the race" he is running. He has read profitably, thinks justly, and, with some attention to the melody of his versification, will write ably.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

AN EXAMINATION

Of the causes that have retarded the progress of literature in The United States.

(*Continued from page* 389.)

In The Port Folio of the 20th of June last, an acute and elegant writer, whose signature is Falkland, and who has often contributed valuable essays to this paper, instituted an Examination of the causes which have retarded the progress of literature in the The United States. This speculation concluded with a promise that the subject would be resumed. The authour having fully and unanswerably demonstrated that American literature is in its swaddling bands, and exposed in the cradle, is naturally led to inquire, why the darling child, like other favourites, is not nourished and fostered until it reach maturity. This question he now proposes in this paper The queries of Falkland are distinctly made, and will produce nothing but an embarrassed answer. He draws a curious, but very accurate picture of the origin and literature of some of those fugitives, who under we know not what pretext of civil and religious liberty, wandered to the Wilderness of the West. Leaving this gloomy sketch, crayoned as it were, with a charcoal, our candid artist, willing to look at his subject, in a more favourable light, places his dear country in her *independent* attitude, surrounds her with all the emblems of Peace and Tranquillity, gives her a placid countenance, and supports her by Patriotism and National Pride. While surveying so splendid a group, we naturally look for Learning and Genius among the figures, and expect to discover both the poet and the patron. We see Wealth in the foreground, and Wealth in the background, and unexampled prosperity everywhere. But the temple of the Muses, and the munificent Mæcenas are sought in vain.

To drop the metaphor: Falkland having traced our progress from a *lair of wild beasts* to the abodes of Peace and the mansions of Luxury, states, in terms hard to be gainsayed, that *now*, with our immense resources, and without the *shadow of an apology*, Literature languishes in a most inglorious and disgraceful obscurity, *because men leave in cold neglect every liberal pursuit*, because *Avarice is the*

tutelary power of the country; because *we are distracted by feuds and factions of the most rebellious and virulent character;* because *our modes of education are shamefully and egregiously deficient;* because *Classical learning is in the lowest repute;* because we have not a NATIONAL UNIVERSITY with all the endowments of an Oxford; and lastly, because the government itself is inauspicious to the votaries of the Muse. These circumstances are copiously enumerated by our friend, and not without a just indignation. Without dwelling with him on some of the primary causes which obstruct the progress of learning in this country, we will briefly advert to two, which the hardiest and most frontless of the vapouring tribe may not dare to defend.

In our immense territory, there is not an American but who would be fired with indignation, at the mere surmise of any lack in our pecuniary resources. On the contrary, whether you visit the hovels of the boor, or the Banks of the City, nothing is more distinctly heard than the tale of our unprecedented prosperity. The country is fertile beyond belief. The opulence of many individuals would shame the revenues of Oude or Orixa. Of the precious metals, and of their representative, paper, there is a *surplus* quantity. Our Treasury, its officers and the Chief Magistrate tell us so, in a tone of boasting exultation, is overflowing with plenty. Individual and national coffers are heaped, and pressed, and running over. As it is the general vaunt, we presume it will hardly be denied. If, for any magnificent or meritorious purpose, it were necessary for the fiscal chests to be doubled, such is the copiousness of our means, the multiplication might be made without a murmur!

What then prevents the ample foundation and liberal endowment of a *National Seminary* not one jot, or one tittle inferiour in its pretensions to those of Oxford and Cambridge?

Nothing but the narrow genius of a pseudo-economical administration.

Now this naturally brings us to the most curious part of our subject, which leads to results altogether of a romantick, enigmatical, and inexplicable character.

The chief ruler of our republick is a person by the name of Jefferson, formerly, we believe, an *obscure provincial advocate* in Virginia, and afterwards a voyager to France, where he contracted a fondness for false philosophy, and French idioms. He has written a book, made certain experiments, is reputed to be of a studious humour, is a member of the French Institute, and of some other learned societies. He affects the language, habits, and manners of a philosopher, and is a man of science and letters, or,—he is nothing.

Next to him is the Secretary of State, a Mr. Madison, another Virginian Attorney, who makes many pretensions to skill in the occult sciences, and who is believed by many well-meaning persons to be one of the most learned of the Columbians. He is undoubtedly more deeply tinctured with literature than the great majority of his friends, and, *aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus,* he too is either a Scholar, or he is nothing.

Thirdly, our Secretary of the Treasury, who, according to his own account, has plenty of money at his command, is a stranger from Geneva, who kindly sojourns among us, and takes care of our national property. This alien officer is confessedly a man of splendid talents, and a profound scholar, and it is not a little comforting, both to our patriotism, and our pride, that the man of the greatest abilities in the administration is a foreigner.

Here then we have the three greater officers of our government,—a literary triumvirate, though not exactly resembling that of Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus, yet pretending a love for Learning, and carefully enregistering themselves on her roll of admirers. Will these great men condescend to inform the country, by the next post, what portion of national affluence is employed in the foundation of Colleges, in the encouragement of Artists, and in the support of useful and ornamental learning?

To every one, however slightly he may survey the subject, the cause which will primarily suggest itself is, *the youth of the country.* Nations, in their progress to maturity are uniformly marked, at different stages, by certain employments, which they exclusively follow. With them, infancy and adolescence are the seasons of active exertion, and provident industry. The field is cleared, and rudely tilled to supply the proximate necessities of life, ere the parterre is decorated, or the garden adorned. The simple habitation of the rustick precedes the stately edifice of luxurious expense. The arts, coarse and mechanick, are adopted and practised, while the liberal are neglected and despised. The useful is preferred to the ornamental.

But, in a more advanced state of society, when an ample leisure arises out of an exemption of these pressing exigencies, pursuits, elegant and refined, solicit national regard, and become studiously professed.

Prior to this auspicious period, with no people, whose history is recorded, have letters flourished. They have

glimmered transiently through the obscurities of the night, but have maintained no permanent illumination.

But it has been said with some degree of plausibility, by those who have tried to depreciate our genius, that our literary sterility is, in no respect, entitled to this defence, because our origin was *peculiar* and *distinct*. It is true, that an example exactly parallel to ours has not existed. Most nations, nursed in barbarism, have moved on to the heights of civilization and learning, by slow and impeded progression. They have been their own guides, and without any collateral aid, have pioneered their way. We, on the contrary, were a section of a polished people who carried with us, in our emigration, a part of whatever Europe had to boast at the time, and though remotely separated, were not deprived of her science, her arts, and philosophy.

These, we must confess, were singular advantages. Circumstances, however, attended our infancy, which countervailed them, and rendered it, perhaps, not more favourable than the primitive condition of any other people.

Let it not be forgotten, that our ancestors came, emphatically, to a *new world!* When they arrived, this continent was a dreary, inhospitable, and dismal desert, in which nothing was to be seen but the wild products of nature, and little to be heard, save the howl of the "tenants of the forest," or the whoop of the rude savage.

Neither did The United States receive a fair proportion of the European community. They were colonized chiefly by the refuse of its population who fled from Europe, or were transported hither to expiate their crimes. With these, was mixed a more respectable description, who intoxicated by the fumes of Puritanism, sought an asylum from what *they conceived*, a religious and political persecution.

The latter class comprehended a few tinged with learning. But a wilderness is not precisely the seat of the Muses. The literature, therefore, which was imported into the colonies did not prosper. For a century succeeding its colonization, the country gave birth to no literary production which is not beneath criticism. The small number of individuals who casually cultivated letters, wasted their talents on topicks of polemick divinity, or in speculations equally idle and unavailing.

Fortunately, the common character and dispositions of the early inhabitants accorded better with their situation. Bold, hardy, active, and adventurous, they were a race capable of encountering danger, and of overcoming any complication of toil and difficulty. Like mariners wrecked on a desolate shore, without the hope of escape, their first care was, to provide for the wants of existence, and next to improve their settlement. How diligently the work of improving the country was commenced by them, and has since been prosecuted by their successours, its present elevated rank in the scale of nations incontrovertibly proves.

Whatever benefit, moreover, we may, originally, have derived from our intimate connexion with Europe, it seems probable that it was ultimately injurious.

The facility with which it procured us foreign literature, and particularly that of the parent state, so well adapted to our taste and our wants, may be supposed to have repressed the exercise of our own genius, and to have retarded the increase of native productions. The effect, indeed, of such dependence must be, to break the springs of emulation, and to smother the kindling sparks of ambition.

At the revival of letters, we saw its influence clearly manifested. The literary annals of Europe, for a considerable period after that noted event, contain no one work of originality, nor a single new contribution to the stock of human knowledge. This is justly ascribed to the servile veneration entertained for the writings of antiquity. Prompted by their enthusiasm, the literary votaries of the age under review, were penetrating the

recesses of monasteries, where the "literary misers" had secreted, or exploring the ruins where the devastating Goth or Saracen had buried these treasures. There is no trace of an exertion of their own minds, except it be in the study and collation of the works which their industry had redeemed.

But as soon as genius asserted its privileges, and loosened the trammels which had restrained its flight, it soared again into its chosen regions of invention and discovery, and gave to modern literature its brilliant achievements.

These, unquestionably, were the remoter obstructions to American literature. But from the moment we assumed a rank among the independent nations of the earth, their influence was so far reduced by the amelioration, which the country underwent, as to justify the prediction, that we should speedily become as illustrious for our literary proficiency, as we had been previously commended for our extraordinary commercial, and economical success. If we have failed to realize a prospect on which the pride of patriotism delighted to dwell, we are to reproach for the disappointment, our own supineness and neglect. For surely, since the revolution, The United States have possessed many, and might have commanded all the advantages, which the culture of letters exacts.

While Europe has been distracted by external war, or convulsed by internal commotion, by the ruin of its states, and the overthrow of its empires; while its regular governments have been dislocated from their sockets, and even the frame of civil society itself broken and deranged, we, exempt from the ravages of the tempest, have continued our rapid career, with no abatement of prosperity, or interruption to our peace. Seizing the auspicious occasion, "we should have beckoned to our securer shores, the trembling virtues, the patient industries, the curious researches, and the forsaken Muses," and by the graciousness of the reception, "*naturalized*" them among us.

But interwoven with the happy condition that the country has enjoyed, causes are discernable which have depressed the ascendancy of its genius, and dwarfed the growth of its literary renown.

Conspicuously among these, we mean to notice, is, *that want of patronage which leaves in cold neglect, every liberal pursuit.*

We are taught, that letters have alone flourished in those countries, where they have been admired, and their professours honoured and protected. Without such treatment, they may have burst forth in casual brightness but have never shone with the steady lustre which gilds and ennobles the reputation of a people. Homer, and Bacon,* and Shakspeare are not exceptions. They were prodigies whose appearance cannot be reconciled with the usual course, or settled laws of mental development. Their origin was one of those anomalies which sometimes occur, seemingly to mock the regularity, and break the order of Nature's operations; to excite the amazement of the ignorant, and confound the speculations of the learned.

Literary distinction, we maintain, is the result of assiduous care and liberal attention. Though of celestial origin, Genius, if not brought to a benignant soil, and "invigorated with the enlivening beams of encouragement, will wither in the bud, and give its fragrance to the winds."

But in the United States, Literature is niggardly patronized, and slenderly befriended. Government, we need not be told, holds out to its disciples, neither the temptation of honour nor the allurement of pecuniary recompense. Individuals have done as little to promote its interests. No Mæcenas, or Pollio has appeared among us, to animate its course.

Booksellers, who in Europe have often proved its benefactors, are in

* Roger Bacon, who lived in the 10th century; the discoverer of gunpowder, &c.

this country, with some limited exceptions, venal traders, who would rather sap by extortion than support by a liberal interposition, its helplessness.

Literary exertion receives its only encouragement from the publick at large, which is weakened by its diffusion, and shorn of all its grace and efficacy, by the manner of its dispensation.

To supplicate for support;—to beg as a mendicant, the alms of charity, degrades the dignity of letters; and yet, who has ventured to publish a work without the solicitation of subscriptions? In these humiliating applications, the only resource of literature, Genius, instead of being greeted with the smiles of kindness, and the courtesy of benevolence, is often repulsed by the scorn of the irascible, and the insolence of *vulgar* greatness.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

Parke's Chymical Catechism.

Mr. James Humphreys has just published a Chymical Catechism, for the use of young people, with copious notes for the assistance of the teacher; to which are added a vocabulary, useful tables, and a variety of amusing experiments by S. Parkes, Manufacturing Chymist, with the following motto from Fourcroy.

"Tout homme que recoit une education liberale compte aujour d'hui la Chimie, parmi les objets les plus indispensables des ses etudes." This popular introduction to a useful Science is a handsome volume large octavo. In Nicholson's Philosophical Magazine, a work which as a scientifick work holds a high rank among the most esteemed of the journals, we find a very favourable character of this Catechism. The object of this publication, says Mr. Nicholson, is to unfold the Science of Chymistry to *artizans* and *young people*, by way of question and answer. It is written in an elegant and popular manner, and rendered as amusing, as it is instructive. The answers are concise and fitted for the memory, occasionally the subject is dilated and difficulties cleared up by a more ample illucidation, and this is very properly brought forward in the form of notes. The publication of this work is another proof of the care Mr. H. constantly manifests to publish the most *useful* books for the benefit of some of the most active and interesting members of society. Chymistry should compose a part of the education of every youth, designed to be a manufacturer. We are told by high authority that every person who has received a liberal education at this enlightened period justly ranks a knowledge of Chymistry as an indispensable acquirement. It is *absolutely necessary* for the manufacturer, and it is useful and ornamental to a man of letters. To the attainment of the *principles* of Chymistry and a knowledge of some of its most interesting results, all that is requisite while we are in the *portal* of the Science is a brief, intelligible, and elementary treatise rendered attractive by a series of simple yet striking experiments, and making thus Amusement the handmaid of Instruction. This is precisely the character of the volume before us. But let the authour speak for himself. He says the text of his treatise was undertaken without any view to publication, being intended merely for the instruction of an only child. Finding, however, as he proceeded that it would unavoidably attain a larger size than he expected, and conceiving that its catechetical form gave it a simplicity and plainness not usually found in works of this nature, he was led to think of the propriety of publishing it. Other considerations then presented themselves; and from a high opinion of the value of Chymical knowledge, and the vast importance of inspiring a taste for it in early life, he imagined it might not be thought presumptuous, were he to give to the world what had cost him so much trouble to complete, and what he considered to be better calculated to teach the rudiments of the science to

young people than any other book with which he was acquainted. Having endeavoured to give the whole rather an inviting appearance than otherwise even to youth, he presumed that such a performance might prove exceedingly useful in those seminaries where the preceptors have not had leisure or opportunity to study more elaborate treatises, and that it would also enable parents who are not qualified by previous acquirements to instruct their children in the elements of Chymistry, than which there can be nothing more essential in whatever line of life a youth may be destined to move. But a more powerful motive was the desire to exhibit in a popular form, a body of the most incontrovertible evidence of the wisdom and beneficence of the Deity, in the establishment and modification of those laws of matter, which are infinitely and beautifully varied, and whose operation is too delicate to be the object of general notice. For if it could be proved to the satisfaction of youth that matter is subject to a vast variety of laws which escape common observance; and that, in the adjustment of those laws, the most minute attention, if it may be so expressed, has been paid to our convenience and comfort—it was imagined such a detail would tend to make a more indelible impression on the young mind than the display of the same goodness which come under our daily notice and observation.

If, as Tilloch has observed, Chymical research conducts to the knowledge of philosophical truth and forms the mind to philosophical enlargement and accuracy of thought, more happily than almost any other species of investigation in which the human intellect can be employed, then the study of this science cannot be too strongly recommended.

—

Etheridge & Bliss's edition of Doddridge's Family Expositor.

Messrs. Etheridge & Bliss, booksellers at Boston, have published three volumes of that clear, candid and liberal performance of the pious Dr. Doddridge, The Family Expositor; or a Paraphrase and Version of the New Testament; with critical notes and a practical improvement of each section—Containing the History of our Lord Jesus Christ—as recorded by the four Evangelists, disposed in the order of an Harmony. This is the first American from the eighth London edition, is accurately printed from it page for page, and will be comprized in six vols. octavo.

Though the writer of this article is not a member of that sect, of which Dr. D. was one of the brightest ornaments, yet a *Church of England man* may find much in these volumes to admire and approve. Like Dr. Watts, Dr. Doddridge was one of the most Catholick of the Dissenters, and had no disposition to rail at men, like Priestley, or to burn them like Calvin. Our learned, industrious, and accomplished authour has promoted the cause of Christianity. As it is elegantly remarked by his editor, he was beloved and respected by Christians of all denominations; by his own countrymen and by foreigners, by the wealthy and the poor, by the *EPISCOPALIAN and the dissenter, by the mitred dignitary, and the village Curate. Doddridge was an excellent classical scholar. He was not content to read the Gospel with enthusiasm and sensibility, but with *understanding* also. When he scrutinized the sense of Scripture he did not, with the vain-gloriousness and self-sufficiency of a *gifted* visionary, imagine that the light of his understanding was sufficient. He lighted as well as he could, his taper of human reason, but then, to produce a brighter radiance, he brought the torch light of Athens, and the Classick lamps of antiquity.—Prior to his critical disquisitions on theological topicks he studied HOMER with assiduity, and enriched his mind from the treasury of modern and ancient eloquence. Such was "the mildness of his spirit, the fervour of his piety, and the extent of his knowledge, that his works have been translated into most European languages, and have been admired in proportion as they have been read."

* This is indeed a high and honourable distinction.

A work of such a noble nature, the offspring of such a liberal mind, deserves the most generous encouragement. We understand that the publick manifest no penurious spirit on this occasion. Liberality in this instance, as in many others, is generous policy. He who casteth his bread upon the waters will find it again after many days, was the opinion not only of one of the most magnificent of princes, but of one of the wisest of mankind, who in this respect, as well as in many others, may be considered a perfect oracle.

These valuable volumes are enriched with a very interesting Biography, very elaborately written in a spirit of cordial friendship, by Dr. Kippis, one of the respectable editors of the *Biographia Britannica*. The perusal of this narrative will invigorate the mind; for if any stimulus can remove the palsy of indolence, or any spell lay the phantom of procrastination, if any voice can persuade to perseverance or accelerate the pace of industry, it is the distinct enumeration of the literary labours of DODDRIDGE and the account of his economy of time.

—

Messrs. B. B. Hopkins & co. Booksellers of this city, have recently offered to Criticks, Theological Students in particular, and Classical scholars in general, one of the most copious catalogues of rare books and valuable editions ever exhibited in this country.—For particulars we refer every scholar to the covers of The Port Folio

But among this mass of Biblical, Grecian, and Roman literature, we must particularly indicate to learned curiosity the two greater Polyglotts. The first beautifully printed by Plantin, seconded by Cardinal Spinosa, and patronized by Philip II of Spain. The second, the Leipsic edition, with the Latin version of Schmid, and the German version of LUTHER. The Bible of Bertramus of Geneva.

The edition of the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament, printed by Plantin and edited by Montanus.

The Bible of Buxtorf—Wetstein's admirable edition.

Hutter's *wonderful* Polyglott Greek Testament.

Henry Stephens's Greek Testament:

And above all,

Mill's edition of the Greek Testament, published in folio, at OXFORD, at the UNIVERSITY Press, 1707, of which critical and splendid edition, the learned Michaelis thus speaks:

The infancy of criticism ends with the edition of Gregory, and the age of manhood commences with that of Mill. It has, moreover, been justly remarked that this publication is, undoubtedly one of the most magnificent that ever appeared, and the edition of Wetstein excepted, probably the best and most accurate *exemplar* of the sacred text. This distinguished performance was the labour of thirty years, and Mill finished it only fourteen days before his death

In the Prologomena of 168 double columned pages the editor has given a masterly detail of the various editions and versions of the New-Testament, and an accurate account of the relative excellence of the MSS. which he has quoted or referred to These prologomena are pronounced by Harwood to be "a treasure of Sacred criticism;" Michaelis observes, that, notwithstanding those of Wetstein, they still contain a great deal of matter not to be found in his edition, and of the matter, which is common to both, some things are explained more clearly by Mill. The Prologomena are followed by an index of the various MSS. editions, and versions therein mentioned: and an index of the more remarkable passages of scripture explained. The body of the work comprehends about 809 pages; the text is from the third edition of Robert Stephens: this is followed by an appendix of 64 pages to the former notes. The *type is large, clear, and beautiful, impressed on excellent paper;* the various readings and parallel passages amounting to about 30.000 in number, are placed below the text in smaller characters. See Dibdin's Introduction to the Knowledge of rare

and valuable editions of the Greek and Latin Classicks, Polyglott Bibles, and the Greek Septuagent, and Testament.

The works of the more eminent fathers, of St. Basil, the two Gregorys, Ambrose, Eusebius and Irenæus, among which we regret that we cannot perceive the eloquent Homilies of St. Chrysostom.

The Bipont edition of the Greek and Roman classicks, among which without adverting to the authours of the middle age, and the *Scriptores de Re Rustica*, we perceive many of the Greek Philosophers and Historians, and among the Latin, Cicero, Quintilian, Tacitus, Livy, Cæsar, Terence, Celsus, Sallust, the Plinys, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Phædrus, Juvenal, Quintus Curtius, Suetonius, &c.

ALSO

Foulis's folio Greek Homer, magnificent.
Wolfius's do. accurate.
Burman's Anacreon.
The Oxford Xenophon.
The Glasgow Tacitus, &c.

Carey's editions of School and Family Bibles.

Mr. Mathew Carey, Bookseller of this city, has constantly in his press, a very great variety of accurate and elegant editions of the Holy Bible. He has spared neither pains nor expense, to render his copies of the Sacred volume worthy of the publick approbation. Many of the most pious and learned of the clergy, and several eminent lay scholars have borne cheerful testimony to the merit of these editions. The paper, printing, maps, and plates will sustain a rigorous scrutiny, and the copies, in particular for the use of schools and families, are sold at a price sufficiently reasonable. In some of his editions the Apocrypha is retained; in others it is omitted. Some elegant bibles are ornamented with plates, others at a cheaper rate, have none. Here the Scotch Psalms, and there a Concordance and maps are published. In short, the praiseworthy proprietor of this blessed book, has neglected no mechanical means to suit the taste or to meet the finances of every purchaser.

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

Freneau's Poems.

(*Concluded from page* 315.)

Our authour has, in a very desultory manner, rambled from subject to subject, but satire appears to be his favourite one. Here, however, we cannot, in general, praise him. He is far from being elegant in the choice of his language, which is, for the most part, downright railing; and this we do not think sufficiently justified by the examples of the ancient satyrists, the vulgarity of whose expressions affords no favourable ideas of their own manners. His subjects also, which are local, have lost much of their interest; and we are unwilling to recal the recollection of feuds long past. In the phrase of the aborigines, the tomahawk is buried, and we wish not to dig it up. It is the more to be regretted, that Freneau wasted so much of his time in this manner, as he has convinced us that he is capable of better things. As a proof of that kind of satire, which can

"Tickle, while it gently probes the wound."

we select the following lines from The Life of Hugh Gaine, which we are disposed to mention with much encomium.

Now, if I was ever so given to lie,
My dear native country I would not deny;
I know you love Teagues, and I shall not conceal
That I came from the kingdom where Phelim O'Neale
And other brave worthies ate butter and cheese,
And walked in the clover fields up to their knees:
Full early in youth, without basket or burden,
With a staff in my hand, I passed over Jordan,
I remember my comrade was doctor Magraw,
And many strange things on the waters we saw;
Sharks, Dolphins, and sea dogs, bonettas and whales,

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And birds at the tropick with quills in their tails,
And came to your city and government seat,
And found it was true you had something to eat;
When thus I wrote home—" The country is good,
They have plenty of victuals and plenty of wood:
The people are kind, and, whate'er they may think,
I shall make it appear I can swim where they'll sink;
And yet they're so brisk, and so full of good cheer,
By my soul, I suspect they have always new-year,
And therefore conceive *it is good to be here.*"
So said, and so acted—I put up a press,
And printed away with amazing success;
Neglected my person, and look'd like a fright,
Was bother'd all day, and was busy all night,
Saw money come in, as the papers went out,
While Parker and Weyman were driving about,
And cursing, and swearing, and chewing their cuds,
And wishing Hugh Gaine and his press in the suds.
Ned Weyman was printer, you know, to the king,
And thought he had got all the world in a string,
Though riches not always attend on a throne,
So he swore I had found the philosopher's stone,
And call'd me a rogue, and a son of a bitch,
Because I knew better than him to get rich.
To malice like that 'twas in vain to reply—
You had known by his looks he was telling a lie.
Thus life ran away, so smooth and serene—
Ah! these were the happiest days I had seen!
But the saying of Jacob I've found to be true,
" The days of thy servant are evil and few!"
The days that to me were joyous and glad,
Are nothing to those which are dreary and sad!
The feuds of the *Stamp-Act* foreboded foul weather,
And war and vexation all coming together:
Those days were the days of riots and mobs,
Tar, feathers, and tories, and troublesome jobbs—
Priests preaching up war for the *good of our souls*,
And libels, and lying, and Liberty-Poles,
From which, when some whimsical *colours* you wav'd,
We had nothing to do, but look up and be sav'd—
You thought, by *resolving*, to terrify Britain—
Indeed, if you did, you were damnably *bitten*:
Well, as I predicted that matters would be
To the stamp-act succeeded a tax upon *Tea*:
What chest-fulls were scatter'd, and trampled, and drown'd,
And yet the whole tax was but three pence *per* pound!
May the hammer of Death on my noddle descend,
And Satan torment me to time without end,
If this was a reason to fly into quarrels,
And feuds that have ruin'd *our* manners and morals;
A parson himself might have sworn round the compass,
That folks for a trifle should make such a *rumpus*,
Such a rout as to set half the world in a rage,
Make France, Spain, and Holland with Britain engage,
While the Emperour, the Swede, the Russ, and the Dane
All pity JOHN BULL—and run off with his gain.
But this was the season that I must lament—
I first was a whig with an honest intent;
Not a rebel among them talk'd louder or bolder,
With his sword by his side, or his gun on his shoulder;
Yes, I was a whig and a whig from my heart,
But still was unwilling with Britain to part—
I thought to oppose her was foolish and vain,
I thought she would turn and embrace us again,
And make us happy as happy could be,
By renewing the era of mild SIXTY-THREE.
From this very day till the British came in,
We lived, I may say, in the desert of Sin;
Such beating, and bruising, and scratching, and tearing,
Such kicking, and cuffing, and cursing, and swearing;
But when they advanced with their numerous fleet,
And WASHINGTON made his nocturnal retreat,*
And which they permitted, I say, to their shame,
Or else your *New Empire* had been but a name,
We townsmen, like women, of Britons in dread,
Mistrusted their meaning, and foolishly fled.
Like the rest of the dunces, I mounted my steed,
And galloped away, with incredible speed.
To Newark I hastened,—but Trouble and Care
Got up on the crupper, and followed me there!
There I scarcely got fuel to keep myself warm,

* From Long-Island.

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And scarcely found *spirits* to weather the storm:
And was quickly convinced I had little to do,
The Whigs were in arms, and my readers were few,
So, after remaining one cold winter season,
And stuffing my papers with *something like treason*,
And meeting misfortunes and endless disasters,
And forced to submit to a hundred new masters,
I thought it more prudent to hold to the *one*;
And, after repenting of what I had done,
And cursing my folly, and idle pursuits,
Returned to the city, and hung up my boots.
As matters have gone it was plainly a blunder,
But then I expected the Whigs must knock under,
And I always adhere to the sword that is longest,
And stick to the party that 's like to be strongest:
That you have succeeded is merely a chance,
I never once dreamt of the conduct of France—
If alliance with her you were promis'd, at least,
You ought to have showed me your STAR *in the east*,
Not let me go off uninformed as a beast.
When your army I saw without stockings or shoes,
Or victuals,—or money, to pay them their dues,
Excepting your wretched Congressional paper,
That stunk in my nose like the snuff of a taper,
A cart load of which for a dram might be spent all,
That damnable bubble, the *old Continental*,
That took people in at this wonderful crisis,
With its *mottoes* and *emblems*, and cunning *devices*,
Which, bad as it was, you were forced to admire,
And which was, in fact, the pillar of fire,
To which you directed your wandering noses,
Like the Jews in the desert conducted by Moses,
When I saw them attended with famine and fear,
Distress in their front, and Howe in their rear,
When I saw them for debt incessantly dunned,
Nor a shilling to pay them laid up in your fund,
Your ploughs at a stand, and your ships run ashore—
When this was apparent, and, need I say more?
I *handled* my cane, and I *looked* at my hat,
And cried—"God have mercy on armies like that!"
I took up my bottle, disdaining to stay,
And said—"Here's a health to the *Vicar* of *Bray*,"
And cocked up my beaver, and strutted away.

Ashamed of my conduct, I sneaked into town,
Six hours and a quarter the sun had been down,
It was, I remember, a cold frosty night,
And the stars in the firmament glittered as bright
As if, to assume a poetical stile,
Old Vulcan had give them a rub with his file.
'Till this cursed night, I can honestly say,
I ne'er before dreaded the dawn of the day,
Not a wolf or a fox that is caught in a trap,
E'er was so ashamed of his nightly mishap—
I couldn't help thinking what ills might befal me,
What rebels and rascals the British would call me,
And how I might suffer, in credit and purse,
If not in my person, which still had been worse.

Having thus rambled through Freeau's Poems, with a spirit of no illiberal criticism, it may not be amiss to mention our regret at the authour, in several places, giving us cause to censure him for principles, which, in this country, are rarely in union with genius. Providence, while she permits the pest of Jacobinism to range at large among us, has kindly shown her in her foulest colours; she displays no elegance of form, no fascination of manners, no persuasion of eloquence, but rude and deformed, is equally disgusting to the spirit of philosophy and to the eye of taste.

We have mentioned some causes of the little encouragement given to our *bards*; but we confidently look forward to a time not distant, when we may say, in the words of Cicero: *Rudem enim esse omnino in nostris poetis, aut inerissimæ signitiæ est, aut fastidii delicatissimi. Mihi quidem nulli satis eruditi videntur, quibus nostra ignota sunt.*

Should another edition of these poems be published, we recommend, that the 455 closely printed pages of the present one be diminished to less than half that number, by the omissio

of a large part of its contents, and give the following as a table of all that is worthy of preservation.

The Deserted Farm-House
The New-England Sabbath-day-Chace
The Wish of Diogenes
Epitaph on a man killed by a pretended Physician
Humanity and Ingratitude
The Desolate Academy
Advice to a Friend
The Vernal Ague
The Market Girl
The Jug of Rum
The Indian Student
The Oratour of the Woods
On the Sleep of Plants
The Prisoner
Quintilian to Lycidas
The Indian Burying-ground
The Almanack-maker
The Scornful Lady
The Vanity of Human Existence
The Drunkard's Apology
On Tobacco
The Bay Islet
The Man of Ninety
Santa Cruz
On the Death of Captain Biddle, of the Randolph
The Seaman's Invitation
On several of the crew of a certain Ship of War, that happened to have a name similar to those of celebrated foreign Clergymen.
The British Prison Ship as far as we have quoted
Amanda's Complaint
Stanzas addressed to an Old Man
On the Ruins of a Country Inn
The Political Balance, or the fate of Britain and America compared, 1782
Sir Henry Clinton's Invitation to the Refugees
On General Arnold's Departure from America
Prophecy of the Indian King, Tammany
Political Biography; or the Life of H. Gaine
On the Departure of the British forces from Charleston
On General Washington's retirement from publick life, after having, with a patriotick army, established the Independence of The United States of America
The Triumphal Arch, occasioned by rejoicings in Philadelphia on the acknowledgment of the National Independence
Pewter-Platter Alley, in Philadelphia
The Hurricane
On the New-Years' Festival
On the Vicissitudes of Things
Devastations in a Bookseller's Library
Sketches of North American History
To Lydia, a young Quaker Lady
Log-town Tavern
Hatteras
The Newsmonger
The Wintry Prospect
The Invalid
The Drunken Soldier
Carribeana
An Authour, on Authourship
Slender's Journey
The Wanderer
St. Catharine's Island
Marcella in a consumption
Addressed to a Deceased Dog
To the Memory of a Lady
To a Dog, occasioned, &c.
To Clarissa, a handsome shop-keeper
To Cynthia
Balloons
To Cynthia
Federal-Hall
Neversink, or the Heights near Sandy-Hook
To Zoilus, a severe Critick
To Cracovius Putridus
To My Lord Snake, a title hunter
To Misfortune
Epistle supposed to be written by Dr. Franklin, deceased, in answer to certain silly effusions of poetical panegyrists
The Country Printer
To Mr. Churchman, on the failure of his Petition, &c.
The Pyramid of the Fifteen American States

Fontenelle, at the age of 97, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her, without perceiving her, in order to place himself at table—"See," said Madame Helvetius, "how I ought to value your gallantries, you pass before me without looking at me." "Madame," said the old man, "*If I had looked at you, I could not have passed.*

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, December 5, 1807.* [No. 23.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. 9.

——Bellum quoque sæpe solebat
Spectare, equé illâ rigidi certamina Martis.

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.

ALTHOUGH in all the planets, I was enabled, by the peculiarity of my earthly education,* to comprehend the language used, yet nowhere was it so perfectly intelligible to me, as in the world where I now arrived. No tedious circumlocutions were employed to express and obscure the simple idea, as it originated in the mind, but it found an easy channel through the exclamations and interjections that appeared to compose the whole extent of language. One word is equal to a hundred, if uttered with due emphasis, and accompanied with proper expression and animation of countenance; and the enlightened residents of Mars are endowed with powers of pronunciation, that our earth-born fancies cannot possibly conceive. What volumes of Rhetorick, then, would they not have preserved, were it not that they are so eternally employed in speaking, as to deprive them of leisure to meditate or write! Such were my first impressions; I found afterwards that I was somewhat mistaken.

My introduction was rather inauspicious. Observing several persons engaged warmly in conversation, and expressing themselves most audibly, I ventured to approach, from motives of innocent curiosity, when they gazed furiously upon me, and uttered expressions of violence, impressing me with the ideas of every opprobrious epithet that can be imagined. I very humbly began to apologize for my intrusion, but each one seemed to gain, from my humility, new ardour and anxiety to inflict a chastisement, for what I supposed, at most, a venial fault. The very extravagance of their rage, however, preserved me from in-

* If my friend means that he was taught language in *Nature's Method*, his assertion must prove ruinous to the late ingenious philosopher, who supposes himself to be the first that discovered the art. The dark treatises of Condorcet and Locke could not possibly have effected the purpose; and the recent monument of madness, on the subject, did not illumine the world until long after the education of my friend was finished. "*Tantæ componere lites!*"

jury; for their ire was soon aroused against one another, for interfering with that which each conceived his privilege, exclusively to perform. They all produced weapons, terrible in appearance, and, seemingly, horrid in their potency: their countenances blazed with fury, and their eyes shed streams of fire. With these appearances of destructive anger, they approached one another, leaving me a cool spectator of their conduct. All the weapons were struck together at the same moment, when a smoke was emitted, and each intrepid champion marched in triumph from the bloodless field.† After witnessing this encounter, so furious, yet so little fatal, I felt some reluctance at addressing others that I met, apprehensive of similar treatment, and wandered along shunning too near an approach of the numerous heroes that surrounded me.

I saw many battles similar to that I have described, and always observed, that the noisiest and most ardent in quarrel were they whose vehemence soonest abated on the approach of danger.‡ Satiated, at length, with the repetion of these occurrences, I began to wish for some person with whom I might converse and from whom I might receive information with respect to the curious scenes passing before my view. On a sudden, the fierceness that a moment before had glowed so terribly on the brow of every one, subsided into the meekest lenity; a pallor usurped the place of the fiery redness of the cheeks, and trembling weakness agitated their Herculean limbs. An electrick shock could not have operated more instantaneously, or with greater effect. Every energy seemed paralyzed, and sufficient exertion only remained to enable them to steal into obscurity, and conceal themselves in the first hiding-places they could find.

The cause of this miraculous transition appeared. It was a soldier of majestick mien, and manly countenance. His face exhibited the finest combination of mildness and severity; of intelligence and modesty; of determined resolution, and graceful affability. His person was formed for dignity and ease. He seemed unconscious of the effects of his presence upon the minions that fled at his approach, yet pity and contempt were faintly marked in his features. I felt a reverence and love that convinced me I need fear no insult, and I addressed him with confidence. He received me with elegant cordiality; he perceived that I was a stranger, and declared that to be a passport to his heart. I was at ease in a moment: the feelings occasioned by my former treatment were instantly dispelled, and affection was engendered with admiration. My inquiries were freely made and as freely answered. The difference so conspicuous between himself and his fellow beings, the nature of their existence, their government, and their employments were objects of my anxious curiosity. All were thus explained:

"The subjects of our monarch, whose sway is absolute, are divided into two great classes, perfectly distinct, and separate from each other. They whom you first beheld, constitute one division, to the other I have the happiness to belong. Our employment is war, and war is perpetually maintained among the different nations that dwell on the globe. Those who are devoted to this pursuit are actuated by a principle of the purest, noblest, and most

† There are many of these captain Parolles, or Bobadils, in society; but the Bobadils of a certain administration are the most conspicuous in *this* world. Perhaps, in the plenitude of their sagacity, they deem it just and wise to fright their adversaries with threats they never mean to execute.

Utilius bellum putat esse minari,
Quam gerere; atque suas ipse præconsumere vires.

‡ Such are they who, as Mercutio says, "would quarrel with a man for having a hair more or less in his beard; or for cracking nuts, because they have hazle-eyes; or for coughing in the street so as to awake their dog; who are as full of quarrel as an egg is of meat, and yet have been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling."

animating kind; a principle that enables us to glory in the loss of liberty, or life, when demanded by our country, because it will forever enliven the laurel that adorns our tombs; a principle, whose undeviating observance prevents the necessity of using our swords against each other, and directs them only to the general foe.§ This ruling deity is HONOUR; from its precepts we never swerve, its laws we never disobey. As its consequences, it produces fidelity and virtue, firmness in action, urbanity in deportment, and integrity in trust. Faithful to our duty, we boast not of our deeds; for, if truly brilliant, no obscurity can conceal, no darkness hide them long; and if at first covered by malice, or envy, they will, at length, shine forth with the greater splendour. Honour is our incentive, and fame our bright reward.‖ The hope of living forever in the remembrance of posterity, sooths the bitterest tortures, and alleviates every care. You have seen, 'tis true, different characters. The wretches you just now beheld are inferiour beings, whom the luxuriant soil has thrown up from its corrupted bed. Like vapours, they rise up to fright the hour of darkness, and, like vapours, vanish at the approach of day. Possessed of no feelings, and capable of no good actions, they flutter, for a moment, in the sunshine, boast, frown, and menace, then sink into the ground and putrify, until a genial warmth revivifies them to curse the world again. They sometimes disguise themselves in borrowed robes, and, by concealing their real character, obtain appointments worthy of different objects, but soon as danger, or death appears in view, their trappings fall away, and they crumble into their native dust."

I expressed my surprize that among nations composed of such beings as himself, and his associates, wars should exist at all, when so correct was their demeanour as to preclude the necessity of hostility, and to preserve eternal harmony and peace. 'If,' said he, 'we were all such, the cause of your wonder would exist no more. But unfortunately, they compose but a small proportion, compared with the myriads who differ from them. Injuries are committed, and insults given by the weak, the vitious, and the timid, who leave the toils and dangers of war to those with whom it did not originate. Besides, long and uninterrupted custom has enabled us to brave its fury with serenity, and smile, with conscious purity, on its ravages, convinced that we caused them not. Our nature is so constituted, that we must die in battle; we have, therefore, every incentive to surround our fall with the splendid light of glory. You may, if you please, soon witness a contest, in which thousands will pass serenely through the iron gates of death; but if you do remain, you must share their fate.' I could not but adore this hero; he was more than mortal. But as the loss of my discoveries would be too serious to the world, I felt obliged, however reluctantly, to bid him and his fellow-champions adieu.

§ "From the time of Henry IV's coming to the throne of France, to the year 1607," says the Duc de Sully, "4000 French gentlemen were killed in duels." Voltaire, in his *Siecle de Louis XIV*, observes, that for twenty years after the reign of Francis I, although ten of them were years of war, yet more gentlemen fell in duels than in publick combat. One of the most remarkable of these battles was that between the Duc de Beaufort, and the Duc de Nemours. Each brought four friends to the field, who fought at the same time with their principals. The combat proved fatal to the Duc de Nemours, and his second, the Marquis de Villars, killed his adversary, Hericourt, whom he had never seen before; and against whom, of course, he could have entertained no enmity. The French are a people, "*nonnunquam sine Marte.*"

‖ Among the stars, as well as on earth, honour resides chiefly in monarchies. Montesquieu was right in asserting that it was the spirit of such a government. It is not, by any means, *procul dubio*, that he had correct ideas of the spirit of a democracy; if he had lived in this enlightened nineteenth century, he would have found it to be—economy, or if I may say so without a solecism,—pusillanimity.

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For The Port Folio.

AN EXAMINATION

Of the causes that have retarded the progress of literature in The United States.

(*Continued from page* 346.)

It is not difficult to account for the slight regard shown to literature in the United States. Notoriously, the characteristick spirit of our people is commercial, and wherever it predominates, pursuits, not auxiliary to its purposes, are in low estimation. The soul, engaged in the acquisition of money is narrowed to the exclusion of every other impulse.

"Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus."

Avarice, is one of those dominant passions, which eradicates, at once, generous feeling, and noble sentiment. It is the *Bohun Upas* of the mind, which suffers no intellectual vegetation within its noxious sphere.

In such a state of society, property becomes the criterion of eminence, and the means of power. Those, who might be enlisted into the service of the muses, and who would not disgrace it, are in consequence diverted into the path only which leads to consideration; and, literature, derelict, and forlorn, is consigned with her kindred arts, to loneliness and insignificance; to pine neglected and despised.

The violence of our political dissensions may contribute to the same effect. The contests of parties, if duly restrained, arouse, undoubtedly, mental activity, and are not altogether hostile to letters. But when pushed to an intemperate extreme, the publick attention is estranged from the tranquil haunts of learning, and its mild delights, to the pending scenes of tumultuous excitement.

These acrimonious divisions are no less mischievous, by destroying the harmony which ought to subsist among literary men. With common views, they should establish a confederacy to promote them. But, in the season of political contention, they are often led into the field, arrayed under opposite banners, to war against their mutual interests. In such conflicts, talents are, at least, lent to the temporary and immaterial concerns of party, which otherwise might be employed in enterprises of general utility, and extensive duration. They occasion prejudices also, rancorous and illiberal, which, deceiving judgment, induce an uncandid estimate of literary merit, and a partial and capricious appropriation of its honours and emoluments.

The tribunals of criticism becoming corrupted, its decisions are no longer respected, and literature degenerates, and runs in a feeble and turbid stream.

Connected with that want of patronage, which we have deplored, and perhaps arising out of it, are our *defective schemes of education.* Few will deny that it is rare to meet, even among our most leading characters, with the extent and profundity of erudition, or those literary accomplishments incident to the scholars of Europe. The causes of our inferiority cannot be mistaken. Confessedly, the system of education adopted in every seminary of the country is superficial, and the space allowed for its completion improperly limited. From it, some branches of knowledge which are essential to a liberal education are entirely excluded, and even those retained, are not thoroughly taught. Thus, in many of the colleges, the physical sciences, the least dubious sources of intellectual opulence are neglected, and in no one, is Classical learning adequately appreciated or studied. Through the prescribed course of instruction, the Student is carried with such precipitation, that he catches in his hurried progress but a glimpse of the surface, and leaves untouched what, lying deep and hidden can only be gained by patient research, and long continued application.

To the neglect of Classical learning, we are disposed, especially, to attribute the depravity of style, which, too often taints not less the oral, than the written productions of the country. Eloquence, we have before remarked, has found a congenial soil in the United States. In vigour of reasoning

originality of thought, or boldness of ornament, the publick speaking of our country, has never been excelled. But when we come critically to analyze it, and to try it, by a standard severe and accurate, we shall see its diction turgid and redundant, without the delicate embellishments of a correct taste, or the polish of an exquisite finish. With as much force, these strictures apply to our written compositions. Though bearing sometimes proofs of genius, rich and luxuriant, they are clothed, for the most part, with a drapery of uncouth deformity and wild licentiousness.

We shall not stop here, to vindicate at length, the utility of classical learning. It has indeed been sufficiently confirmed by the experience of ages, and by the sanction of indisputable authority. Was it not the recovery of the Classicks, which dispelled the dominion of ignorance and barbarism, and introduced the reign of civility and manners into Europe?

Have we heard of Classical literature being contemned or repudiated in those schools, where the human mind has been most highly improved?—Who, of those illustrious men that have widened the horizon of knowledge, and raised an unperishable monument of literary glory, has denied its importance, or refused to cultivate it. All, on the contrary, have united to declare, that the writings of Greece and Rome, which have descended to us, contain the soundest canons of criticism, and the most perfect models of taste; and have done equal homage to their influence in chastening the productions of the moderns.

To the puny objections which have been urged against Classical learning, we mean not to reply. Unanimity is not to be expected on any subject—There will always exist some Thersites to cavil, and Zoilus to censure. But, these invectives have more commonly come from flimsy sciolists, who like an Atilla, or an Omar, would invade the districts of refinement, destroy with deadly hate the accumulated lore of antiquity, and overwhelm all that is great and beautiful in literature.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

REMARKS ON THE EPOPŒA.

Mr. Oldschool, if the following remarks be found to be neither *too strange* nor *too unaccountable*—your giving them a place in The Port Folio, may amuse some, and excite the inquiry of others of your readers.

If the object and end of all Poetry be to please and to instruct, and if the Epick, which is of the highest kind, be particularly established on that basis, it becomes a matter of not idle speculation or useless inquiry to examine *how* we are instructed, and *why* we are pleased by the distinguished writings, which claim our attention in this way.

The ordinary and proper business of Epick Poetry, is to extend our ideas of human perfection, or as the criticks express it, to excite admiration. In order to do this in any tolerable degree, characters must be magnified, and accommodated, rather to our notions of heroick greatness than to the real state of human nature; hence the use of fiction: for if admiration is to be excited by setting before us images of whatever is great and noble in the human character, it is necessary, for this purpose, that the Poet should give his heroes, not only all those intrinsick qualities which make men admired, but that he should magnify them likewise by a skilful management of outward circumstances.

We do not form our notions of persons or things, from their real qualities only; circumstances of a foreign nature, and merely accessory have as great an influence as *these* in determining our approbation and dislike. This would show the importance of mythology to Epick Poetry, for nothing can render a person of greater consequence in the eye of the world than the opinion that superiour powers regard him with a peculiar degree of attention, and are much interested in all that relates to him. Of persons thus considered as the favourites of Heaven, or as ch sen for the accomplishment of its i

portant purposes, poets may say such great things, and represent as performing such high exploits as would appear ridiculous if represented in the character of real history. This argument in favour of poetical mythology, with another which might be taken from the advantage it has in point of ornament, and a third from its use in allegory, have determined almost all the Epick writers to allow it a place in their compositions, and it is to the manner in which this poetical license has been used that the following observations will apply.

The personification of the Divine attributes, by making subordinate duties of them, to direct human actions, and to produce physical effects is an invention for which we are indebted to Homer: and it may be questioned whether any invention, which the efforts of human genius, in succeeding ages has produced in this way, has ever equalled it. We do not say that Homer made the best use of his own invention, or it may be, that we do not understand his Theology, for it *seems* to be a texture of Fables, which represent the Divine nature under images, by no means proper to make it beloved and revered.—But that his Mythology can be used in a way prefectly consistent with the sublimest morality, and to the purpose of high poetical ornament and use, has been made apparent by the excellent Archbishop of Cambray, in his Adventures of Telemachus.

But the object of the present remarks is to endeavour to show that the *true* GOD should never be introduced in the machinery of the Epick Poem. Horace has already said

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit.

And if these gods should never be made to appear but on the most important occasions, who are only the personification of the attributes of wisdom, fortitude, &c. and these again the creatures of human intellect, surely it may with propriety be affirmed that the Supreme Being should not on any occasion be made an agent or interlocutor in such representations—for the imagination being a faculty that apprehends nothing in the way of character that is not human, and according to the analogy of that nature of which we ourselves are conscious, so, to represent the Deity in this manner and contrive for him a method of acting and particular sentiments must deserve another epithet than Reverence or Piety.—If the Mahometan Caliph who was requested to decide whether the Alexandrian Library should be preserved or not, said that if the books there, contained *only* what accorded with the *Doctrines* of the *Koran*, they were superfluous; and if they contained any thing contrary thereto they were obnoxious, and therefore ought to be destroyed. Surely it may with great propriety be said, that when the Supreme Being has condescended to accommodate himself to the capacities of weak and ignorant mortals, by a revelation of his will, it must be more than superfluous to attempt to add to that Revelation, and presume to do that for him which he only has a right to do for himself.

It will, no doubt, be observed, that against this reasoning there can be produced the authority of great literary characters; Milton, Klopstock, and Cumberland, in their respective Epick Poems of Paradise Lost, Messiah and Calvary, have adopted the plan, which is here arraigned, and that it looks much like temerity or vanity, to challenge the propriety of that which has received such general approbation. To this we answer that we consider the Paradise Lost of Milton, as the greatest effort of human genius, and the most sublime of all sacred Poems. Its beauties are above our praise, and we have been accustomed to approach them with an admiration almost bordering on idolatry, but let not the faults of the authour, be thrown into the shade, for the purpose of enhancing the lustre of his genius, when thrown into competition with a more unexceptionable model.—He wants no such injudicious aid, nor would the negative praise of avoiding his blemishes, constitute a fund of merit, to those whose genius and ambition may lead them to emulate his inventive powers, though they may successfully avoid his errours. We cannot but regret the representation of the Supreme

Being, as discussing the subtleties of School Divinity, whether it be after the manner of Thomas Aquinas, as in the 3d book, or as endeavouring to settle the difference between Calvin and Arminius, afterwards. These disquisitions, though excellent in themselves are improper, if not impious, when made to proceed from the Deity, as if the narrowness of human prejudice could furnish a *dictum* for the Divine nature. If the introduction of the Deity became requisite from the design of the poem, his conduct and sentiments should have had their prescript from Scripture solely, and not from commentators. With little less reluctance, do we undertake to find fault with Mr. Cumberland, to whom the literary world are so much indebted.

We would cheerfully join in the praise bestowed by two criticks of high authority, Dr. Drake and the authour of the Pursuits of Literature, who both concur in assigning him a very distinguished rank both for his talents and literary attainments. Of his various works the late Epick Poem of Calvary is not the least distinguished. The first mentioned critick says, that "it is inbued with the genuine spirit of Milton, and therefore destined most probably to immortality, the sentiments (says he) of the superhuman agents are replete with Miltonick vigour and sumblimity, but there is something very dreadful, and we trust something very much misapprehended in dwelling upon the idea of *eternal torments*; in teaching that far the greater part of the human race will liquify in fire through everlasting ages. In the 7th book, myriads of miserable beings are represented as plunged into perpetual and unmitigated flames,

——"that sparkling blaz'd
"Up to the iron roof, &c.
"*Who for mercy call,*
"*Age after age implored and still deny'd.*"

And here, as if the Deity must act according to the narrowness of human conception, or to the dogmas which *school divinity* inculcates, "Our Saviour at the sight of these agonizing wretches is described as drawing from his soul

"A sigh of natural pity as from man
"To man, although in merited distress,

But this it seems, was a transient sensation—for soon:

"His human sympathy gave place,
"To judgment better weigh'd—and riper thoughts,
"*Congenial with the God-head.*"

"From conceptions such as these the soul shrinks back with horrour—incredulity alone can sooth the pain it suffers; for that sin and torture should be eternal, can neither accord with the justice or mercy of the Deity; and that a Being so loving to mankind, so melting soft to pity as our Saviour is always *represented in Scripture*, should, in his Divine nature, throw off every particle of compassion, would appear to many and devout Christians, and who seek out their Salvation with fear and trembling, to convert the God they should adore and love, (by this representation) into a perfect Demon.—Fortunately (he adds) an opinion so repulsive is neither accordant with reason nor our Religion,"—and then undertakes to subvert the foundation on which such a sentiment is raised. It is more than metaphorically true, that Death is the offspring of sin: and though Milton's Allegory of Sin and Death, as well as his Metaphysicks, and abstruse Theology may not have their proper place in an Epick Poem, yet are they in themselves relatively of distinguished excellence. Cumberland however, in consonance to the above received opinion, is obliged to consider death rather as the symbolical power that preys upon mortality, than the symbol of future punishment. He seemed to have forgot that the Apostle had said that "the wages of Sin is Death" as opposed to the reward of "Eternal Life" (immediately subjoined) to those not under its influence.

But the same authority says, that "*Death* the last enemy shall be destroyed."—If so, Sin must be destroyed, and then is misery not eternal. Indeed, we might well suppose, that the Deity, whose every dispensation, both in Nature and Revelation seems directed to effectuate the happiness of the subjects of his moral government, will find a way to destroy si

and save the sinner ;—for he has said that "sin is the thing that he hates ;" and that "he wills that all men should be saved," &c.

But should this adversary finally frustrate the purpose of his mercy, by holding in eternal and irremeable misery the far greater part of the human species, then may *Calvary* become a dirge, or funeral ditty to *Paradise Lost*, and elegies of lamentation be sung, instead of hosannas for Paradise Regained.

How much more consolatory is it to view the truths of religion when dressed in another garb, and when we can have as much confidence in the commentator. The late celebrated Cowper, who for learning, genius, and piety, was inferiour to few, after accompanying the prophecy of inspiration into the vista of futurity, where impiety and dissension are viewed as giving place to universal righteousness and peace, adds,

"Thus heavenward all things tend for; all were once
Perfect; and *all must be at length restored*—
So God has greatly purposed, who would else
In his dishonoured works, himself endure
Dishonour, and be wronged, without redress.

TASK b. 6.

If our readers are now prepared to charge us with leaving our subject for Theological disquisition, we will resume more particularly the consideration of the machinery of the Epopœa. In the first part of our observations, we admitted the usefulness, in a considerable degree, of a Poetical Mythology to the successful management of an Epick Poem; although Lord Kaimes and others argue differently—and although some attempts have been made in the Epopœa to leave it out. We have also endeavoured to deny the propriety of introducing *the true God*, into this machinery, either as an actor, or interlocutor; because it seems impossible to confine imputed speeches of this kind within the prescript of Revelation,—and for actions suitable, human nature is inadequate to judge.

To this opinion, we may, probably, not have many adherents, as it may not have become much a subject of consideration. We have, however, one good authority—the famous Boileau, who in speaking on the same subject, comprehends the substance of it in two lines :—

"Et fabuleux Chrêtiens, n'allons point, dans nos songes,
Du Dieu de Vérité, faire un Dieu des mensonges.

Whether the nations of the East have had a Poetical Mythology, detached from the Zindavista, the Shaster, and Koran, or deduced from their respective systems of religion, or indeed, whether any of their poets attempted the regular Epick, we know not, having only seen some of their Lyrick effusions, &c., as translated by Sir William Jones and others, from the Persick and Arabick.

The nations of Northern Europe had their respective systems of Mythology. Tradition it would appear furnished the Gothick Scalds of Scandinavia, and the Celtick bards of ancient Caledonia, with materials of Mythology suitable for the purposes of the Epopœa, as appears by the Edda, and by the Poems of Ossian. The Welch also had their respective creed in preternatural agency. Indeed, various are the kinds of belief in the power of supernatural agents: yet it is to be hoped, that however useful this kind of machinery may be to the conduct of the Epick Poem, none will be found to favour the introduction of that which may extenuate our exalted ideas of the truths of our Religion and reverence of the Deity.

QUIDAM.

For The Port Folio.

AN INDIAN PLAGIARIST.

The following anecdote has run its merry round through most of the newspapers, and has been acknowledged with vast applause, as a new and splendid proof of *Savage* sagacity and genius. It seems to be the mode of late, so nobly jealous are we of our country's honour, to consider an Indian and an American with an equal

eye, and to boast of the talents of a Wabash with as loud a tone of vaunting as the Bostonians, ever employed in recounting the glories of the fifth of March, or the fourth of July. In publick and private, we have expressed all our scorn for Indian pretensions, and Indian principles. The luxury of Literature, the highest polish of civilized life, and not the torpid existence of a bear, are the objects of our admiration. Shakspeare, describing the travels of a *Gentleman*, remarks, with great propriety, that he will hear *sweet discourse*, and CONVERSE WITH NOBLEMEN. This should be the ambition of a Cavalier, and not to listen to the owls and war-whoop of a Western Wilderness. An Indian is a *natural brute beast*. He has not so much sensibility as the wolf he kills. He is neither an oratour, nor a poet, nor a musician. Between him and the bear that growls through the forest, there is a perfect resemblance. Like him, for half the season he is torpid, and like him, he presents every image of dulness, ruggedness, and ferocity. Let us strive to imitate OXFORD SCHOLARS and accomplished courtiers, and babble no more about Cherokees. Let *Corn-planter* remain involved in the smoke of his wigwam. Let *Red Jacket* drink in peace his rum from *New* England and *Little Billy* sleep in the woods undisturbed; but, for God's sake, my dear American brethren, whether ye be red or white; whether ye make foolish speeches at a town-meeting, or hold a *lengthy* talk at a council fire, do not ostentatiously boast of barbarism, nor plume yourselves upon stupidity.

As, ever since the frugal days of Dr. Franklin, of original memory, it is fashionable to *avail ourselves*, as it is genteelly expressed, of all the light we can obtain from Europe, the sagacious Indian who makes such a glorious figure in the subsequent paragraph, and whose profound intelligence and "accuracy of observation" are themes of admiration among his *white brethren of the East*, is likewise condescending enough to *borrow* a little wisdom. As we were diverting our melancholy, the other day, with the delightful romances of Voltaire we found the following passage in the Oriental tale of Zadig. We have copied the original, *verbatim* and followed it up with a faithful version. In this interesting story, as in a mirrour, may be discerned the shadows of "the little old man," with his appendix "the short gun," not forgetting "the small dog," with the very natural conclusion of a "bobtail."

Thus far in sport, but we cannot terminate this article without expressing the utmost contempt for that depraved taste which can relish a composition of this sort.

The polite reader will be edified by the style of our Indian Sage, and he will naturally compare it with the poignant and polished sentences of the French wit. The parallel will completely justify our theory, and demonstrate its correctness. The *Indian* paragraph, though not *artless*, is rude as the rocks of Scandinavia. The passage from Zadig is full of the glory of Invention, and the brightness of Genius; it is embellished by Taste, and consummated by Art. It is the style of Refinement and Civility.

It would be a pity, says the Editor of some *Vermont* Journal not to preserve the following Anecdote, which displays so much of that accuracy of observation which is known to be one of the characteristicks of our red brethren of the West.

An Indian, upon his return home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking his observations upon the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. After going some distance, he met some persons of whom he inquired, if they had not seen a *little old white man*, with a *short gun*, and accompanied by a *small dog* with a *bobtail?* They replied in the affirmative, and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a person whom it appeared he had not seen. "The thief, I know, is a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height *I* hung it standing on the ground;—that he is an old man I know by his *short* steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a *white* man I know by his turning of

his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be *short*, by the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree against which it had leaned; that his dog is *small*, I know by his tracks; and that he has a *bobtail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

From Zadig.

Il se retira dans un maison de campagne sur les bords de l'Euphrate. Là il ne s'occupait pas à calculer combien de pouces d'eau coulaient en une seconde, sous les arches d'un pont, ou s'il tombait une ligne cube de pluie, dans le mois de la souris, plus que dans le mois du mouton. Il n'imaginait point de faire de la soie avec des toiles d'araignée, ni de la porcelaine avec des bouteilles cassées; mais il étudia sur tout les propriétés des animaux, et des plants; et il acquit bientôt une sagacité, qui lui découvrait mille différences, où les autres hommes ne voient rien que d'uniforme.

Un jour, se promenant auprès d'un petit bois, il vit accourir à lui un eunuque de la Rèine, suivi de plusieurs officièrs, qui parassaient dans la plus grand inquiétude, et qui couraient çà et là, commes des hommes égarés, qui cherchent ce qu'ils ont perdu de plus précieux. "Jeune homme," lui dit le Premier Eunuque, "n'avez vous point vu le chien de la Rèine?" Zadig repondit modestement; "C'est une chienne, et non pas un chien." "Vous avez raison," reprit le Premier Eunuque—"C'est une épagneule très petite," ajouta Zadig; "elle a fait depuis peu, des chiens; elle boite du pièd gauche de devant; et elle a les oreilles très longues."—"Vous l'avez donc vue?" dit le Premier Eunuque, tout essoufflé,—"Non," repondit Zadig, "Je ne l'ai jamais su si la Rèine avait une chienne.

Précisément dans le même temps, par une bizarrèrie de la Fortune, le plus beau cheval de l'écurie du roi s'était échappé des mains d'un palefrenier dans les plaines de Babylone. Le Grand Veneur, et tout les autres officièrs couraient après lui, avec autant d'inquiètude que le Premier Eunuque après la chienne. Le Grand Veneur s'addressa à Zadig, et lui demanda s'il n'avait point vu le cheval du Roi. "C'est," repondit Zadig, "le cheval qui galoppe mieux; il a cinque pièds de haut, le sabot fort petit; il port une queue de trois pièds et demi de long; les bossettes de son mors sont d'or à vingts trois carats; ses fers sont d'argent à onze deniers."—"Quel chemin a-t-il pris? oú est il?" "Je ne l'ai point vu," repondit Zadig, "et je n'en ai jaimais entendu parler."

Le Grand Veneur et le Premier Eunuque ne doutèrent pas, que Zadig n'eût volé le cheval du Roi, et la chienne de la Rèine; ils firent conduire devant l'assemblée du Grand Desterham, qui le condamna au knout, et à passer la reste de ses jours en Sibèrie. A peine le jugement, fut il rendu qu'on retrouva le cheval et la chienne. Les Juges furent dans la douloureuse nécessité de reformer leur arrêt; mais ils condamnèrent Zadig à payer quatre cents onces d'or, pour avoir dit qu'il n'avoit point vu ce qui'l avait vu; il fallut d'abord payer cette amende, après quoi, il fut permis à Zadig de plaider sa cause au conseil du Grand Desterham; il parla en ces termes:

"Étoiles de Justice, abymes de Science, miroirs de Vérité, qui avez le pesanteur de plomb, la dureté de fer, l'éclat du diamant, et beaucoup d'affinité avec l'or, puisqu'il m'est permis de parler devant cette auguste assemblée, je vous jure par Orasmade, que je n'ai jamais vu la chienne respectable de la Rèine, ni le cheval sacrè du Roi des rois. Voici ce qui m'est arrivé: je me promenais vers le petit bois, où j'ai rencontré depuis le vénérable Eunuque, et le très illustre Grand Veneur. J'ai vu sur la sable, les traces d'un animal, et j'ai jugè aisément que c'étaient celles d'un petit chien. Des sillons legères et longs imprimés sur de petits emiuences de sable, entre les traces des pattes, m'ont fait connaitre que c'était une chienne, dont les mamelles étaient pendantes, et qu'ainsi elle avait fait des petits il y a peu de jours. D'autres traces, en un sens difièrent, qui parassaient toujours avoir rasé la surface du sable à côté des pattes de devant, m'ont appris qu'elle avait les oreilles très longues; et comme j'ai remarqué que le sable était toujours moins creusé par une patte, que par les trois autres, j'ai compris qui la chienne de notre auguste Rèine était un peu boiteuse, si je l'ose dire.

A l'egard du cheval du Roi des rois, vous saurez que, me promenant dans les routes de ce bois, j'ai apperçu les marques des fers d'un cheval: elles etaient toutes à égales distances. Voilà, ai-je dit, un cheval qui à un galop parfait. La poussière des arbres, dans un route étroite, qui n'a sept pièds de large, etait un peu enlevée à droite et á gauche, à trois pièds et demi du milieu de la route. Ce cheval, ai-je dit, a une queue de trois pièds et demi, qui par ses mouvements de droite, et de gauche, a balayé cette poussière. J'ai vu sous les arbres qui formaient un berceau de cinque pièds de haut, les feuilles des branches nouvellement tombées; et j'ai connu que le cheval y avait touché, et qu'ainsi il avait cinque pieds de haut. Quant à son mors, il doit être d'or à vingt trois carats, car il en a frotté les bossettes contre une pièrre, que j'ai reconnue être une pièrre de touche, et dont je fais l'essai. J'ai jugé enfin par les marques que ses fers ont laissées sur des cailloux d'une autre espèce, qu'il était ferré d'argent à onze deniers de fin. Tous les Juges admirèrent le profond et subtil discernèment de Zadig, &c.

Translation.

He retired to a villa on the banks of the Euphrates. He did not employ himself in computing how many inches of water flow in a second, under the arches of a bridge, or whether there fell a cube line of rain in the month of the mouse more than in the month of the sheep. He never dreamed of making silk of cobwebs, or porcelain of broken bottles; but he chiefly studied the properties of plants and animals; and soon acquired a sagacity that made him discover a thousand differences, where vulgar mortals see nothing but uniformity.

One day as he was walking near a coppice he saw one of the Queen's eunuchs running towards him, followed by several officers, who appeared to be in great perplexity and who ran to and fro, like men distracted, eagerly searching for something they had lost of great value. Young man, said the first eunuch, hast thou seen the Queen's dog. It is a bitch, replied Zadig with great modesty, and not a dog. Thou art in the right, returned the first eunuch. It is a very small she Spaniel, she has lately whelped; she limps on the left fore foot, and has very long ears. Thou hast seen her? said the first Eunuch, quite out of breath. "No," replied Zadig, "I have not seen her, nor did I so much as know that the Queen had a *bitch*.

Exactly at the same time, by one of the common freaks of Fortune, the finest horse in the King's stable had escaped from the jockey on the plains of Babylon. The principal Huntsman and all the other officers ran after him with as much eagerness and anxiety as the First Eunuch had done after the bitch. The principal Huntsman addressed himself to Zadig, and asked him if he had not seen the King's horse passing by. "He is the fleetest horse in the King's stable," replied Zadig, "he is five feet high, with very small hoofs, and a tail three feet and a half in length; the studs on his bit are gold of twenty-three carats, and his shoes are silver of eleven penny weights" "What way did he take? where is he?" demanded the chief Huntsman." "I have not seen him," replied Zadig, "and never heard talk of him before."

The principal Huntsman and the First Eunuch never doubted but that Zadig had stolen the King's horse and the Queen's bitch. They, therefore, had him conducted before the assembly of the Grand Desterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to spend the rest of his days in Siberia. Hardly was the sentence passed when both the horse and the bitch were found. The Judges were under the disagreeable necessity of reversing the sentence; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. This fine he was obliged to pay, after which he was permitted to plead his cause before the counsel of the Grand Desterham, when he spoke to the following effect:

Ye stars of justice, abyss of Sciences, mirrours of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardness of Iron, the splendour of the Diamond and many of the properties of gold: Since I am permitted to speak before this August Assembly, I swear to you, by Oromades, that I have never seen the Queen's respectable bitch, nor the sacred horse of the King of kings. The truth of the matter was as follows. I was walking towards a coppice, when I met the venerable eunuch, and the most illustrious chief huntsman. I observed on the sand, the traces of an animal, and could easily perceive them to be those of a little dog. The light and long furrows, impressed on little eminences of sand between the marks of the paws, plainly discovered that it was a bitch, whose dugs were hanging down, and that, therefore, she must have whelped a few days before. Other traces of a different kind, that always appeared to have gently brushed the surface of the sand, near the marks of her fore feet showed me that she had long ears; and as I remarked that there was always a slighter impression made on the sand by one foot than by the other three, I found that the bitch of our August Queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expression.

With regard to the horse of the King of kings, you will be pleased to know that walking in the lanes of a wood, I observed the marks of a horse's shoes all at equal distances. This must be a horse, said I to myself, that gallops excellently. The dust on the trees in a narrow road that was but seven feet wide was a little brushed off, at the distance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horse, said I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which being whisked to the right and left, has swept away the dust. I observed under the trees, that formed an arbour five feet in height that the leaves of the branches had recently fallen; whence I inferred that the horse had touched them, and that he must, therefore, be five feet high. As to his bit, it must be gold of twenty three carats, for he had rubbed its bosses against a stone, which I knew to be a touchstone, and which I have tried. In a word, from the marks made by his shoes on flints of another kind, I concluded that he was shod with Silver eleven deniers fine. All the judges admired Zadig for his acute and profound discernment, &c.

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

Prefixed to Dr. Abercrombie's excellent Lectures, recently published and which, very deservedly, are liber-

ally commended by many a pious preceptor, is a very earnest and seasonable exhortation, in the form of an Address to Parents, Sponsors and Guardians.—This appeal to the Reason, Religion, and Sensibility of Christians is extremely striking and pathetick. The amiable authour, with great energy, insists upon the importance of a domestick initiation into the principles of piety. He shows that this is too often criminally neglected. He calls with the voice of anxious alarm, upon those who are most deeply interested in this behalf to rouse from this state of supineness, and instruct their tender charge to forsake the vanities of childhood, and inspire them with the fear of God, and a reverence for his commandments.

We have obtained permission to copy this small section of a truly useful and pious performance, and are convinced that if all, who are concerned in the government of young persons, will not merely read, but regard the injunctions of one, whose opinions are certainly entitled to great respect, both as a Teacher and a Divine, both the temporal and Spiritual interests of the rising generation will be VERY ESSENTIALLY CONSULTED.

—

AN ADDRESS

TO PARENTS, SPONSORS, AND GUARDIANS.

Professing Christians!

THE general and truly lamentable inattention of parents with respect to the instruction of their children in religious knowledge, induces the present publication.

It is, indeed, a subject of very alarming and distressing observation to every serious, every real Christian, that the rising generation are so cruelly, so criminally neglected *at home*, as to their spiritual and eternal interests; and that in so high a degree, that it requires not the spirit of prophecy to foretel, that unless an immediate reformation of conduct towards them takes place, they will be a generation of INFIDELS. This assertion is founded not merely upon vague supposition, or groundless apprehension, but upon the irresistible conviction resulting from experience.

Since the first establishment of the Institution over which I still preside, a period of eight years has elapsed; during which I have been in the practice of examining my pupils once every week in the Catechism of that denomination of Christians to which they respectively belonged. The majority have always been Episcopalians; yet of them I have never found, of the aggregate number, five, who, at their entrance into the Academy, could answer any five questions in the Catechism, or who had received any religious instruction, but that which they had occasionally heard in the Church.

Dreadful, cruel inattention! That in a Christian country, children, many of them youths of fifteen years, the offspring of parents calling themselves Christians, should at that age, be as ignorant of the principles of the Christian religion, as the savage that roams the wilderness!

O Parents, Sponsors, Guardians! Awake from your spiritual lethargy! Rouse yourselves from your infatuated devotion to worldly objects; your criminal, fatal indifference to the spiritual and eternal welfare of those whom Providence hath placed immediately under *your* authority and direction. Blush at your deficiency—and tremble at the consideration of the unavoidable, the awful consequences which *must* result both to you and to them therefrom. Can such inattention be reconciled with *real* affection, and a sincere regard for either their temporal or eternal interest? Remember, that their souls are in *your* hands—and that their souls are *immortal*. Return not the talent unimproved, to God who gave it to you.

"Be wise, nor make
Heav'n's highest blessing vengeance—O be wise,
Nor make a *curse* of *immortality*.
Say, know ye what it is?—or what *ye* are?
Know ye th' *importance* of a soul immortal?
Behold the midnight glory; worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp!—Redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more,
Then weigh the whole,—*One* soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent Creation, poor."

Young's Night Thoughts, N. 7.

Consider the high degree of responsibility attached to your characters—consider the powerful operation of habit—the important influence of *early* impressions upon the human mind—and, awful reflection! that the eternal salvation, or the perdition of the children entrusted to your guidance may, and probably will, depend upon the principles and opinions they imbibe in their youthful years; for

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Teach them, therefore, in the very dawn of their existence to fear God, and to keep his commandments—to love him as the giver of

life, and of every good gift to man—Tell them that they are *rational* beings, and consequently accountable for their thoughts, words, and actions. Tell them that they are *immortal* beings, that this world is a state of probation, and that their happiness or misery in the next state of existence will depend upon the desires of the heart here, and "the deeds done in the body."* Lead them, therefore, in the way to Heaven. Instruct them by your precepts, and persuade them by the powerful influence of EXAMPLE. Endeavour to convince them of the value of Time, of its rapid and irrevocable flight, and the inconceivable reward or punishment which will hereafter await the improvement or neglect of so invaluable a talent—That their future respectability or insignificance in society, the comfort or misery of their parents, the soothing approbation or the bitter reproaches of their own conscience, and the nature of their condition in the world of spirits, will probably be derived from the principles they form, and the habits they acquire at the *commencement* of the journey of human life—That a compliance with the duties and claims of Religion, is in no degree incompatible with the enjoyment of the innocent amusements and virtuous pleasure of social life, but, on the contrary will increase and refine that enjoyment—That the native dignity of Virtue, and the commanding authority of true Piety, will ever procure the veneration, esteem, and affection of the wise and good; and as invariably repress the insolence of folly, and repel the disgusting ebullition of vulgarity and vice.

By frequently offering such suggestions as these, you will familiarize their minds to the contemplation of divine truth, and induce the performance of their religious obligations.

Thus will you discharge your duty to them, to society, and to God: and thus will you render them blessings to the world, and heirs of eternal felicity and glory.

One of the leading causes of the deplorable deficiency of religious character in our youth is, the general neglect of the proper observance of the Sabbath; and their absence from the publick worship of God.

This disregard of so positive, so important a duty arises,

First, from *your* cruel omission to instil into their minds, proper sentiments of religion, of the comfort it bestows, of the duties it enjoins, and of the inestimable blessing which it offers.

Secondly, from the baneful influence of *your* irreligious example in absenting yourselves from his sacred Temple, on the day which God hath hallowed to his own peculiar service.

No wonder, indeed, that infidelity and profligacy, a disregard of God, and an apparent contempt for his publick worship, prevail, when *parents* are many of them *rarely*, some of them *never* seen within the walls of the Sanctuary; when on that sacred day they are rioting in luxury, amused by dissipation, dozing in indolence, or immersed in business; attending "one to his farm, another to his merchandize"†—who, so far from calling upon their children to accompany them to the house of God, and to unite with them there in prayer and praise, never either in publick or private pray *for* them or *with* them—who suffer them to grow up "without God in the world;"‡ notwithstanding the solem promises made to God at their baptism, that they should be "instructed in all the principles of the Christain faith, and brought up in the fear of God, and to obey his holy will and commandments,"§ in order to enable them to resist the allurements of an ensnaring world, the wiles of their great spiritual enemy, and the seductions of their depraved inclinations: for the want of which promised instruction, so many "having no root in themselves,"‖ are easily born down by the torrent of sensuality, and intoxicated by the inebriating poison of modern Philosophy, "deny the faith as it is in Jesus," and thereby

"Wipe off the blessed Cross as a foul blot
"From their dishonoured brow.
"If Angels tremble!—'tis at such a sight."

Parents, Sponsors, Guardians! Is the Christian Religion a delusion, and the Word of God a lie? Are its promises and threatenings unworthy of your regard? Believe ye the divine authenticity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the declarations of the son of God himself, of the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel? I know that ye *believe*: Why then will ye not obey? "Why will ye die?"‖—Why will ye be accessory to the spiritual death of those committed to your care! Would to God I could persuade you to be Christians, in deed and in truth, as well as by profession?—That I could awaken and direct your attention to the most important—the *spiritual* interests of your children!—That I could convince you of *your* perilous situation, and withdraw you from the precipice upon which you are carelessly slumbering. Remember, that however their plea of involuntary ignorance, while under *your* care, may, at the inevitable day of judgment, induce the mercy of God towards *them*—your *voluntary* disregard of their immortal souls will assuredly occasion *your condemnation*," when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with his mighty Angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them who know not God, and who obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the

* Rom. 2. 6.

† Mat. 22. 5. ‡ See Catechism. § Eph. 2. 12. ‖ Mark 4. 17. ‖ Ezek. 18. 31.

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Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, in that day."*

Seeing, brethren, that these things are so, ought ye not to fear?—ought ye not "to consider your ways?"†—ought ye not to "weep for yourselves and for *your children?* for, behold the days are coming, in the which," O negligent Parents! "ye shall say, blessed are the barren, and the wombs which never bare, and the paps which never gave suck. Then shall you begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us."‡

These remonstrances, I am sensible, are superfluous, and in no degree applicable to *some* of the characters who may peruse them: the number, however, of *faithful* stewards, with respect to the rising generation, is, I fear, so very small, as to render a discriminating clause unnecessary. The assertions are founded in truth: and the unerring voice of Conscience will direct their proper application.

With sincere and ardent prayers, that my feeble exertions to promote the salvation of souls may be blessed with success,

I am,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

JAMES ABERCROMBIE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

D'Israeli on the manners and genius of the literary character.

Among the polished, the polite, and the witty scholars of Great Britain few are more distinguished for vivacity of thought, and brilliancy of expression, than Mr. D'ISRAELI, a very elegant and versatile authour, who has particularly distinguished himself in the formation of those beautiful garlands for which the wits of France and Italy are so eminent; where the Graces arrange those lovely flowers, which Taste herself has selected. By far, the most original, ingenious, amusing, and eloquent of his productions, is an Essay on the manners and genius of the literary character. This is almost the only performance from the pen of Mr. D'Israeli, that has not been snatched with avidity by our booksellers, for republication. We recommend it very strongly, as a work that would be not only an object of sale, but of liberal curiosity. It abounds in anecdote. The style is in the authour's best manner; and men of letters, whether they consider this little volume, as a defence or an apology, will be grateful for his Justice, or delighted with his Address. It is, undoubtedly, the most acute analysis of the peculiarities of the studious, and the liveliest picture of sequestered genius, that has ever been exhibited. The artist, who is himself an Authour by profession, and whose motto, from his infancy, has always been *vacare literis*, is peculiarly well qualified for the delicate and delightful task he has undertaken. He paints himself, and he paints his brethren; and his likenesses essentially resemble sometimes those of Sir Peter Lely, and sometimes those of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

American edition of Tibullus.

In the course of the past summer, Mr. L. M. Sargent, a young gentleman of Boston, of respectable Poetical and Classical attainments, issued proposals for publishing by subscription, an elegant and correct edition of the works of TIBULLUS, in which the text is proposed to be regulated by a careful collation of the best editions, and is to be accompanied by the various readings, the biography of the Poet, and such notes as are absolutely necessary to the student. The praise worthy editor, in his address to the publick remarks very justly:

It has often been lamented, that, in this country, excepting those few of the ancient classicks, which are partially read in schools and colléges, very little attention is paid to the Greek and Roman authours. Many reasons have been assigned for this material defect in education, and, among others, none more plausible than the careless manner, in which these branches of learning are taught in our Universities.—

* 2 Thes. 7. 10.
† Hag. 1. 5.
‡ Luke 23. 28—16.

There can be no doubt respecting this particular cause; but the scarcity of classical authours, in this country, is a reason, equally efficient, in giving rise to the above complaint. If the subscriber can, in the least degree, afford a remedy for the present evil, by presenting the literary part of the community with a cheap, correct, and elegant edition of the works of Tibullus, he will be thereby amply recompensed, for the trouble, attending the execution of his design.

A project so spirited and so useful, we hope will be sufficiently seconded. The editor requires but 500 subscribers to justify the attempt and the price demanded which is only a dollar is a very trifling premium in exchange for the works of a Roman Knight, the contemporary and the friend of Ovid. How grateful to every lover of the muses to call a Tibullus our own, who has been pronounced the Poet of sentiment, and the Prince of elegy, whose style is so elegant, whose taste so pure, and whose composition so irreproachable, that he is superiour to all his rivals. Criticism declares that he has a secret charm of expression which translation cannot reach, but which can only be understood by the heart.—Taste affirms that he had a particular relish for those rural delights which so well accord with the passion of love, and that in elegy he deserves the palm of unrivalled excellence. Though gentle he is not dull; though humble he is not mean. The sympathy of the reader ever attends him. He speaks to our souls when he describes his own, and is almost the only poet, who has been able to arrive at fame, by singing of his pleasures. The labour of composition was to him a new enjoyment, because it was the delightful task of painting the scenes through which he had passed. He had more than one mistress. Delia is the first object of his affection and inspires the sweetest of his songs; but Nemesis and Neæra replaced her in their turns. He had the happy art of attaching those to whom he was himself attached; the two former attended his funeral, and exhibited unequivocal symptoms of genuine sorrow.

Oddy's European Commerce.

This instructive work, which Mr. J. Humphreys has recently published, forms two large octavos, and is sold at the very moderate price of three dollars. It is certainly one of the cheapest books, that has ever been printed in America. This is a practical, useful, and perspicuous performance. All the critical Journals of Great Britain harmonize in praise of the authour, who is described as a man of intelligence, with the liberal views of a scholar, and the practical aims of the merchant. His sagacity is the steady companion of a sound Judgment. His premises are correct, and his inference undeniable. Mr. Humphreys very justly observes in his proposals for this profound work, which contains a treasury of important facts, and a body of just principles, that as the country, the trade and commerce of which is chiefly the subject of this book, is at present, the unhappy seat of miserable war, it is impossible to say how far those parts of Europe which have hitherto enjoyed the benefits of its immense trade, or America, may be affected by the issue. But surely it must improve the mind of every reflecting American merchant that he may be materially interested in the event and, therefore that the knowledge to be attained from this work may prove the source of business of immense value to him, even as well as to his country.

We think that a work of this description, calculated not for the temporary purposes of the politician, nor to protract the reveries of the speculative, not confined to the meridian of scholars and statesmen, but addressed alone to the reason and *interest* of the merchant and manufacturer, cannot fail of success in this great commercial capital.

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VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

FROM "THE ART OF PUNNING."

Q. Who was the first drawer?

A. Potifer.

Q. Where did the first Hermaphrodites come from?

A. Middlesex.

Q. What part of England has the most dogs?

A. Barkshire.

Q. What men are the best soldiers?

A. Red haired men; because they always carry their *fire-locks* upon their shoulders.

Q. Why are Dissenters, &c. called vermin?

A. Because they are *in-sects*.

A certain poet and player, remarkable for his impudence and cowardice, happening many years ago to have a quarrel with Mr. Powell, another player, received from him a smart box on the ear. A few days after, the former having lost his snuff-box, was making strict inquiry if any body had seen his box. "What," said another of the theatrical punsters, that which George Powell gave you the other night?"

MORTUARY.

Departed this life on the 24th ult. in the 73d year of her age, Mrs. ELIZABETH DRINKER, the wife of Henry Drinker, Esq. a lady whose sweetness of disposition and singular propriety of conduct, endeared her through life, to all who had the happiness of knowing her. In her youth she possessed uncommon personal beauty, which the gentleness of her temper preserved, in a great degree, to the last; for her countenance was a perfect index of a mind, whose feelings were all attuned to harmony. She had received an education much superiour to what was common for young ladies in this country, sixty years ago; and the writer of this article, can most feelingly attest, how much her conversation abounded with proofs, that "the heart of the wise teacheth the mouth, and addeth learning to the lips." Her chief happiness consisted in the discharge of her domestick duties; and in every part of her conduct, she might be pointed out, as an example of the affectionate wife and tender mother. At the same time that she was perfectly free from all bigotry of sentiment, or narrowness of feeling, she was a firm believer in the doctrines of Christianity, and studiously inculcated them into the minds of her childen, not only as a rock of salvation in another world, but as a harbour of refuge from the cares and afflictions of this. Her fondness for literature she always retained, and, for many years, amused herself with recording in the evening, her reflections during the day. In a diary, which she kept nearly from the time of her marriage to the evening preceding her last illness, it may safely be asserted, that there is not to be found a single misrepresentation, or illiberal observation; for her words flowed from her heart, and that was a source which was ever pure and serene. In truth, to no one can be applied, with more perfect propriety, the inspired language of the Scriptures, that "Her ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace."

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, December* 12, 1807. [No. 24.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year.

IN the initial book of the Kings of Israel, which, as it records, in a very noble style, some of the most memorable events in Jewish history, deserves the profoundest attention, perhaps there is nothing more pleasing and instructive than the biography of the prophet Samuel. A circumstance, apparently trivial, which occurred in his infancy, will form the subject of our present speculation.

We deliberately adopt the phrase "apparently trivial," because the circumstance in question, though it might not be noticed by the quick glance of hasty Observation, led to the most important results, and contributed to the formation of one of the most splendid characters ever pourtrayed by the historian.

Descended from respectable ancestors from Mount Ephraim, his father, who appears to be a tender husband, an affectionate parent, and a truly religious man, was in the habit, as might be naturally expected from so exemplary a character, of migrating, annually, from the solitude of Mount Ephraim to the city of Shiloh. But this journey was not undertaken from the ordinary motives of curiosity, restlessness, indolence, or pleasure. He did not forsake his rural retreat to gaze at the magnificence of a metropolis, or to hearken to the "hum of men." No: the object of his journey was of a more noble nature, and worthy of the pious pilgrim. *He went up out of his city yearly to worship and to sacrifice in Shiloh*, and to adore, in the Jewish Temple, the Great Parent of the Universe.

Nor was his devotion of the sullen and monastick kind. There was nothing selfish, melancholy, or austere, in his religious service. His family accompanied him, and kneeled at the same altar. Hannah, his beloved consort, was so struck with the solemnity of the Temple, and the Beauty of Holiness, her heart was so softened by the spirit of Piety, and her head so convinced of the propriety of her plan, that, in an hour of melancholy, yet sober enthusiasm, she resolved to dedicate her first born son to the Church. In the simplicity of the Hebrew idiom, she *vowed a vow* that she would give him to the Lord all the days of his life. This good resolution did not evaporate in the idle words of a fanatick visionary. It was not the mere babble of a superstitious crone, who mistakes the heat of the heart, and the giddiness of the head, for the emotions of rational zeal. The determination to dedicate her so

to the priesthood was worthy of a discreet and amiable woman, who probably saw, with the keen eyes of Sagacity, assisted by the light of Prescience, that Samuel would prove a personage, eminent for his rank and piety; that he would dictate the operations of a campaign, and preside at the deliberations of a cabinet; that he would predict the fate of empires, and assist at the coronation of kings; that his warning voice would restrain the madness of the people, and his pious orisons ascend to the Heaven of his God.

All this was gloriously accomplished. While yet a child, he was distinguished by the particular partiality of Providence. He was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and invested with the robes of religion. Though devoted to the service of God, he acquired popularity among men. During an important era in his life, he was judge of south and west Israel, and afterwards of the other quarters. This viceroyalty included a power nearly absolute. With the *voice potential* of Sovereign authority, he could exclaim unto the north, give up, and to the south keep not back, bring thy sons from afar, and thy daughters from the ends of the earth. He was scarcely weaned, before we find him ministering in the Jewish Tabernacle and superseding in religious ceremonies and offices the elder priesthood. In the maturity of manhood, he administers justice, guards the purity of the national worship, and promotes the peace and dignity of Government. He concludes famous treaties. He erects magnificent altars. Such was the splendour of his reputation, and such the opinion of his discernment, that the stranger Benjamite, who lived in remote obscurity, far from the scene of Samuel's glories, describes him as an HONOURABLE MAN, and adds, what every page in Samuel's history proves, that *all that he saith cometh to pass*. He is saluted with the sacred title of seer, and even the *ungovernable populace*, awed by his abilities and sanctity, will not eat in the high place of the city, until he bless the sacrifice. He pours the oil of honour and gladness on the head of a Sovereign, and then, with all the skill of a Statesman, and all the power of a Premier, dictates the course of Regal Polity. Though almost perpetually conversant with courts, he is pure from their corruption. He is a faithful servant to his prince, but he is too a vigilant guardian, and an honest monitor. While others flatter, he rebukes Saul, and although his sovereign was of a moody, sullen, and untractable spirit, yet Samuel never shrinks, when it was necessary to adopt either the ardour of Expostulation, or the acerbity of Censure. Though he *thought as a Sage*, when he reflected upon the vices and follies of this monarch, yet *he felt like a man*, when he deplored their consequences. Obliged to estrange himself from his infatuated Sovereign, he still cherished a sort of paternal solicitude for his welfare, and when the gloomy King, in a fit of capricious disgust, *went up to his house*, and the prophet *came no more to see him until the day of his death*, nevertheless, as it is expressed with equal artlessness and affection in the sacred history, nevertheless Samuel mourned for Saul. In the decline of life, when most men, satiated with worldly grandeur, slide carelessly down the slippery descent of Age, this consistent and illustrious character is erect, and guarded to the last. Conscious of his spotless integrity, and of his fervid zeal in the publick service, he challenges a justification of his integrity, in one of the noblest, most rhetorical, and pathetick passages that can be found in the pleadings of any oratour, in any age. He said *unto all Israel*, "Behold I have hearkened unto your voice, and have made a King over you. And now behold the King walketh before you: and I am old and gray headed, and behold my sons are with you; and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before his Anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I stolen? or, whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe, to blind mine eyes therewith?

And I will restore it you." And they said " Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand." " The Lord is witness against you, and his Anointed is witness, that ye have not found aught in my hand." And they answered, " He is witness."

This is the *finis coronat opus*, this is leaving Life's bustling scene, with such excellent companions as Honour, Spirit, and Dignity. The circumstances of this transaction give it a peculiar effect. It was a *provoco ad populum*. It was an appeal to the *populace*, to the mutable, miscellaneous, ungrateful, and ignorant *rabble*. It was, moreover, not only to a *mob*, but to a Jewish mob, than which the herd of Swine, of whom the Devil himself once had the absolute possession, does not exhibit a stronger picture of baseness, wildness, perverseness, and desperation. But even before such a rash and stupid tribunal, the manly voice of Innocence, with Dignity and Integrity in her train, commanded Silence, and won Applause; and what renders more signal this triumph of Genius, Virtue and Rank, is, that it was obtained at the very moment, when the intrepid prophet and indignant sage was reproving the herd for their ingratitude, obstinacy, and rebellion.

Having thus abridged the history of this great and good man, as concisely as the nature and multitude of his illustrious actions would allow, we will now look back to the text, from which the *vulgar* Critick may think we have strayed, but which the Reader of Sensibility will soon perceive has always been the *radiant point* of our speculation.

One eventful year in the life of Elkanah, the Father of Samuel, he *and all his house went up to offer the yearly sacrifice and his vow*. But on this occasion one of the dearest of his domestick companions did not accompany the annual pilgrim in his journey to sacred Shiloh. *Hannah went not up*. This did not arise from female caprice or any decay of devotion. Her reason was a valid one; for she said unto her husband, I will not go up, until the child be weaned, and then I will bring him, that he may abide there forever. The favourite object of this tender mother was to give her son an excellent education, to instil into his mind all high, holy and honourable principles, and to lead him to the fountains of Wisdom. When the *child was young, she took him up with her* to the Temple, and after presenting her gifts, according to the oriental custom, and making sacrifice, she remarked to the venerable high Priest, that for this child, she had prayed, that her maternal wish was answered, and that as Heaven had granted her petition, to the service of Heaven this son should be devoted.—He accordingly actually officiates at the altar, *being a child girded with a linen ephod*. Here some dissipated or mercenary mothers would have left him to take his chance, either to *live by the altar* like a *priest*, or to *perish* like one of its miserable victims. But the matron, whom we now commemorate, had not only a tender heart, but a liberal spirit, a steady judgment, a perspicacious discernment, and that generous Prudence, which is the *Queen Regent of all the Virtues*. She knew that Youth, Innocence, and Inexperience ought to be *assisted* in their struggle through the thorns and brakes of the wilderness of this world. She was not satisfied with a single burst of maternal affection, or with bounding her benignity by lines of distance, or a term of years. She was fully apprized that a youth, engrossed by contemplation and study, would either have no leisure for domestick cares, or that in the abstraction of literature, he would wholly lose sight of them: that hence he would be sometimes the natural prey of Fraud, and sometimes the fated victim of Penury: and that all the learning of the East would not procure him from strangers either *the linen ephod* of the child, or the mantle of the man. She was determined, therefore, habitually to take care, that neither his mind, his health, nor his studies should sustain any detriment from the rude collision of petty cares. But as he was of a sober and studious humour, that the tranquillity of his her-

mit cell should never be violated; and that he should enjoy uninterrupted leisure to acquire that fund of information, and those useful habits, which might ultimately redound to his own honour, and the general good. In accomplishing so judicious a design, she employed no Agent, but her own heart, and no Deputy but her own skill.

The importance of such a provision has been abundantly verified, in the history of Samuel's successful career. Had he been left solitary at Shiloh, neglected by his friends, exposed to the artifice of some, and the temptation of others, he never would have *prophesied* any thing, but his own ruin; and instead of being a judge, would, in all probability, have been a prisoner.

Wise and benignant mother! With how much enthusiasm and sensibility wilt thou always be apostrophized, by every son, in every age, who has felt the fostering warmth of Maternal Affection.

In addition to thy acts of kindness, from the dawn of Genius to its glorious meridian, thy periodical assiduity of attention shall be ever remembered. That little vestment, which, to render the present more valuable, was brought, not by one of thy handmaids, not by a careless, or venal slave, but by thy *gracious self*, will outlast the weaving of the noblest looms. Like the regretted handkerchief of the fabled Moor, in the unequalled tragedy of the matchless Dramatist, "the worms were *hallowed* that did breed its silk." It made her son amiable, and there was magick in its web. But if the *little coat*, made by a Mother, was not, as a poet's fancy might suggest, of a silken contexture, it was of wool from a Gideon's fleece, and watered with the kindliest dews of Heaven.

For The Port Folio.

POLITICKS.

As distant as Heaven is from Earth, so is the true spirit of Liberty from extreme Equality.

The natural place of Virtue is near to Liberty; but it is not nearer to extreme Liberty, than to servitude.

Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws," b. 8 ch. 3.

Great success in a nation is the particular cause of the corruption of the people. Jealous of their magistrates, they soon become jealous likewise of the magistracy; enemies to those that govern, they soon prove enemies also to the Constitution.

Ibid. ch. 4.

Fellow citizens, take care, lest in her magistrates, you attack the Federal Constitution, and in the person of her rulers, you overturn the State. It is just that corrupt magistrates should be amenable to the people, but there is a danger lest the people condemn an obnoxious magistrate, who acted in defence of the Laws. It is with prophetick agony I behold upon what shallow grounds, and with what slight consideration, the people of the United States, but more particularly in the State of Pennsylvania, are wont to arraign at the bar of Impeachment, just men in office.

"The trial by impeachment is founded on a popular right, coeval with the Constitution. When employed on extraordinary occasions, and against illustrious offenders, it is accompanied with a solemnity, a dignity, and an awe, which correspond to the greatest conceptions of the human mind. Ordinary offences are left to the trial by Jury; common delinquents are punished, or acquitted, by the judgment of their peers; but crimes of such a magnitude as to threaten the liberty, or involve the infamy of a nation, are submitted to the solemnity of an *Impeachment*, that the dignity of the trial may be adequate to the enormity of the offence. The represented majesty of the people advances to the charge, assumes the high office of publick accuser, and brings the crime to trial before the collected wisdom, learning, justice, virtue, and sanctity of the nation. A solemn appeal is made to the judgment of the world; and when crimes are charged by which the happiness of whole nations is affected, and States and Princes reduced to misery and ruin, Monarchs and Kingdoms are called upon to behold and

admire the solemnities of Law, and the triumphs of Justice, in the procedure of a nation, to vindicate their character and their honour before the august tribunal of mankind.

"The grandeur, however, and the celebrity of this mode of trial, point it out only as proper for enormous crimes, and on extraordinary occasions. *If, through the prevalence of party spirit*, or *factious combination*, an eminent character, respected abroad, and at home, should be impeached for meritorious services, under the name of high crimes and misdemeanors; the effect of the trial, and the benefit of the example would be lost, and the Impeachment construed into an Ostracism."

English Review for September, 1786.

Much do I fear, that the watch-words of American freedom, *Liberty* and *Equality*, are as vaguely construed by those of my countrymen, in whose mouths they are familiar, as lately they were by the infatuated citizens of a sister Republick. How aptly might be addressed to the political demagogues of the present day, the noble remonstrance of an unfortunate civick officer, of that republick, in answer to the ungenerous cavils of a French citizen about the disparity of rank;—"My friend," said he, "as men, as citizens, we are equal; if government has thought proper to burthen me with the weight of a magistracy, rendered doubly oppressive by the censures of those, who are to be governed, why should you repine? how can I do injustice, when I also am amenable to the same laws which I dispense to others? cease, then, to murmur, and consider me as the guard, the watch, the centry of your liberties, and be assured, that in protecting your rights, I secure my own."

For The Port Folio.

Mrs. C. Smith, in her last poetical volume, which, alas, is truly a legacy, has fully vindicated her pretensions to the laurel. Her love of Botany, as well as of Poetry, often leads her to the fields, and she suffers not a flower to remain unsung. The thought, in the following, is fanciful, the descriptions are accurate, and the moral excellent.

The Horologe of the fields.

Addressed to a young lady, on seeing, at the house of an acquaintance, a magnificent French Time Piece.

For her, who owns this splendid toy,
Where use with elegance unites,
Still may its index point to joy
And moments wing'd with new delights.

Sweet may resound each silver bell,—
And never quick returning chime,
Seem, in reproving notes, to tell
Of hours mispent, and murder'd time.

Though Fortune, Emily, deny
To us these splendid works of art,
The woods, the lawns, the heaths supply
Lessons fron Nature to the heart.

In every copse and sheltered dell,
Unveiled to the observant eye
Are faithful monitors, who tell
How pass the hours and seasons by.

The green-rob'd children of the Spring
Will mark the periods as they pass,
Mingle with leaves Time's feather'd wing,
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

Mark where transparent waters glide,
Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed;
There, cradled on the dimpling tide,
Nymphæa rests her lovely head.

But, conscious of the earliest beam,
She rises from her humid rest,
And sees, reflected in the stream,
The virgin whiteness of her breast.

Till the bright day-star to the west
Declines, in Ocean's surge to lave,
Then, folded in her modest vest,
She slumbers on the rocking wave.

See Hieracium's various tribe
Of plumy seed and radiate flowers,
The course of Time their blooms describe,
And wake, or sleep appointed hours.

Broad o'er its imbricated cup
The Goatsbeard spreads it golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up,
Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale, as a pensive cloister'd nun,
The Bethlem star her face unveils,
When o'er the mountains peers the sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands
The humble Arenaria creeps;

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Slowly the purple star expands,
But soon within its calyx sleeps.

And those small bells so lightly ray'd
With young Aurora's rosy hue,
And to the noontide Sun display'd,
But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland slopes the shepherds mark
The hour when as the dial true,
Cichorium to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.

And thou, "Wee, crimson spotted flower,"
Gather'st thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom, at the closing hour,
When night-drops bathe the turfy ground.

Unlike Silene, who declines
The garish noontide's blazing light,
But, when the evening crescent shines
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus, in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path untrodden lie
Are sweet remembrancers, who tell
How fast the winged moments fly.

Time will steal on, with ceaseless pace,
Yet lose we not the fleeting hours,
Who still their fairy footsteps trace
As LIGHT THEY DANCE AMONG THE FLOWERS.

For The Port Folio.

ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

By the politeness of many friends in this city, we are pretty regularly furnished with the best British papers. From our brother Editors, we receive all the leading Gazettes of our own country, together with an immense mass of village papers. These *folios of four pages*, we do not consult for the news, but for amusement; and while the Quidnunc seeks for a battle of Bonaparte, or a naval triumph by Sir Sidney, we hunt after poetry and merriment. One department of newspapers to which loungers in general pay very little attention, attracts our peculiar regard—We mean the Advertisements. These are often written in a style of such quaintness and absurdity, or of wit and humour, as to supply us liberally with food for mirth. It has been unjustly asserted by foreigners, that uncouth advertisements are peculiar to America. But the fact is, that the London papers overflow with whimsical articles of this class. We shall select, with the utmost impartiality, from domestick and foreign gazettes. The first curiosity of this kind which we present to the publick is a *poetical* morçeau by honest Dick Willis, a cordwainer of Lexington, in Kentucky. This rhyming disciple of St. Crispin thus sings over his last: but if his shoes be not a little smoother than his lines, we doubt whether the damsels of the west will ever become his constant customers.

TO THE PUBLICK IN GENERAL.

Elegance combined with Utility, in

WILLIS'S NEW-FASHIONED SHOES.

In ancient times the bards foretold,
The rhyming trade would ne'er grow old—
'Tis true, in these more modern times,
Mechanicks manufacture rhymes;
Murphy and Shaw have tried their part
To imitate the rhyming art,
And WILLIS, in these rhyming times,
Must surely weave a web of rhymes.
Ladies here I beg to mention,
Claimants of his first attention,
Handsome shoes in every part,
Is Willis's master-piece of art—
He shoes does make which Queens might handle,
The neatly plain, the brilliant spangle,
Improves new fashions as they rise,
And makes some spangled shoes with ties.
Cossack boots, and fair-tops too,
Made neater here than any shoe,
All sorts and sizes well assorted,
Made of leather the best imported.
And now to tell you where he lives,
And strict attention there he gives,
To orders sent both far and near,
He'll fit you well, you need not fear:
Main street, next door to neighbour Noel,
Those who know this possess a jewel;
But not to make description fainter,
'Tis opposite Mentelle the painter;
Adjoining the shop of Aaron Woodruff,
Who makes you shoes quite good enough,
To tell you this, my mind did labour,
Who'd not be friendly with a neighbour.
If ladies send a pattern shoe,
He'll make them neatly to fit you.
Believing this the best expedient,
He now remains their most obedient,

RICHARD WILLIS.

Two or three apprentices will be taken to the above business.

Lexington, August 18, 1806.

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For The Port Folio.

CURSORY SKETCHES

IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE BORDERS OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

To —— at Coldenham, New-York.

Few Tourists can plead stronger inducements for indulged excursive propensities, than those which have roused the languid spirits of ——. The thoughts of my heart, its sorrows and joys have mingled in sweet communion with thine. And now, my dear S—, when the wing of imagination takes a gay expanse, and is stretched over scenes of Summer beauty, and boundless variety, I shall have the pleasure of holding a mental prism to the eye of Friendship; and whether health should languish, or regain with the mind its wonted elasticity, *still* I shall solace myself with the reflection, that unerring wisdom marks the allotment of humanity, and when "enjoyment is denied assist us to re-"sign." A morning of clouds brightened as we alighted to water our horses at the Buck. To save the trouble of future explanatory notes, know that our parlour conversation embraces a heterogeneous mass: our mercantile friends discuss their schemes of business. Literature and the arts, sometimes steal on the evening hour, and in the political department, we pass by a sudden gradation, from the splendid career of Imperial Bonaparte to the minutiæ of home affairs. In this colloquial range, I have heard the stages in our journey designated by the sign posts at the inns, hence when I write from the Buck, the Paoli, &c. let imagination supply the measured distances, and release me from the toil of pointing to the stones on the road side, whose inscription tells us we are 10 or 20 miles from P——. At our first halting place, social attractions drew my attention to a group of playful children under the care of a servant who answered inquiries respecting their destination, by noticing her mistress in an adjoining appartment. R. B. L. and his family were returning to their residence in Virginia, an acquaintance of distant date, was unexpectedly renewed, it led through many pensive retrospects to the period of blissful novelty and youthful joy. As we rode along the turnpike on our right, we caught a glimpse of *Wynnewood*, and *St. Mary's*. These seats of cheerful hospitality contrast their airy aspect with the forest's venerable gloom. Ancestral predeliction spares the overarching branches under whose shadow Content has roamed, and Peace reposed upon the shield of Piety. The light green foliage of spring was now blending with the full luxuriance of June, and as I gazed with admiration on immediate objects, Fancy took her accustomed range, imperceptibly deepening those penciled views, which Memory had rescued from the grasp of Time. The paternal inheritance of ——, revives anecdotes of primitive days. In the early settlement of Pennsylvania, this tract of pleasant country was purchased by a respectable family, emigrating from Wales; the old mansionhouse is situated on the verge of the highway leading to Lancaster, the avenue through which this fertile country *now* carries its vast sources of agricultural wealth to the capital, was *then* an Indian foot path. Beneath this humble roof William Penn, the eminent founder of provincial happiness, had appointed a meeting for Divine worship. The lady Juliana (his sister) with some difficulty, ascended an outside flight of steps, to survey the room in which they were to assemble, she remarked that "it was a *brave* room," and though not constructed with architectural taste, here the sentiment of the heart arose on the wing of Faith; need I add, the homage was accepted and blessed. The friendly intercourse maintained with the aborigines, strikingly displays the guileless manners of the first settlers of P——. At the season of Autumn fruits, it was not unusual for small parties from the nearest settlements, to visit their civilized neighbours, to drink of their cyder, and to partake of the rich abundance of their peach orchards. In one of those excursions, the elders of the

the house were absent; an interesting child of the family had sheltered herself in the bed curtains, timidly shrinking from the bold port of savage ferocity: at the return of her friends, the Indians pointed out her hiding place, mirthfully scanning the slender covert she had chosen. In latter times I dined with a quaker lady in Philadelphia, whose father occasionally entertained the "heads of the tribes." A venerable Indian chief and several young warriours presented themselves, in company with some gentlemen of the city: their grave demeanour at table, strict temperance, and marked observance of their leader's example strongly exhibit those peculiar traits, which are distinguishing in the native American. After thrice filling their glasses, the chief put his aside, and looked expressively at the young warriours, who understood the silent hint and declined the offered wine. One of them possessed all those dignified contours of beauty, which announce uncommon energies of mind: *he* took his glass, and bending his head to an elegant youth, who sat opposite to him, said "it is right that *we* should drink some wine together: for you and I are the handsomest men at table." This unexpected sally, relaxed the features of his associates.

——"Smiling in such a sort, as seem'd
to scorn their spirits,
"That would be moved, to smile at any
thing."

The development of character is always interesting, whether in the untutored mind of a savage, or in the lights and shades of cultivated society: but I shall leave less fallible Logicians to determine, whether, in this instance, vanity was *innate*, or assumed with the powder and blue cloth of civilization.

Adieu.

Again, my dear S——, evening's soft silence steals upon Creation, the moon's pale beam descries my outward avocation, such as it was, in other times: but Oh! how changed in heart! and though the nocturnal hour gives its mild hues to the scene around me, though the glimmering lights of Heaven shine in their wonted orbit, each illusion of hope, has vanished.

W——'s "last sigh dissolved the charm,
"The disenchanted earth, lost all its lustre."

In October, all was serene, touching and impressive. At the season of pensive charms I travelled in company with W——. Remembrance restores him with many a heartfelt emotion, his figure animated by those enthusiastick feelings, which novelty elicits from a mind, untarnished by collision with the world, his dark eye wandering over the fading landscape, selecting every beautiful spot in the valley, now casting a delightful glance on the warm tints, which sunny Autumn scattered on the forest, and now resting on the dim perspective where the gray mist was lingering on the hills. The glowing garniture of Summer has given a new character to the natural world.—The limestone country, commencing at Downingstown, is rich in soil and highly cultivated. We rode through a luxuriant vale, enlived by numerous farm houses, abounding with fields of grain and grass, in glossy verdure.—Recent showers had given to the air its utmost sweetness, every gale was fragrant, and every leaf seemed polished by Nature's finest touches; yet so chill and humid was the evening atmosphere that when we arrived at our lodgings, we found the prudent German traveller, seated with his family at the fire side. *Here* the gentleman of our party, laughed heartily at our expense. We had interrogated the sober looking folks at the fire, respecting the object of their journey; it was natural that *ours* should excite equal curiosity. The Lancaster Fair was to commence in a few days: our pensive friend glided into the room with some books of instruction and entertainment; their brilliant bindings attracted notice, and we were modestly asked, if we had been to purchase goods at Philadelphia. "They take you for *Pedlers*," whispered P——, triumphantly "carrying your stationary to the fair." He intreated us never again to contend for the genius of

a German, protesting that nothing but a total want of *acumen*, could have prevented discovering, from the *quality* of our countenances, how far removed was "Indus from the Pole." We were willing to incur all the pointed shafts of this raillery, as it was so highly to the taste of our pleasant travelling companion.

The turnpike to Lancaster has redressed many inconveniencies, but the dull uniformity of the road wearies the eye, as its dissonance grates on the ear. We were feelingly alive to the harsh encounter of iron and stone, as the carriage wheels rolled sullenly over a surface, from which reflected sunbeams sent a dazzling glare: and as we slowly gained upon those *vailey* hills, whose gradual ascent exhausted all the patience of all the ladies, our advanced guard, would calmly shelter himself from meridian heat, under the shade of the forest, or point out those prospects which diversified the upland view. Long journeys, through solitary wilds, and barren moors, had familiarised our cheery guide to every possible travelling vicissitude. Far different are the sensations of those, to whom cross occurrences are strange and new. Yet our spirits quickly regained their elasticity; sudden transition relieved fatigue; and the mind unbent, in social chat acquired a firmer tone, by interchanging sentiment with those, who were traversing the same ground, and of course required the same mental indulgences. At the close of day after riding 72 miles, met the L—— party, at Lancaster. His lady (in the true spirit of her sex) seized the last glimmerings of twilight, to go a shopping, whilst R. B. L. enlivened the parlour at the inn, by conversation versatile and interesting. I was gratified with the high encomiums passed on my native state: the weight it held in the scale of national importance, its benevolent institutions, its ameliorated penal laws, its agricultural improvements, encouragement of Arts and Science, and *even* its *Abolition* society, obtained due praise from this liberal minded Virginian: but, he regretted that party spirit preyed upon its vital strength, that political animosity had unsheathed a destroying sword, more fatal to its prosperity than a phalanx of foreign foes.

Our accommodations, at Captain Slough's, were such as *invite* repose. Neat chambers and a well furnished table, offer those refreshments, so grateful to faint and wayworn travellers. The charm of this inn, was celebrated by the Duke de Liancourt, and if a discontented foreigner, found *one* solitary enjoyment in a tour through the United States, it is not extraordinary that its simple inhabitants should meet with many things to admire and many things to commend.—Persons of every description were flocking to the fair. It was pleasant to see so many faces drest in smiles. As we rode out of town, a novel scene presented, an immense display of fashionable articles of commerce and toys of every kind. The tygers, the Arabian horse, the wax-work and every thing worth the attention of the enlightened people of Lancaster, was now exhibited to the eye of curiosity. We sometimes met *three*, on one horse gayly riding to this festive scene, and observed the rose-complexioned lasses, on the foot path, with their holiday slippers, in their hands. It was quite an amusing spectacle, the sunburnt brow of industry was so distinctly marked with ease and happiness, that its influence extended to our little party in the carriage, and many a rustick salutation was met with answering courtesy.

Llwellynne, had purchased a trumpet at the fair, it was the delight of his heart to excite mirth and laughter; his shrill instrument seemed to rouse all the merriment in the country, but to avoid publick *notoriety*, we were obliged to impose silence on the *petit* musician.

Columbia.

"From Susquehanna's utmost Springs
"Where savage tribes pursue their game,
"His blanket tied with yellow strings,
"The Shepherd of the forest came."

Here oral tradition tells us the Indians in time of war, precipitated their prisoners, from the point of Chickasrock into a watery grave. Few persons

have the temerity to walk to the edge of this pouring precipice, from whose cragged height, the dizzy eye looks down appaled. We dined at Columbia. The necessary conformity to the boatman's hour, and the formidable prospect before us, lessened the calm enjoyment of a meal which *fresh rock fish*, would have rendered agreeable. This noble river rushed with such a swell against the land, that timidity was predominant over every other sensation. Yet trusting in the superintendence of that Omnipotent Being who formed and controled the world of waters, on whose beautiful surface we were lanching, our courage revived, and we contemplated, with mixed emotions, all those grand objects which elevate the mind from things temporal to things eternal.

The dark projection of the rock, before alluded to, a small island, whose drooping trees shadowed the Susquehanna's winding currents, the solemn roar of the falls, and the light dashing oar, meeting the rippled wave, presented the most interesting and impressive combination of images, that the ladies of our party had ever contemplated. A quick passage brought us to the opposite landing. We now held our course over rough roads, through a country variegated by hill and dale and pebbly rivulets, pleasantly contrasted with the tedious sameness of turnpike travelling. The altered soil, and broken grounds, reminded us that *stones* were to be collected for the Mineralogist at home. Our advanced guard carelessly threw the reins on the neck of his horse, and slowly plodding beside him, critically inspected every fragment that wore a metallick hue, the rustick gaze, pursued him with eager curiosity.

"Some thought him wondrous wise,
"And some believed him mad."

Whilst we who were happily exempt from *gravitation* strong enough to attract us to the earth, were inviting experiments to exclude sunshine, and admit the breeze, and laughingly solacing ourselves with the conciousness that

"One science only, could one genius hit."

Heat and fatigue subdued the spirit of our minds before we arrived at York Town: but our hostess displayed so much neatness in her house, and so much civility in her manner, that the evening wore away, and sweet repose recruited us for the next day's excursion.

Passing rapidly through these flourishing settlements, or only making them a transient resting place, gives us no opportunity to discriminate their local advantages. The night closes on our arrival and we take the wing of the morning to prosecute our tour, of course we have but a cursory view of the towns, their situation or improvements. With a louring horizon and damp atmosphere we forded the Cadorus, dined at Hanover, and should have deemed ourselves very fortunate, if a decent shelter, had intervened between us, and the impending shower. Diurnally we are taught, by sad experience, that blessings are not sufficiently valued, till privation brings home those secret convictions, at which the heart recoils upon itself; it was perhaps necessary to encounter difficulties, duly to appreciate the conveniencies we had relinquished. Our carriage shielded us from the rain: yet sympathy cast many a look of kind condolence on our fellow traveller, who undismayed, endured the "pityless storm." A thousand scarecrows had been held up to view, in order to abate the force of these inconveniences, which were inevitable in this day's ride: but it was all in vain, when exhausted and dispirited we reached our lodgings at *Tawnytown*, forever memorable in the annals of fair ladies. All the aromaticks in creation would have *wasted* their fragance here. Sleep had refused its gentle visitation, when the morning dawned, and the matin song was chanted by nature's gay choristers, our minds harmonized with the Hymn of Praise. On comparing *ours*, with the depressed situation of the coloured people in Maryland, their down cast eye, their dejected air, their mute surprise at the interest which individuals had excited—all these character-

istick traits of Slavery, made such a powerful appeal to our sensibility, that Humanity and Gratitude mingled their incense at the Altar where each sigh is heard, and each tear recorded.

Adieu.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

In a prior number of The Port Folio, we published a very incorrect and surreptitious copy of a justly celebrated Anacreontick by Capt. Morris, of jovial memory. The copy, to which we then had access, and which was the only one extant in America, we have since discovered, was not only deformed by the blunders of the transcriber, and the mistakes of the Press, but also was mutilated by the omission of one of the most pleasing stanzas. An English gentleman has, in a very obliging manner, communicated to the Editor, a complete and correct copy, as it is sung by the authour. It has been asserted, that the best drinking songs are of French birth; and that even the German language abounds in compositions of this cheerful complexion. But neither the *Chansons a boire*, of frisky France, nor the merry ballads of the Ringau, excel some of the English drinking songs, written by real scholars and men of genius. Among the first, in point of invention, imagery, vivacity, and versification, we think, that the critick may rank the following. The apology for copious libations to the jolly god, is as plausible as Wit can devise, or Eloquence urge; and, although both the Logician and the Moralist may detect, and deplore the sophistry of the argument, yet, both the philosopher and the man of the world will harmonize, in a favourable opinion of the authour's ingenuity, and of the skill, with which he selects, and the dexterity which he displays in the management of his topicks. The second stanza, which is brilliantly ornamented by an *original* metaphor, that Poetry has derived from Painting, is beautiful, like a circle, because true and complete.

The antithesis, in the commencement of the third, where the authour pathetically regrets the ravages of Time, is finely expressed, and the succeeding lines, where we see the Power of wine struggling with Despair, and commanding Hope to stay, might furnish a subject for the Painter.

The comparison in the fourth stanza, probably was never conceived by any other imagination, than that of its eccentrick authour. The fifth stanza, we suppose would be sanctioned by a majority of experienced Solomons, who, after trying all the varieties of life, find that "*there is nothing new under the sun*," and that to gratify their senses, it is necessary to cheat them. This even Dr. Johnson tacitly allows, in the moral of his Rasselas. The next stanza, which is the additional one, that has never appeared in America, contains a very gay thought, something like the Italian and Spanish *concetti;* the correctness of which we submit to the Ladies. The next, in which the authour alludes to his Jacobinism, in the year 1794, expresses the usual language of a malecontent, and though we shall hardly vouch for the correctness of his politicks, we cannot abstain from commending the beauty of his poetry. To conclude; if Capt. Morris had confined himself to compositions of this chaste and classical nature, we think he would have attained more celebrity than a WALLER, a CAREW, or a SUCKLING. But, unfortunately, he has tarnished the splendour of his literary escutcheon, sometimes with the mud of political obloquy, and sometimes with the smut of the stews; and while Purity and Goodness would have deserved all his homage, he has too often chosen, like Lord Bolingbroke, to celebrate the courtezan of the hour.

I'm often asked, by plodding souls,
And men of sober tongue,
What joy I find in draining bowls,
And tippling all night long?
Now, though these cautious knaves I scorn,
For once I'll not disdain
To tell them why I drink till morn,
And fill my glass again.

'Tis by the glow my bumpers give
Life's picture's mellow made,
The fading lights then brighter live,
And softer sinks the shade;
Some happier tint still rises there,
With every drop I drain,
And that, I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again,

Then, many a lad I liked is dead,
And many a lass grown old,
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But Wine, awhile holds off Despair,
Nay, bids a Hope remain,
And that, I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

My MUSE, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolick flights will take;
But round a bowl she'll dip, and fly,
Like swallows round a lake;
Since then the nymph must have her share,
Before she 'll bless her swain,
Why that, I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

In life, I've rung all changes through,
Run every pleasure down,
Tried all extremes of Fancy too,
And lived with half the town,
For me, there 's nothing new or rare,
Till wine deceive my brain,
And that, I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then don't we find love's fetters too
With different folds entwine?
While nought but Death can some undo,
There's some give way to wine.
For me, the lighter head I wear,
The lighter hangs the chain;
And that, I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Though vexed and hipped at England's fate,
In these degenerate days,
I can't endure the ruined state
My sober eye surveys;
But through the bottle's dazzling glare
The gloom is seen less plain,
And that, I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,
At what I most repine,
The cursed war, or right or wrong,
Is war against all wine.
Nay, Port, they say, will soon be rare,
As juice of France or Spain,
And that, I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

After all, though the above is one of the most correct specimens of the English Drinking songs that perhaps can be found, some of our graver readers may think that there is already enough of the dulcet *poison* in the *cup*, without the additional zest that the power of Genius has imparted; we shall, by way of antidote, exhibit a counterpart, which moralists may call, if they please, The Philosophy of Drinking, which a Cornaro, or a Sir William Temple might approve. This, too, is the production of a gay writer, and a man of the world, the celebrated Hugh Kelley, the authour of False Delicacy, and many other pleasing comedies, the Editor of The Publick Ledger, a literary paper remarkable for the ingenuity of its essays, and the principal contributor to another periodical work of no ordinary reputation. Though he mingled much with mankind, yet his mind was never contaminated with vitious principles, his heart though warm, was pure, and in all his writings, he appears the votary of Benevolence, and the champion of Morality. The following effusion has no resemblance to the songs of the Epicureans, but is so pure and correct, that it might have been indited by a Christian Divine.

THE BOTTLE.

By Hugh Kelly.

While the bottle to humour and social delight
The smallest assistance can lend,
While it happily keeps up the laugh of the night,
Or enlivens the mind of a friend;

O let me enjoy it, Thou bountiful Power!
That my time may deliciously pass!
And should Care ever think to intrude on the hour,
Scare the haggard away with a glass.

But instead of a rational feast of the sense,
Should Discord preside o'er the bowl,
And Folly, Debate, or Contention commence,
From too great an expansion of soul:

Should the man I esteem, or the friend of my heart
In the Ivy feel nought but the rod,
Should I make fair Religion a profligate jest,
Or daringly sport with my God,

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From my lips dash the poison, O Merciful Power!
Where the madness or blasphemy hung,
And let every word, at which Virtue should lour
Parch quick on my infamous tongue.

From my sight let the cause be eternally driven,
Where my reason so fatally strayed,
That no more I may offer an insult to Heaven,
Or give Man a cause to upbraid.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Among the few English song writers, who have mingled reflection with their mirth, SHENSTONE may be properly enumerated. His compositions of this class are remarkably innocent. But, we are obliged to add, that they are often insipid. There is one, however, which cannot fail to please the readers of taste in general, and is sure to delight the Ladies, in particular. The image in the first stanza is so picturesque, that one unskilled in the graphick art may lament his want of power to *embody* the idea of the bard. In the second stanza, the love of nature is expressed with all a poet's partiality, and the decided preference of Beauty, to Bacchus, Reason, as well as Woman will approve.

Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine,
And, as your dazzled eyeballs roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is Hope so wholly flown,
Nor yet is Thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain as yet some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder shady grove,
See yonder does my CHARMER rove,
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantick joys adieu.

The sole *confusion* I admire
Is *that my charmer's eyes inspire;*
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value Reason next to Love.

A MODERN SONNET.

Farewell! thou beauteous animal, farewell!
Thy patience so much longer than thine ears
None but a Yorick's tender pen could tell,
And call from Christians' eyes a flood of tears!

But what availed thy patience, or thine ears?
Or what the love-lorn notes thou once did'st pour,
When, as thy fav'rite passed, thou stood'st in gears,
Tied with a halter at my grannam's door?

O! as she passed, how thou didst raise thy tone,
And mighty proofs of love thou didst reveal,
And sometimes thou wouldst bray, and sometimes groan,
Expressive of the passion thou didst feel!

Thou had'st more worth than Macedonia's King,
Than Julius Cæsar, or than Bonaparte!
The friend of man, and not his foe, I sing,
They drew a dagger, and you drew—a cart.

Detested names! Oh! what a fatal *three*,
Thank Heaven, before thee, *two* are gone to dust,
The other soon, I hope, will follow thee,
For, follow thee, assuredly he must!

Yes, he must die, though Frenchmen cry alas!
Thus falls the Hero, and thus falls—the *Ass*.

The following dedication of a volume of poems, by an affectionate mother to a gallant soldier, her son, is worthy of the parties.

To John Banks Hunter, Esq., Captain in the second Battalion of Royals, stationed at Gibraltar.

Dear John,

From the moment in which I saw you embark from the pier at Ramsgate, for the expedition to Holland, in 1799, till that in which I received accounts of your safe return from Egypt

in the present year, 1802, I have been too seriously anxious to be poetical on your subject. Now, on the return of peace, I present you with this small volume: you are already acquainted with part of its contents, but there are some things in it which you have never seen. I have great pleasure in dedicating this publication to a worthy young man, and a brave soldier, whom I am proud to call my son.

I remain, with sincere esteem,
My dear John,
Your faithful friend,
And very affectionate Mother,
ANNE HUNTER.

—

In these places, says Gosson, a quaint writer, speaking of play-houses, in these places you shall see such pushing, shoving and shouldering to get at the women, such care for their garments that they be not trod on, such eyes to their caps that no chips light in them, such fellows to their backs that they take no hurt, such *nuzzling* in their ears to say I know not what, such presenting of pippins, such toying, such smiling, and smirking, such winking, such *rivalship* and *outgeneralling* in settling who shall *man* them home, that in good truth it is no small part of the comedy to mark their behaviour.

—

Grovelling calculators, says an indignant authour, whether in business or politicks, consider refined and generous pursuits as romance and folly ; and without either a sense of honour, or regard to nature, truth and justice, study, in all things, not what is graceful, excellent, and right, but what at the moment seems advantageous or prudent.

—

We believe firmly in the witch-craft of many a *young* Sorceress, and from Hall's travels in Scotland, we derive the following anecdote, respecting this sort of enchantment.

A young gentleman of considerable property near St. Andrew's in Fife, some years ago having been on a jaunt to see Edinburgh, as he was riding between Sterling and Alloa, a fine young healthy woman on horseback, who had been at Sterling, came galloping up, intending to pass him ; but that when her horse was exactly abreast of his, notwithstanding repeated attempts on her part and the servant attending her, her horse would not go one inch past this gentleman. This naturally brought on a conversation, and they travelled some miles together, at last where two roads separate, her horse suddenly galloped off the great road, she saying farewell. This gave the gentleman scarcely any concern, and he and his servant rode on. But when they reached Alloa where he remained all night, he became extremely uneasy and almost distracted, that he did not ask her address. After a sleepless night, and chiding his servant for not asking the lad that attended her, where they resided, instead of proceeding on his way to Fife, he returned the way of Sterling, making inquiry every where about the young woman he had seen, towards whom he felt a *sympathetick attraction for which he could not account.* In pursuit of her, having hunted about for two days, like one out of his senses, he at length discovered the place of her abode, which was at her father's, a farmer in the Carse of Clackmannan. If pleased with her conversation, when on horseback, now that he saw her in a neat, plain, clean, country dress, he became *violently in love*, and proposed marriage. Notwithstanding that he was young, rich and handsome, yet she would not comply. Having returned to his house and staid a few days, *finding no peace*, he set out again to try his fortune with his fair acquaintance, in whom he saw every day *new beauties.* Several journeys of this kind being made, he, at last, *gained her affection ;* and now having been married for years, they have five children, and are the happiest couple in the world.

—

It is remarkable, says a recent writer, that there is seldom any thing in the whole circle of human industry or economy that ever rises to great magnitude or extent, that does not derive its origin from a small and almost imperceptible beginning. The Roman Empire, undoubtedly the greatest re-

corded in History, if we measure greatness by its extent, multiplied by its duration, arose out of a handful of robbers, perched on a few contiguous heights; little better than Primrosé hill in the vicinity of London. The kingdom of Italy, established in all the power, pomp and magnificence of Bonaparte will never rise to the grandeur of ancient Rome. The most flourishing states and towns are not always those, which have been planned before hand. The City of Washington, though situated so happily and so noble, may never, and certainly will not in the course of many years, equal that of Boston, which to use the words of Sir William Temple, speaking of the United Provinces of the Netherlands "was brought forth with violent throes, and nursed with hardfare." Great empires, states, cities, towns, and other societies like the "Kingdom of Heaven" may be compared to a grain of mustardseed, which, indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs and becometh a tree so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.

—

Archbishop Laud wished for an act of Parliament, authorising the people to amuse themselves on the Sabbath day, in any way they pleased.

—

BALLAD.

From Arion and Orilla.

On one parent stock two white roses were growing,
From buds just unfolded and lovely to view;
Together they bloom'd, with the same sunbeam glowing,
And anointed at night by the same balmy dew.

A spoiler beheld the fair twins, and unsparing,
Tore one from the stem, like a gay victim drest.
Then left its companion—his prize proudly bearing,
To blush for an hour ere it died on his breast.

But, ah! for the widow'd one—shrivell'd and yellow,
Its sleek silver leaves lost their delicate hue;
It sicken'd in thought—pin'd to death for its fellow,
Rejected the sunbeam, and shrunk from the dew.

Then where, ruthless spoiler! ah! where is thy glory,
Two flow'rs strewn in dust, that might sweetly have bloom'd—
A tomb is the record, which tells thy proud story,
Where Beauty and Love are untimely consum'd.

—

SOLDIERS' DUET.

From the Comick Opera "Sprigs of Laurel."

Lenox. I like each girl that I come near,
Though none I love but Mary,
Oh she's my darling, only dear,
Bewitching little fairy.

I ask a kiss, and she looks down,
Her cheeks are spread with blushes,
By Jove, says I, I'll take the town,
Me back she gently pushes——
I like each girl, &c.

Sinclair. When off 'twas blown, and 'twas my place,
To fly for Mary's bonnet,
So charming looked her lovely face,
There I stood gazing on it.

Dressed all in white she tripped from home,
And set my blood a thrilling,
O, zounds, says I, the French are come,
Sweet Mary looked so killing.
I like each girl, &c.

Lenox. When to our colonel, at review,
A Duchess cried so airy,
"How does your royal Highness do?"
Says I "I thank you Mary."
I like each girl, &c.

Sinclair. To quick time marching, t'other day,
Our fifes played Andrew Carey,
To every girl I gave the way,
In compliment to Mary.
I like each girl, &c.

—

ADDRESSED TO MISS ELIZA R—.

I saw thee first a *rose leaf* grow
Just sprouted from its parent tree;
I saw thee next a *rose-bud* glow,
With blush of sweet SIMPLICITY.

I came again, and thou wert blown
In Beauty's richest majesty,
But though the rose mature had grown,
I found the bud SIMPLICITY.

Oh long in health and beauty glow,
An honour to thy parent tree;
But whilst thy *blushing roses* blow,
Oh keep thy bud SIMPLICITY.

—

SONG.

Said a Smile to a Tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the sun in spring weather,
In sooth, lovely Tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief,
And I, said the Smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then said the Tear,
Sweet Smile, it is clear,
We are twins, and soft Pity, our mother;
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the wo and the bliss of another!

—

TO SLEEP.

FRIEND of the wretch, who claims no other friend,
Lull thou my children, O! assuasive sleep!
In stealing stillness on their couch descend,
And bind those eyes which open but to weep;
O'er their flush'd cheeks, their fever'd bosom, breathe,
And steep the bitter cares in sweet repose;
Then twine, in happy hour, thy poppy wreath,
With Hope's white bud and Fancy's thornless rose!

To fairy climes in dreams transport my boys,
And *feign* delights they ne'er as *truths* must know,
Yet hold! vain prayer, alas! to dream of joys
But aggravates our sense of waking wo!
So, the lorn lonely slave whose dungeon's gloom
Spreads round his vision a perpetual night,
Mourns as he muses on his earliest doom,
The vanish'd years of liberty and light!

MERRIMENT.

A gentleman having engaged to fight a main of cocks, directed his feeder in the country, who was an Irishman, to pick out two of the best, and bring them to town. Paddy having made his selection, put the two cocks into a bag, and brought them with him in the mail-coach. When they arrived, it was found that upon their journey they had almost torn each other to pieces; on which Paddy was severely taken to task for his stupidity, in putting both cocks into one bag. "Indeed," said the honest Hibernian, "I thought there was no risk of their falling out, as they were going to fight on the same side."

—

Oliver Maillard, a Cordelier, had the reputation of being one of the most famous preachers of his time. Having glanced, in his sermon, at some trait applicable to the conduct of Louis XI, the irritated monarch desired the preacher to be told that he would drown him. "The king is master," replied Maillard: "but tell him that I shall arrive sooner in Paradise by *water*, than he will *with all his post horses*."

Lon. pap.

—

A gentleman having a servant with a very thick skull, used often to call him the *King of Fools*. "I wish," said the fellow one day, "you could make your words good: I should then be the greatest monarch in the world."

—

This was the apology of an Irishman, who being upbraided with *Cowardice*, said "he had as bold a *heart* as any man in the army, but his cowardly *legs* always ran away with it."

Epitaph in a country Church-yard.

Two lovely babes lie buried here,
As ever blessed their parents dear;
But they were seized with ague fits,
And here they lie as dead as nits.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, December* 19, 1807. [No. 25.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

For The Port Folio.

IN a late Port Folio, we announced, with an exultation which we warmly felt, that, by the favour of a friend, we had access to some of the MSS of Dr. NESBIT, the late venerable and learned Principal of Carlisle College. The following are his introductory remarks on the utility and beauty of CLASSICAL LEARNING. This union of persuasion and argument in favour of those immortal authours, who have adorned the fairest ages of literature, we hope, will be attentively regarded by all, who are ambitious to write and to speak well. When a taste for the beautiful reliques of antiquity shall induce the aspiring youth and studious gentlemen of the country, patiently to explore the imperishable pages of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Virgil, the arts of Composition and of Eloquence, so honoured and valued in every free government, will flourish, as in another Athens, or Rome, and the oratours and writers of America may safely challenge a liberal comparison with the best efforts of the most rhetorical speakers, and purest writers of the other hemisphere.

The perspicuous, instructive, and elegant Lectures, in which the merits and character of the classical writers are discussed ably, as well as agreeably, will be published in course, and form an article in The Port Folio, of such genuine merit, that, however censured the Editor may be for the choice, or the composition of other essays, for the publication of this he is sure of the commendation of every scholar in the country.

ON THE ANCIENT LANGUAGES AND A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

KNOWLEDGE, however excellent in itself, and however beneficial to mankind, has always had some enemies; so that those who are engaged in the pursuit of it, need not be surprized if they do not meet with respect from *the multitude*. They may comfort themselves, however, by reflecting that those, who despise knowledge, are ignorant of its worth, and therefore that their judgment in a matter with which they are not acquainted, is of no weight or authority.

The enemies of Learning pretend that the study of Languages, in general, is useless; and they apply this observation, with apparent triumph, to the study of the Latin and Greek Languages, because they are not now spoken in any part of the world, and the most valuable works in both have been faithfully translated.

The study of languages has always been a part of the education of youth, among civilized nations, and the Greek and Roman languages have been so long in possession of the esteem of mankind, that it is probable they will continue to make a part of polite education, in spite of all the endeavours of the ignorant, to represent them as useless.

What idea those people have of usefulness, who represent the study of the dead languages as useless, is extremely easy to guess. They mean, that a student will not make money by understanding these languages. But is money the only object in the world worth the seeking, and the art of gaining money the only one in which youth are to be instructed? The greatest admirers of money will not pretend this. But although this were actually the case, and money the great object of human diligence, yet it must be owned, that that kind of education which is recommended by the admirers of money is often as ineffectual for the end in view, as the study of Greek or Latin. And those who are taught these languages, are, at least, in no worse situation than others, for discovering the most probable means of acquiring wealth, with this additional advantage, that if they acquire it, they are MORE *capable of enjoying it with dignity, and propriety.*

The eminence to which the Greeks and Romans arrived renders their language and history an object worthy of curiosity, besides that their writings are the only mean by which we can know any thing of other nations, they being the only people, who cultivated the study of letters, and took care to transmit the knowledge of interesting facts and eminent characters to posterity.

To acquire a sufficient knowledge of these celebrated people, we ought to study their Language, their History, their Religion, their Laws, and those customs, that prevailed in private life, which so often throw much light on national characters, and give us a more exact knowledge of remote ages. These are to be discovered chiefly in their poetry, and such performances as describe Life and Manners, as the gravity of History seldom descends to describe the transactions of private life, however interesting they may be to posterity.

When we consider, that of all the literary performances of the Romans, sixty books only, have been preserved to our times, and many of these mangled and defective, while no less than three thousand Greek authours are still extant, we may admire the ravages of war, and the caprice of fortune; and be convinced, at the same time, that the study of letters was much more prevalent in Greece, than in the Roman empire.

Those who have only a superficial acquaintance with the ancients, will find their works insipid and disgusting, from the confused ideas of their manners, which their imperfect reading has enabled them to make, and from the injudicious comparisons they are apt to form, of ancient to modern times.

For the right understanding of ancient authours, we ought to consider the times wherein they lived, their notions of Religion and Morals, the state of Science, and the form of Government, under which they wrote, and the notions which their circumstances led them to form of human nature, as without this knowledge, their writings must appear unintelligible, as well as trifling to modern readers.

The ancient writers may be divided into several classes: poets, historians, oratours, and philosophers. Some few works of criticism have likewise been preserved. Of these the poets are the most ancient and most celebrated, though we have the works only of a few of them. As poetry is the most ancient mode of composition, it admits of great variety, and has been successfully applied to many subjects. In the ruder ages, the maxims of moral wisdom, the traditionary History of ancient times, the rude Elements of Science, the Laws of States, and the Maxims of the common Arts of Life, were all delivered in verse; and this mode of composition being the fittest to commit to memory, was suited to those ages, wherein writing was unknown, and constituted all the learning of those early times. Homer, the most ancient poet extant, and, at the same time, the most voluminous, could neither write nor read. His poems were recited by himself, and consigned to the memories of the bards, or rhapsodists of Greece and Asia, from whom Lycurgus collected them, and Solon and Pisistratus are said to have digested them into the form and order in which they now appear.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

CURSORY SKETCHES

IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE BORDERS OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

To —— at Coldenham, New-York.

(Continued from page 379.)

My dear S——, will trace our route, this morning, through a country, wrapt in hazy gloom, the landscape dimly seen, and the frequent recurrence of water, fordable, though turbid and deep, giving conspicuous variety to the borders of the Southern state. We stopped to make inquiries, respecting agricultural subjects, and were told that when the Hessian fly, was making some depredations on the wheat, in 1805, they were so numerous, as totally to obscure the Sun. Thus do travellers, receive and circulate intelligence, to which common sense refuses credibility. Heavy rain met us at Woodbu-

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ry, where we dined. The rapid winds suddenly, brought up a column of terrifick blackness, flashes of lightning and reiterated peals of thunder, scattered the ash-coloured clouds across the Eastern hemisphere. We were on a considerable elevation, which commanded a grand view of the passing storm. Our progress was impeded a few hours; when the rural world reassumed an animated glow. The air was perfumed with clover bloom, the rose of June unfolded its damask leaf, and the snowy blossoms of black-berries, gayly decorated the hedges. Here we saw a Roman Chapel, half imbosomed in trees, amongst which the flowering poplar, was distinguishingly beautiful. From a schoolhouse, on the road side, a number of youthful voices, sent forth a simple strain. The mountain's dark verge now towered in prospect, and as a sunbright radiance tinged the blue horizon,

> The mind, o'er Heaven's illumined arch,
> Mused on the Architect Divine.

We checked our horses, to survey this romantick spot, I shall never forget the melody of that impressive moment.

> Within the solitary grove,
> As Zephyr fann'd the quiv'ring spray,
> Building its little bow'r of love,
> And breathing soft, a melting lay,
> The pensive vesper song was heard,
> Hymn'd by a tuneful Southern bird.
>
> E'en now, on Fancy's raptured ear,
> The plaintive trill vibrates again:
> The woodnote wild, so soft, so clear;
> Its cadence sweet, its soothing strain,
> And all its mellow tones impart,
> Thrilling remembrance to the heart.

After crossing the Monocky, we gladly marked our near approach to Federicktown. Its pleasant situation together with a large and airy house of Mrs. Kimbler, promised us agreeable accommodations. Her absence was supplied by the attention of her daughter; the order and regularity of her household, happily conduced to the ease and comfort of strangers, who were gratefully sensible of those kind offices, which sooth and alleviate life's weary hour. In the evening, as the Church bell rang, a Maryland gentleman observed it was to remind the people of Frederick, that *Sunday* was approaching. The Sabbath arrived; but not with all those accompaniments, which usher in the day at home. The loaded waggons were pursuing the usual routine of business, and the coloured inhabitants, who were released from labour, wasted the interval in noise and riot. Our friends, the L— party, rejoined us here. We mutually appreciated the happiness resulting from a due observance of the Sabbath. R. B. L. smiled at the warmth of our eulogium, on all that we admired. He renewed a polite invitation to his habitation, predicting that every local prepossession would vanish, if Virginia's pleasant attractions met our view. Yet, in this part of our tour, there was a shade of "darknèss to be felt." L— anticipated our sentiment and sighing said, it was a grievance harder to be endured by masters than slaves: but tell me not that I am not *national* when I acknowledge the cordial urbanity, and openness of character, southward of Pennsylvania, which obtains a vast superiority over the retiring coldness of our state manners. Travellers, in quick succession, gave an endless diversity to the scene, which now exchanged the L— family for a coach full of Carolinians: gay variety and pleasing manners rendered Col. L. M. and his party a valuable addition to the society at the inn. They had collected some brilliant petrifactions at a cave near Staunton, in Virginia: It was described with very many allurements, for the curious: but it was not our object to penetrate into caverns; or to investigate the earth's internal structure, all that was beautiful or novel on its surface, we traced with interest and delight. To the politeness of a young gentleman of this family we owe several specimens to enrich *Caroli's* cabinet at home. Here The Port Folio arrested our attention; with avidity, we each selected a number, greeting it, as the face of a friend. Its early writers, with some interesting anecdotes of Florian and Ithacus, enlivened conversation, and imperceptibly placed us in the same literary circle. From the civility of some, and the talents of

others, our pleasures multiplied and the sphere of our enjoyments enlarged. We were perpetually reminded of the different result of habit and education in the American character. It would seem incredible that the slight barrier of rivers, or the small space that forms the boundaries of Pennsylvania and Maryland, should produce manners so dissimilar, and mental features so distinctly marked. Before the sun was invisible, we ascended the *house top elevation* to view the vicinity of the town, and were highly gratified with a distant prospect of mountains, on which the daystar left its warm lustre; the miniature beauties that surrounded us, were tinged with a faint glow, *yet so* mutable was the colouring, that as we gazed, Twilight wove her dim veil.

Fredericktown.

A clear morning, at 7 o'clock, had by general consent, assembled the ladies in their riding habits, and the gentlemen in travelling equipment. As the only expedient to relieve the toils of the day, Col. L. M. recommended a double portion of patience to us, who were to meet the fatigue, which they had happily surmounted. Here we parted, with many kind wishes and warm adieus. The roads were extremely rough, and so cut by heavy waggons, that before we had advanced three miles from Frederick, the screw which fastened our traces was broken, and on the ascent of a rugged hill, we alighted, fearfully anticipating a pedestrian tour. The invincible spirit of P—— received a check, when he beheld a feminine triumvirate, silently wandering with the petit musician, as their escort, yet, ever fertile in means, the accident was quickly repaired, and excessive weariness was beguiled by the reward that was to recompense our exertions: 20 miles in advance marked our approach to Harper's ferry. The base and acclivities of the hills were completely covered with a rich bloom of pink and white laurel. This attractive shrubbery, was rendered singularly beautiful by contrasting the blushing tints of its buds, with the whiteness of the full-blown flower. Evergreens, and other small trees extended their branches into the carriage, whilst clusters of wild violets filled the gale with their fragrance, but this was the softened lineaments of nature, the grand outline that now presented, the pencil and the pen would delineate in vain. Stones and rude fragments of rock had rendered the soil scarcely discernible. On one side a cragged pile rose in terrifick grandeur, projecting over the road, and threatening instantaneously to crush the feeble atoms, that were below. The aching eye looked out dismayed, the solemn roar of distant waters broke upon the ear, and the bold and rapid waves of the Potomack now murmured, as they rolled along. Before us vast mountains towered, on whose awful heights a deep blue veil seemed suspended. This chain of wonders lifted the heart in adoration of that Power, by whom "mountains were molten, and vallies cleft." Here the Shanandoah mixes its waters with the Potomack, presenting an impressive picture of wild magnificence, in the passage of those stately rivers, through the mountain's chasm, disjointing immense piles of rock and forcing their way through the Blue Ridge, whose cloud-capt eminence frowned, awfully sublime.

This moment, my friend, was the first in my life, wherein realities exceeded the measurements of fancy.—We dined on the Virginia side, but the novelty of our situation, gave us slight appetites. A deep-toned bell summoned the workmen to the armoury and the arsenal, our attention was directed thither; but the works of art were so inconsiderable, compared with the sublimity of nature, that all curiosity respecting them sunk, whilst in mute astonishment, we saw the sun retiring from the visible horizon, and the gloom of evening suddenly approach.

"Deepening the murmur of the falling floods,
"And breathing browner horrour on the woods."

Sleep was banished from our pillow, and we traversed the chamber at midnight to view the stars glittering

over the summits that encircled us.—When we beheld the nocturnal world clothed in its sombre mantle, and listened (amid nature's dread silence) to the hoarse murmur of water falling over rocks, and dashing against the shore, we rendered homage to those attributes Omnipotent, in creating and mercifully placing boundaries to the waves. Gladly we marked the faint beam of morning, and saw the sun casting its glories over the river's intermingling currents. A broad glare of light was diffused on surrounding objects, as we ascended the high grounds, leading to Shepherdstown. A new creation seemed starting into existence, and fancy doubtfully realized the romantick scenes, from which we had so recently emerged. On the borders of Virginia, the landscape softened into perfect tranquillity: the woodlands were solitary, the traces of inhabitants indistinct, and cultivation lost that animated charm, which we observed in the cheerful haunts of agriculture in Pennsylvania. We often wanted water in this day's excursion. The springs were at a distance from the huts. At a lowly roof we obtained a pellucid draught for ourselves, but the kindness was not extended to our horses, an ancient black woman protested against their drinking out of her *new tin bucket*, we had no right to dispute her privileges, and as our languid looks beguiled her of an egg, we thankfully accepted a gratuity, with the aid of which, we pursued our ride to Martinsburg, 200 miles from home. This spot, though elevated, wore an unpleasant appearance. A gloomy prison, shattered houses, and an air of desolation reigned. The inn was commodious and our repast in handsome style. At eventide we heard a number of workmen, singing a patriotick song, in praise of America's hero. We became reconciled to our situation (perhaps) in consideration of this grateful tribute to Washington.

Adieu.

(To be continued.)

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

If we could retrace the progress of nature in an individual, up to the origin of his animal existence, and take into consideration all the accidents whereby he might, in any manner, have been affected, we should be able to give some account of those peculiarities of constitution, or temperament, which make such a diversity among mankind. If I were endued with such discernment, I confess I should take a particular pleasure in discovering the immediate causes of that extreme sensibility, that rather suffers, than enjoys, the common lot, and scorns the dulness of vulgar wishes. I would remark the delicate structure of the organs, the vivid elasticity of the fibres, and the exalted form of the spirits; which altogether make up a mass of sensation, if I may use the expression, and result in habits but little suited to the ordinary business of human life.

Although this or any other temperament may be be derived with our very being, it is extremely probable that it undergoes considerable alteration, especially in that susceptible period of life, when education undertakes to mend the workmanship of nature.

Those who are bred to labour acquire sinew and athletick ability; and as the hand, that is inured to the axe-helve, contracts a callus that knows nothing of the sensations of touch, so it is probable that laborious employment superinduces an apathy on the mind itself, that suppresses the ardour of imagination, and defies the incitement of poetick images, however beautiful or interesting. Even liberal education may have different effects, as it directs the attention of the student to objects of fancy and taste on the one hand, or to the more abstract studies of pure science on the other. In the former case, Knowledge and Sentiment go hand in hand; the heart and the head are jointly cultivated; and nothing is well understood until it is recognized by its appropriate passion: in the latter, the progress is merely intellectual, and every object assumes an air of severity, that tolerates no emotion, and prohibits the play of fancy as mere impertinence. Hence the reader must excuse me, if I should not expect to find much amiableness in a profest mathematician—the answering look, the sympathetick glow, in a cold configuration of angles and right lines, that owned no relation, and paid no regard to any thing, but the axiom upon which it was built.

It must be owned too, that climate has its effect upon the temper—that even different qualities of the atmosphere within the same climate may be attended with considerable varieties of human nature. Not only do the equatorial ardours produce an excitement, unknown in the frozen regi-

of the north, but the inhabitants of the highlands within our own observation, are as superiour to their neighbours of the swamp in spriteliness as in situation; and at a time when sensibility made good its pretensions to, or rather its identity with genius in Athens, the poor Bœotians were excused for their stupidity on account of their breathing a thick air.

There is indeed a very evident difference between sensibility and learning, and it will be granted too, that there is no necessary connexion between sensibility and intellect; but of that enterprising, creative complexion of mind, commonly called genius, it is the basis. A feeling heart is easily affected; and the frequent impressions that it receives are too *home-felt* to be disregarded, or soon forgotten. Rather by rumination and reflection they are repeated, and propagated through a succession of sensations, which become more and more refined, as they are oftener subjected to the revisions of the judgment, and reduced to the order of philosophick decorum. Hence two advantages which, while they indicate, conduce not a little to the perfection of genius, viz. the mind is kept in action; and, by the infinite variety of aspects, with which the imagination is continually solicited, it is furnished with subjects in which the novelty of fiction confers an additional charm on the congeniality of nature.

The exhibitions, both of nature and art, are thrown away upon a phlegmatick disposition. It never feels itself accommodated by any thing but the necessaries of life, or the most common instances of utility. A man of this cast would not be a hundred pounds poorer than he is for all the endowments that ever were attained by study, or displayed by genius. His indifference is proof against the charms of the beautiful, and the magnificence of the sublime; and were there no other witness but himself, it would never be known that there are any such characters in nature. But, on the other hand, the man of feeling not only receives those characters by a complete impression, but perceives their harmony, with an enthusiasm, that sets all his faculties at work, and fertilizes his soul. What is thus committed to him is not *hid in the earth, or laid up in a napkin.* He multiplies those enchanting pictures, with the mutual variety and uniformity of their original; and, if education has furnished him with the aids of language, images forth his mental offspring to people the regions of literary enchantment. Then sensibility is the only soil in which Nature can sow her beauties with certainty of increase.

If the counsels of wisdom lay hold on the pupil's heart, or if his mind yields to the voice of instruction, it is because he was formed of a finer mould, and the elements conspired more harmoniously in his constitution. A natural flexibility prepared him for the plastick hand of education, and completely answered the designs of a judicious tuition, in all the accomplishments of intelligent and social life. The youthful modesty that reddens on his cheek, as the blossom of future excellence, flatters the wishes of parental fondness, and promises to repay the pains of discipline a thousand fold.

That mode of humanity that is sometimes called politeness, and without which human life would be a most inhuman spectacle, is so much owing to sensibility, that I imagine that if the rudest clown that ever wore a hob nail could, by some physical process, be extricated from that slough that he has contracted from his manner of life, he would immediately become an example of all that is valuable in cultivated manners. Sensibility itself is easily pained; and it will be cautious of giving offence in a way that is so open to retaliation; while a sympathetick regard to the feelings of others improves the behaviour into one of the most amiable forms of benevolence.

In a moral point of view likewise, we might, without refining too much, attribute many advantages to sensibility. Sensibility is a nice discerner, and is often shocked at an action of which a man of ordinary feelings would make no matter of conscience at all. As disgust at what is villainous, and abhorrence at what is wicked, counteract the temptation to the one and the other, so the contemplation of a good action gives a pleasure (it is so sublime that I can hardly call it by so common a name) a pleasure, I say, that outweighs a thousand precepts in determining a man to be good: and so, while vulgar souls forbear to rob on the highway, for fear of being hanged, he who is endued with a genuine delicacy spontaneously pursues a course of virtue as the road to happiness.

But here I must give place to a recollection that is but too strongly enforced by repeated observation. Sensibility is not always equable. Men of feeling sometimes (I wish it were seldom) lose the command of themselves, and by an excess of passion, expose themselves to all *the pain*, without *the bliss of dying*. What terrible discord, what thrilling dissonance was that? Why, nothing less than the cry of violated harmony. The instrument had been finely strung, and hundreds have witnessed the sweetness of its tones; but some rude shock has disordered it, and by the conflict of shrill sounds we are reminded, with regret, of its former subserviency to our pleasure. In like manner we may account for the agonizing paroxysms of Sensibility, and sympathize with the keen sensations of a heart, too tender for the rudeness of a scuffling world.

But if the watery surface is easily ruffled, and nothing in nature is more turbulent than the sea in a storm, *the horrible tempest* is

compensated by the succeeding calm, diffusing a tranquillity that no other element can equal: and let it be remembered that the quiet intervals of minds, whose extreme quickness of feeling leaves them too much at the mercy of every wind that blows in this squally period of our existence, is attended with a delightful consciousness, in comparison with which the composure of other men is mere dulness.

M. L.

For The Port Folio.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

On the separation of saline matter, and sebacick acid from the butter commonly called firkin, or keg butter; thereby rendering it equal in point of goodness to fresh.

The celebrated chymists Scheele and Crell, have paid particular attention to the acid contained in fat, by which we understand tallow, lard, butter, train oil, spermaceti, &c. They have obtained it by distillation from those subtances, and by forming soaps with alkalis, as the potash; the oily parts they separated by mixing it with a solution of alum, (supersulphate of alumina and potash, in chymistry), and heating them gradually. Now, as sebacick acid combines with various substances, it unites, in this case, with potash, and forms a salt known in chymistry by the name of sebate of potash; this sebate of potash, meaning the acid of fat, combined with the alkali, is obtained from its solution, by evaporating the liquor until crystallization takes place: but in chymistry, we find that we must decompose this sebate of potash, to obtain pure sebacick acid; for this purpose, we distil in a retort, this salt, with half its weight of sulphurick acid; we then decompose it, in consequence of the devellent power of sulphurick acid overcoming the quiescent affinity of the constituent parts of the salt, we procure the acid in the recipient, and a sulphate of potash in the retort. Having shown what is meant by sebacick acid, we come now to speak more particulary of the subject in question: viz. the purification of butter. To accomplish this, desideratum, as it is undoubtedly of much importance, particularly to the seafaring gentlemen, we must resort, for principles, to the science of chymistry: but in the purification of salt or keg butter, we must separate two substances to effect our object: to wit, the saline matter, muriate of soda, common salt, and the sebacick acid, or acid of fat, which is analogous to the principle of rancidity: which property butter is apt to contract, by exposure to the air, the oxygen being absorbed to constitute the acid, with the radical or base; it is by a somewhat similar process, the rancidity of oils takes place; viz. by a certain principle in the oil, perhaps animal mucilage, decomposing oxygen gas of the atmosphere, and absorbing oxygen; the principle of acidity.

Having given our preliminary remarks, we come now to the

Separation of saline matter.

To separate the saline matter, in keg butter, we may precipitate nearly all the salt, by melting it in a vessel: for this purpose, for several reasons, we must prefer an iron vessel; for instance, a skillet; on applying heat, the calorick repulses the attraction of aggregation, causes the butter to melt, and assume the fluid aggregate: gravity then begins to act, and precipitation, of course, to take place; the saline matter separates to the bottom, and the melted butter is nearly free from salt, and contains only the sebacick acid, which is to be freed by a subsequent process:—by decantation, as the strata are quite distinct, the butter may be freed from the residuum. Copper, or glazed earthenware vessels should not be used for this operation, as they are injurious to the health; because the acid in the butter, by using copper vessels, combines with that metal, produces a greenish compound, the sebate of copper: and, by using glazed vessels, the same effects would ensue, as the oxydes of lead, which enter into the glazing, as a component part, would, by this means, be partly dissolved; and this would form

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a poisonous salt, the sebate of lead. Having thus separated the greater portion of the salt, our next object, which we should direct our attention to, would be, to disengage the remaining portion with the sebacick acid. This may be accomplished in two ways: to wit, 1st, pour the butter, when melted, and gone through the first operation, into another skillet, and immediately add a quantity of warm water,* which must be kept in that state, for some minutes; afterwards the whole may be thrown, or the butter alone, if possible, into a churn containing boiling water. By this means, together with agitation, all the remaining saline matter will be dissolved and the sebacick acid will be disengaged. Alcohol, or rectified spirits of wine, also has the property of disengaging the sebacick acid from fat, butter, &c.

Query: Would it not answer to separate the acid in rancid butter; to mix the melted butter with potash, thereby forming a combination of butter, and alkali: afterwards, to add alum in solution, as the acid† of the alum would unite with the potash, thereby disengaging the latter from the butter, which would float on the surface; the sebacick acid, in consequence of a reciprocal affinity, would unite with the argillaceous earth of the alum, forming a sebate; and as all the substances, (except the pure butter), would either precipitate or be held dissolved in the water, the butter, might easily be separated? however, this is merely an idea thrown out, according to certain principles.

Cold, acting upon the melted butter, which we have purified by the former process, counteracts the repulsive effects of heat; of course, assists the attraction of cohesion, and the body assumes a solid form; hence a separation of the aqueous portion, holding the saline matter and the sebacick acid in solution; may be easily accomplished.

(*To be concluded in our next*).

* Rosewater may be used, to make it more agreeable.

† Sulphuric acid.

For The Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Now when much time was spent, and when sailing was now dangerous, Paul admonished them, and said unto them, Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives. Nevertheless the Centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things, which were spoken by Paul."

This affectionate admonition so modestly, so courteously, so benignantly expressed, claimed and deserved all the Centurion's regard. But this appeal, both to the reason and the passions of a Roman soldier was ineffectual. The warning voice of Sagacity, the counsel of Prudence, and even the silver tones of Eloquence itself, neither convinced nor persuaded vulgar Obstinacy. Why? "because the Centurion *believed the master and the owner of the ship, more* than those things, which were spoken by Paul." The genius of Foreknowledge herself personified by an Apostle, rears her aspiring form on the Cretan strand, and darts her eyes of keenness across the Adriatick Gulf. She sees, in the gloomy distance, every image of night, and tempest, and terrour, she sees the shattered mast, and hears the howl of the tempest, and the shrieks of the mariner. She exclaims in her most friendly voice to the Centurion and his companions: Beware, my Julius, beware my brethren, weigh not anchor, winter at Crete, unfurl no sail, till genial Spring time come, and South winds softly blow.

Is it possible that men will not listen to such a monitor? Is the *deaf adder* always an emblem of human perverseness, which will not hearken to the voice of the charmer, charming ever so wisely? Yes, it seems to be a characteristick of our nature, often to treat with contemptuous neglect, advice the most salutary, and prophesyings the most authentick, and to rush with desperate zeal, hoodwinked to perdition.

But I shall not detain my readers with moralizing, which they may think dulness, when it is in my power to

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describe a voyage, which I am sure they will pronounce entertaining.

To understand the full import of Paul's caution, the centurion's carelessness, and the sinister consequences, which followed from the latter, let us look into the last chapter of the Acts. It is short, but it is exceedingly copious of amusement and instruction.

In consequence of the zeal of St. Paul, in defence of the Christian Faith, he is accused, tried, and condemned before a provincial Tribunal. He appeals, and is ordered to embark for Rome. This voyage to Italy commences with every evil omen. The accused Apostle first enters into a ship of Adramyttium. But the winds are contrary. After being tossed about, and crossing two seas, the desired haven is still at a distance, and at Myra, an Alexandrian vessel receives our illustrious wanderer. Here again navigation is checked. Some torpedo seems to cling to the keel. The winds will not suffer the ship to pursue her course. *They sailed slowly many days.* Their lagging progress is finely described, by almost every word in the context. The line labours almost as much as the ship. They could hardly pass one of the petty islands in the Mediterranean. They have not yet lost sight of Candia. Meanwhile, Autumn advances. Much time has been lost, and though the Halcyon now sits brooding on the unruffled wave, yet Winter and Tempest and Trouble are at hand. The deceitful tranquillity of the sea and the sky did not delude Paul. He needed no almanack to foretel him of the foul weather, which approached, nor took an observation, except by the glass of Experience and Sagacity. He discerned mischief at the very verge of the horizon, in *the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand.* He told his fellow passengers plainly, that the voyage would prove perilous, not merely to the vessel and cargo, but to themselves. He doubtless enforced his admonition with all the arguments, which his dexterous logick could so adroitly employ, and all that blandishment, which his graceful elocution could lavish. In short, he appealed directly not only to their good sense, but to their interest, and to their fears. If Wisdom, Authority, Genius, Learning, insinuating manners, and versatile talents were ever combined in one man, and all employed for the benefit of his fellow men, it was on this occasion. Julius, the centurion, in whose custody Saint Paul is detained, had just witnessed the astonishing powers of the Apostle, in the course of his arduous trial before King Agrippa, and the captious Festus; before a Jewish Viceroy, and a Roman Procurator, both of them his mortal enemies. On this interesting occasion, the Apostle displayed so much eloquence, assisted by all the powers of Reason, Innocence, Truth, and Nature, that even his austerer Judge, relenting, is almost won over to Christianity, and both Agrippa and Festus, with a harmony that does them honour, agree that this fascinating man deserved neither death nor disgrace, and that he might have been liberated, had he not appealed to a higher tribunal. The centurion was so forcibly struck with the generous qualities of this great man's mind, that though he held him as a prisoner, he treated him with the utmost humanity, and, on their arrival at Sidon, he had so much confidence in his honour and integrity, and so much compassion for his misfortunes, that, as it is beautifully expressed in the original, Julius courteously intreated Paul, and gave him liberty to go unto his friends to refresh himself. Yet with all these favourable impressions, this polite, and gentle, and generous soldier, like too many men of the world, was swayed by ignorant, mechanical, and mercenary people, and trusted vulgar Credulity rather than Philosophick Genius. Although he had such recent experience of the abilities of the Apostle, *nevertheless*, I am ashamed to add the miserable and disgraceful conclusion, nevertheless, the centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things, which were spoken by Paul. A venal owner of the cargo and an ignorant mariner, who, as it appears had scarcely a chart to steer by, put to si-

lence even the tongue of an Apostle. Thus does the "learned pate duck to the golden fool," thus, in common life, is the honourable merchant supplanted by the vulgar pedler; thus, is the scholar often defeated by the dunce, and thus does the long-eared ass of drudgery sometimes gain more attention than the fleetest zebra, that ever bounded over the hills. The pilot and the owner easily persuade the credulous centurion. The *crew* too, always restless and fond of change, are eager to depart. Because, in their absurd opinion, the *Fair haven*, where they were at anchor in safety, was not perfectly commodious to winter in, *the more part advised to depart thence, if, by any means, they might attain to Phenicé*. These mad mariners consulted nothing but their own impatient humour, listened to nothing, but to that deceitful breeze, which is courted to waft them to some *other port*; and, when the South wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, with all the credulity of foolishness, and all the rashness of desperation they set sail, in defiance of Paul and of Prudence herself.

Let us mark the consequences of so romantick an adventure, instigated by the *voice of the people*, and pursued by an opinionated owner, a fool-hardy pilot, and a crew of madcap mariners, who, probably, with all the plausibility of pert Pretension, talked to the goodnatured centurion about tides and currents, as though inspired by the very Genius of the Sea.

But not long after there arose a tempestuous wind called Euroclydon; and now we shall have a fine specimen of the skill of these selfwilled sailors. They are in the utmost confusion and consternation. They abandon the vessel to the mercy of the storm. She reels to and fro, with a motion more giddy than the drunkards who have thus exposed her. The description is so emphatical and picturesque in the original, that it merits transcription. "And when the ship *was caught*, and could not bear up into the wind, *we let her drive*. And running under a certain Island, which is called Clauda, we *had much work* to come by the boat which, when they had taken up, they used helps, undergirding the ship; and, *fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands, strake sail*, and so *were driven*. And we being exceedingly tossed with a tempest, the next day they lightened the ship, and the third day we cast out with our own hands the tackling. And when *neither sun nor stars in many days appeared*, and no *small tempest* lay on us, *all hope that we should be saved was then taken away*.

VIRGIL's description of a storm in the first book of an Epick poem, which is the boast of ages, and the darling of Criticism, may be more elaborate, yet is not more affecting than the above narrative.

But the misfortunes of these miserable mariners are by no means at an end. During the space of a fortnight, a most tremendous interval, the storm rages with unmitigated wrath. They are buffetted by all the billows of the Adriatick Sea. At starless midnight, dreading the peril of hidden rocks, they cast four anchors out of the ship, and WISHED FOR THE DAY. Infatuated, intimidated men, how often did ye wish not only for the dawn of a serene morning, but that ye had listened to the voice of the Saint and the Sage, and not have loosed from Crete to have gained this harm and loss.

Though Paul had been so maltreated by these misguided men, he does not attempt to revenge himself in the height of their calamity. After calmly expostulating with them on the enormous absurdity of their conduct, his very next accents are those of comfort and consolation. He exhorts the dejected mariner to be of good cheer, assures him that no life shall be lost, predicts, as from the beginning, the shipwreck, as a punishment for their temerity, then renews his topicks of cheerfulness, and apprizes them that they will reach the Island of Malta in safety.

Thus terminates the voyage of this crazy Alexandrian skiff, whose owner was Self-Love, whose helmsman was Rashness, and whose sailors were

Blindness, Caprice, and Obstinacy. As might be expected, even by an individual of far less penetration than Paul, this illmanaged and illfated vessel *ran aground*, and a pitiful figure she makes on the shore, with her head stuck in the sand, and her stern broken with the violence of the waves. The cargo gluts the sea, the ship is wrecked on the strand, and on disjointed planks and broken boards, overwhelmed with fear, harrassed by hunger, drenched with rain, and benumbed with cold, instead of a secure haven and a comfortable home under the clement skies of their regretted Italy, the mariners find themselves on a barren rock and among a barbarous people.

Shakspeare, somewhere, describing a herd of a similar character to the crew in the text, remarks, that *they'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk*. Our rash mariners had all this facility. Without making a wry face, they swallowed every word of the owner and master of the ship, with as much ease as they would a sugar'd medicine, but it proved to be the bitterest pill they had ever taken, and, as we have seen, aggravated all the horrours of their *sea sickness* to a tenfold degree.

We have now finished a narrative of this sinister voyage, which, we are afraid, as far as our own pen has been employed, will prove as fatiguing to our readers, as it was to the remonstrating Saint, and the rebellious crew. One natural inference shall now be drawn, which may be considered as the moral of this essay.

In every country, in every age, how often has this despicable farce of human perverseness been exhibited. How obstinately do men shut their eyes against the radiance of Reason, and stop their ears, to exclude the voice of Truth.

In seasons of political peril, for example, how often has a sagacious statesman, whose wisdom and prescience have been tried, as it were, in a balance, and uniformly stood the test of an unerring standard, cautioned in vain, both the officer and the mariner not to embark madly in the crazy ship Desparation. Some *narrow* calculation, some *short-sighted* policy, some giddy humour predominated over Experience, Prudence, and Genius. Men rush to their ruin. The *Euroclydon* rises. The bleak North-east of Adversity howls in every ear. The fatal *Levanter* sweeps the sea and the sky. The *fountains of the great deep are broken up*, and our bark and the crew are dashed on the quicksands of Destruction.

ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following exquisite specimen of style, we borrow from a Boston paper, and recommend to those orators who, in future, may display their abilities on the Fourth of July, to take lessons from Mr. Choice, the *American*. As the Proprietor of the following invaluable articles, is, to use his own expression of a *singular turn*, he will probably obtain much credit from a people, who as it is reported, being *full of notions* themselves, will not be offended with a little eccentricity in another.

Our American advertiser, unlike many a presuming Englishman, who visits us, is no *travelling man of deceptions*, like that cursed MOORE, for instance, who went about, seeking whom he might devour, and debauched all the wives and daughters in the land. But, though some men *think light* of *many things*, *Honesty and Justice will have* sway, and Peter Choice be a chosen vessel exhaling all the *aroma* of the East. In consequence of profoundly plunging into discoveries, and the delight he feels in beholding machinery going on in a sort of patriotick journey, for the good of the country, he has found a relief for the eye, and a relief for the tooth, a reviver of hair, and a *restorer of life*. God bless him. Those *pretended* ivory and *swine's hair* brushes, which have rubbed the enamel from our teeth, and driven all patience from our souls, are superseded by a skilful *Regulator;* and as for his Cordial of Life, if, as

name imports, it should turn out to be *French Brandy*, by St. Cogniack, Mr. Choice, your customers will be innumerable.

NEW INVENTIONS,

By Peter Choice, *an American.*

As the publick are troubled with *many ravelling men of deceptions, making their appearance too* often, which *makes them think light* of many things that are *brought forward at the* present day; but *honesty and justice will have sway.* There is once in a while a quack offers his medicines, but they are a mixture of ignorance and boldness. They never have any practice, nor any education fit for the undertaking.

You will often find them running down all other discoveries, as impositions and falsehoods. Such men are not friends of society. They never spend any thing for knowledge or information; their only object is to accumulate wealth. On the contrary, a man striving to do good *plunges into discoveries*; values neither time nor money to do good to society; *money is not his only object.* No, his object is, to relieve the distressed, and ease the labours of man. He *delights in seeing machinery and discoveries going on for the benefit* of the country.

The Proprietor humbly offers to the publick the following invaluable preparations.

The Transparent Eye Relief, cures all humours and redness of the Eye, and strengthens the sight. It is allowed to be superiour to any thing of the kind, heretofore made use of. Price 25 cents per bottle.

The Invaluable Tooth Relief, which *by its virtue*, will effectually relieve the teeth from all pain, and will restore them to their whiteness. It is superiour to any tooth-powder, for cleaning the teeth, and besides, it leaves an excellent, sweet breath. One bottle of Invaluable Restorative will do as much ervice, as three boxes of common tooth-powder. It will also preserve the teeth from *being affected.* Price 25 cents per bottle, with directions for using.

A new invented Tooth Regulator, which is superiour to any tooth brush, for cleaning the teeth. It will, by using, cleanse the teeth from every thing disagreeable, with ease. It will last years longer than any tooth brush, and is less hurtful to the gums, than those *pretended ivory and swine's hair*, which are often rough and disagreeable, by its being made of silver, with a spunge at one end, and a piece of flannel at the other. Price from 75 to 150 cents a-piece.

The invaluable Lip Restorative—This will cure the lips of all rough and soreness, and make them smooth and beautiful. Those who are much exposed to the wind in cold weather, ought to provide themselves with a box of this Invaluable Restorative, as a remedy for sore lips. Price 25 cents per box.

The Cordial of Life; which will effectually remove the most obstinate colds, coughs, &c. in a short time, and it will also relieve the distressing headache and dizziness, *caused by a nervous debility.* It is preferable to any thing for children, for a cold: *one bottle of it will entirely remove a cold.* Price 25 cents per bottle.

The powerful Hair Reviver, which removes all dandruff from the hair, cleanses it from every disagreeable smell, and gives it a pleasant perfume; it will make the hair easier to curl, or grow to any length wanted, by frequently applying it. It needs no recommending. Price 25 cents per box, with directions for using.

The proprietor of the above is *of a singular turn, wishing to be useful to others, as well as himself.*

☞The above articles may be had of the Proprietor, Peter Choice, at his house, opposite Moody Chase's Tavern, Haverhill, Massachusetts. *Patent Right secured.*

LEVITY.

For The Port Folio.

In a former number of The Port Folio, we published the quizzical Chinese song of Hoang Ho. We presume that Hoang Si, who makes his appearance in the ensuing stanzas is his brother. We are not positive as to the birth place of these verses; we found them like a bantling in a basket, in Dr. Aikin's Athaneum, a miscellany of merit Whether they boast a Chinese or a British birth they have pretensions to the favour of the liberal.

THE CHINESE LOVER.

In Pekin's stately city dwelt
A lady matchless fair,
Throughout all China there was none
That could with her compare.
Twas more than beauty, more than wit,
That fir'd her speaking eye;
With one sweet glance she stole the heart
of Hoang Si.

Her cheek outvied the mountain snows,
Her brows by nature, were
More thin, more beautifully form'd,
Than others pluck'd with care.

'Twas on her cheek, and on her brow,
And in her deep set eye,
Love bade his arrows lurk, to wound
poor Hoang Si.

Why, sweetly tottering, mov'd the maid
In garden and in grove?
Too little were her beauteous feet
To bear the queen of love!
Why strove she not, by look or word?
But stood with downcast eye,
Love gave her silent voice to speak
To Hoang Si.

When Hansi mov'd, all other grace
Eclipsed was, and gone;
As taper lights when Phœbus shines
As night at break of morn.
Like little diamonds dropped in snow,
Were her bright eyes, but, ah!
Relentless parents bade them beam
On Song-lin-Shah.

O why did Fortune make her rich?
Or why was I so poor?
I met the lustre of her eye
And thought my bliss secure,
Till richer proffers favour woo'd,
Successful, woo'd, for, ah!
Too cruel Fate! herself she gave
To Song-lin-Shah.

Far from my breast my reason fled,
And left me quite forlorn;
I wandered to the deserts drear,
With all my garments torn.
I taught the caverns to complain,
I made their echoes cry,
Reverberative to my moans,
Poor Hoang Si.

I have been in the Indian lands,
And on the Persian sea,
But never, never could regain
My heart's sweet liberty.
Oft have I play'd the pipe of peace
And borne the sword, yet ah!
Could ne'er forget the beauteous wife
Of Song—lin—Shah.

For The Port Folio.

The Ballad of William and Margaret, of which Andrew Marvell was contented with the authourship, and David Mallet of the reputation, has been often successfully burlesqued.—The following parody is merely tolerable.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet,
In glided cook maid Margery's Ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like thick clouted cream,
Before it has been churn'd,
And clay cold was her brawny fist,
That oft' fore fires had burn'd.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe we all must wear,
When Death has knock'd us down.

Her bloom was like the best house lamb,
Her skin was soft and sleek,
Not even rump steaks could excel,
The colour of each cheek.

But love and disappointment had
Brought Margery to her death,
To drown her grief, she took to Gin,
Which soon stopp'd up her breath.

Billy, awake, thou faithless man,
Leave snoring for a while,
And hear a long and dismal tale,
How you did me beguile.

The Watchman's call'd past three o'clock,
Awake my Billy dear,
Most drunken blades are sleeping off
The fumes of punch and beer.

William, remember when you gave,
To me this letter broken,
It was forever to remain,
As a true lover's token.

Why did you say, you'd marry me,
And not that promise keep;
Why did you say my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep.

How could you say my face was fair,
It might the lily mock,
Behold it now has changed its hue,
And whiter than my smock.

Why did you say my lips, for red
Excell'd my scarlet cloak,
And why did I, young, artless maid,
Believe what you had spoke.

My fingers oft' you did admire,
When I've been raising paste,
And swore among your female friends,
None had so small a waist.

Ah, cruel youth! those days are past,
When I did look so gay,
Instead of kindling amorous flames,
I'm now for grubs a prey.

But hark! I hear the housemaid stir,
Billy, my love, adieu,
I hope you'll sometimes think on her,
Who died for love of you.

The clock struck five, up William got,
And scratch'd his itching head,
Then leisurely pull'd off his cap,
And, yawning, left his bed.

He slowly walk'd to the Church-yard,
Where Margaret was laid,

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Then heav'd a sigh, and pensive cry'd,
Adieu, thou charming maid.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore,
Then wip'd his eyes, and blow'd his nose,
And thought of her no more.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

LATE LORD KENYON.

A splendid Monument has been lately erected in the Parish Church of Hanmer, in the county of Flint, to the memory of that truly great character, the late Lord KENYON. It is of the usual pyramidical shape, and is divided in height into nearly two equal parts; the lowest is occupied in the centre by a projecting pedestal, containing the following dignified and most appropriate inscription:—

LLOYD LORD KENYON,
Baron of Gredington, in the County of Flint,
Lord Chief Justice of England.
In the Execution of his high and important
Magistracy, he was eminently distinguished
for
Learning, Discernment, Firmness, and Integrity;
Not only was he qualified to administer the
Laws with Fidelity, Promptitude and
Vigour, but, as the Guardian of the
Publick Morals,
To instruct, admonish, and reform;
For
The authority of his high station, great and
weighty
In itself, was strengthened, graced, and dignified, by the religious simplicity of
his own character,
And the untainted purity of his Habitual
Conduct.
Dear to his Family,
In every Office and Relation of Domestick
Life,
He has left a Name,
To which they look up with affectionate and
honest Pride,
And which his country will remember
With Gratitude and Veneration,
So long as her Happiness and her Glory
shall continue to depend on the great
and united Principles of
Religion, Law, and Order.
Born, October 5th, 1732. O. S.
Died, April 4th, 1802.

On the right hand of, and adjoining, the pedestal, is a spirited figure of watchful Justice, with the Libra, and unsheathed sword; on the left hand is a beatiful figure of Religion, bearing the Cross, and Book of Life, opened in Proverbs, at the verse, "*The memory of the just shall be blessed.*" From the top of the pedestal rises a Gothick niche, from which a grand curtain being supposed to be thrown back, a sitting figure of his Lordship is seen, in his Parliamentary robes, and though small is esteemed a very striking likeness.

The whole monument is of fine white marble, the figures are in *alto relievo*, and the design and execution such as must add to the increasing reputation of John Bacon, jun. the Sculptor.

CROSS READINGS.

FROM THE BALANCE.

A fire lately raged in—the heads of Burr, Adair, and Comfort Tyler, which did great damage to the inhabitants.

The new treaty with Great Britan—died last night, with a cold caught in the passage.

The President, we understand, has declined the honour of another—trip to Carter's Mountain.

The late freshet has done much damage to 1600 pair ladies' and gentlemen's shoes.

All persons are hereby forbid harbouring—the Stratford new Bridge—seen by Capt. Buddington, in company with five others, going towards Boston.

FROM THE EMERALD.

Thirty pipes Cogniack brandy—for four or five gentlemen of the court.

Many articles of foreign intelligence—were unfortunately consumed by the fire.

UPLAND cotton—for the young ladies' academy.

Lost, supposed to be stolen—five miles of the Newburyport turnpike.

The senate yesterday, by yeas and nays,—took a few boxes of Hamilton's worm destroying Lozenges.

An act to suspend the operation of—any quantity of distilled spirits.

Several ladies of distinguished fashion—will be sold by publick auction to the highest bidder.

Taken by execution—the new representatives to Congress.

A wet nurse wanted—for the benefit of Harvard College.

The southern mail establishment—has been indicted for disorderly conduct.

The theatre during the season—has lost its main stays, and been in a very leaky condition.

The third subscription assembly—contained many articles of no value, except to the owner.

A man was lately detected in—preaching to a large congregation.

—

IMPROMPTU,

On hearing the honourable Mrs. Coventry, accompanied by the young Spaniard, playing the Delightful air, "*La Belle Lolottee.*"

Let the Belles of the Court and the City lament,
That the Graces, all three, are to Coventry sent;
And so are the Muses in spite of Apollo,
And the Fashions are daily expected to follow;
While our Wits the reproach of the adage forego,
For to Coventry now, 'tis an honour to go.

G. B.

—

Perhaps no poet of equal pretensions is so little read as Richard Savage: many remember his misfortunes, but few mention his verses. Why it has so fallen out it is difficult to say. Pope commended his muse, and Johnson pronounced him a genius; and one would suppose, that the suffrages of such men were a sure indication of his durable renown. But if the Bastard be excepted, there is little now by which he is recalled, beside the Epigram on Dennis, and the Biography of his Friend. Among the wits of his day, he was as brilliant and ragged as Apollo could wish; and though his life was irregular, his muse was correct. Poor Savage! in the melancholy records of that description of gentlemen denominated bards, thy history is mournfully preeminent, and, though thy song may be neglected, thy errours will be remembered for a humiliation to genius.

—

To the genius of the late Mrs. C. Smith, we are indebted for the following Stanzas.

HOPE, A ROND AU.

Parody on Lord Strangford's "Just like Love."

Just like Hope is yonder bow,
That from the centre bends so low,
Where bright prismatick colours show,
How gems of heavenly radiance glow,
Just like Hope!

Yet if to the illusion new,
The Pilgrim should the arch pursue,
Farther and farther from his view,
It flies, then melts in chilling dew,
Just like Hope!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The Cacoethes scribendi must certainly be the epidemick of the day, or I could not have been tempted to write on so hackneyed a topick as the following; however, if the trifle finds a place in The Port Folio, you may, perhaps, hear again from

LURCANIO, THE WANDERER.

TO LAURA.

Le beaulte n'est ung fruict de garde.

Beauty, Love is but a flower,
Born to bloom its transient hour;
Like the fragrant vernal rose
While the zephyr gently blows,
But when storms and tempests rise
See it withers, droops, and dies:
So the cruel hand of Time
Scatters beauty e'er its prime.
Think, O, think, how swift away,

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Flies each fairy-footed day;
Soon, too soon the cares of age
All our feeling must engage.
Why then waste the moments now?
Why defer thy lover's vow?
For the lustre soon shall fly
From thy mildly beaming eye,
Soon thy swelling coral lip
Age shall of its freshness strip;
Soon thy glowing cheek shall lose
Modest Beauty's roseate hues;
Soon thy polish'd ivory brow,
Time with furrows deep shall plough;
Soon the snows of age shall shed,
Tints of silver o'er thy head;
Soon thy graceful form decay,
All thy beauties fade away;
Soon the universal doom
Must conduct us to the tomb;
Why then waste the morning now?
Why defer thy lover's vow?

—

For The Port Folio.

POOR MARY.

"He simply told the village tale."

Stay stranger—see yon drooping fair,
Why stream the tears from either eye?
Why loose her locks of auburn hair,
And pale her cheek? Say, stranger, why?

The lily now usurps the place
On Mary's cheek, where bloom'd the rose;
Her eye once beam'd with ev'ry grace,
Which now with pearly tears o'erflows.

What bids those pearly tears to flow,
And dims the radiance of those eyes?
Why bears the maid that garb of wo,
Say, why does Mary heave those sighs?

"The tale is sad. Young Henry lov'd
The weeping maid; his love was true,
And Mary soon his vows approved,
For Henry's matchless worth she knew.

Each youth and maiden bless'd the pair,
Their love became the village theme,
But joy was darken'd by despair,
And vanish'd like a morning dream.

For, ah! the bud of love scarce bloom'd,
(Their guileless hearts with hopes elate,)
When to the grave untimely doom'd,
Poor Mary mourn'd her Henry's fate!

T'was this that caus'd that look of wo,
And chang'd to pale that rosy hue,
For this those tears of sorrow flow,
And dim her eyes of heavenly blue."

Sweet maid, farewell—thy sorrows claim
A tear from gentle Pity's eye,
And when we sigh poor Mary's name,
That Echo should responsive sigh,
Poor Mary.

S.

—

For The Port Folio.

ODE, ON WINTER.

By Lucas George.

Stern Winter comes to bid us mourn,
And lays the face of Nature bare;
His voice on wings of winds is borne,
He brings ten thousand forms of care.

A growing tempest veils the sky;
The moon is hurried through the clouds;
Now light, now dark, she passes by
The angry stars the storm enshrouds.

Hark! the wind roars among the trees;
The savage hides within his cave;
Wild uproar rages on the seas;
The sailor trembles on the wave.

Safe to my chamber I retire;
A thousand gloomy thoughts prevail;
I draw the chair, and stir the fire,
And listen to the passing gale.

A spirit on its wings I hear,
That sternly says, or seems to say,
Remember, man, thy time is near,
The time that calls thee hence away.

From the fair fields of life and pride,
Thy wandering soul is doomed to fly,
To worlds far distant, wild, and wide;
Think, Oh! how awful tis to die;

Thus, every gale, that rudely blows,
Brings a memento to the mind,
And terrour more gigantick grows,
And aims a dart with every wind.

Great Authour of this awful scene!
Thy works with wonder I adore,
Teach me to think on what has been,
And what it is to be no more.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, December 26, 1807.* [No. 26.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

IN the Works of Sir William Jones, there is a speculation on the poetry of the Eastern Nations, which is not the least agreeable of the writings of that wonderful and versatile authour. This agreeable essay, which we have perused a hundred times with still renewing pleasure, first led us to the acquaintance of the Persian Hafiz, some of whose odes are certainly not much inferiour to those of Horace himself. But Sir William Jones, who, according to his own account, was perfectly smitten with the beauties of the Oriental Muse, was not satisfied with celebrating her charms in one language. On this delightful topick he wrote a dissertation, with equal copiousness and elegance, in the *French* language. As this is not translated in the English edition, and as the original abounds in extracts from the Persian poets of the most fascinating character, we are extremely pleased to be the first to present, in an English dress, so interesting an article to our readers. The version is faithful and elegant, and the critick will be at a loss, which most to admire, the taste of Sir William or the invention of the Orientals.

A TREATISE
ON ORIENTAL POETRY.

The poetry of the Eastern nations is fertile in strong expressions, and bold metaphors, in sentiments replete with energy, and descriptions animated with the most lively colours. Notwithstanding these truths so generally acknowledged, this sweet and sublime poetry has found criticks as unjust as severe. Those among them, who have endeavoured to degrade the most conspicuous beauties into unjustifiable faults, have attributed them to ignorance, and inattention, to the flights of a deranged imagination and negligence in the distinction and arrangement of ideas. But since it is agreed by connoisseurs, that the works of the Asiatick authours are often admirable, the task of examining whence proceed these real beauties or these imaginary faults, is little necessary in this treatise. When a poet, to elocution and elegance adds ornament and grace, we cannnot refuse him the title of an excellent poet. Besides, it is well known, that authours, of whatsoever nation they may be, who have distinguished themselves by their lively and inventive genius, have neglected that scrupulous exactness, of which more moderate poets are so tenacious. The former have contented themselves with a general resemblance to each other, and have presented to the mind all that is grandest and most striking in nature, the affected regularity of the latter renders their pictures dull and inanimate, and causes the beauty of the outline to disappear under the minute detail of petty circumstances.

Without then entering in this place into an investigation, followed by all the causes, which give this surprising vivacity to the Oriental images, we

will content ourselves with speaking of the advantages the Asiatick authours possess over us in many points.

They have rich and plentiful idioms: they breathe in a warm and fertile climate: they are surrounded by objects as beautiful as cheerful: they enjoy an agreeable tranquillity: and they consecrate their leisure to a passion, which contributes to inspire them early with a poetical talent.*

The Arabian language is expressive, strong, and sonorous: we may call it the most copious of all languages: for each tribe of this nation has words which are peculiar to itself. Their poets make use† of all these words, which become of general adoption in proportion as the work, which collects them, becomes celebrated, as when many small streams, uniting, form a large and plentiful river.

The Persian language is full of sweetness and harmony, adding to the richness of its own basis, that of many words, which it has received from the Arabian language. It surpasses the latter in one beauty very essential to poetry, which is the use of compound words, to which the Arabians are so opposed, that they employ long circumlocutions to avoid them. In general, no idiom can enter into comparison with the Persian for the delicacy and variety of its compound words, of which we will quote a few, notwithstanding the difficulty that lies in translating them into another language: as, Gulfechan, strewing with roses; Zumrudfam, colour of emerald: Gulrokh, rosy cheeks; Semenbui, with the odour of jasmine: Guntcheleb with lips of roses.

We find in the Persian language many other similar words, but to which we can give no beauty in our European idioms, even in decomposing them, as we have just done with the above; although they possess a great deal of elegance in the Persian.

We may say, on the subject of the Arabian and Persian languages, what Lord Chancellor Bacon said of the Latin and Greek: the first of these two languages seems formed for civil and military pursuits: the second, for the cultivation of the arts: the details and exact distinctions of the arts and sciences requiring compound words, little necessary in what only regards war and the rules of society.

The second advantage, which the Asiatick authours have over us, to become good poets, is the easiness and variety of the measure they use in their verse. They have all the quantity and diversity of numbers, of which Hephestion speaks and Pindar gives the examples, with this distinction, that as they have more long than short syllables, they ordinarily substitute the grave and solemn for the lively and animated. The Persians, in their heroick poems, almost always make use of trochaick verse of eleven syllables, as,

Bé zebánchud ker che dared sád nuvá.

Their lyrical verses are often of the measure of a short followed by three long: as,

Bedéh saki mei báhi ke dér génnét.
Mekháï yaft.

Rhyme is very ancient among the Arabs, from whom the Provençal and Castilian poets have received it, but in the Asiatick, it does not connect the sense as in the European verse, the idioms of this people being very full of words of the same termination. We find in some of the longest Arabian Poems the same rhyme continued alternately throughout the whole work. In many Persian odes, each distich finishes with the same word, and then the rhyme falls upon the penultimate syllable: as,

Saki beár badé ke amed zemáni gúl
Chan bulbulan nazul kunein ichán gul.

Boy, bring the wine, for the season of roses has arrived,

* There is hardly an elegy, a panegyrick, or even a satire in their language, which does not begin with the complaints of an unfortunate, or the exultations of a successful lover.

† For the conveniency of their measure and sometimes for their singular beauty.

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"As well as the nightingales, let us repose on beds of roses."

It is, perhaps, as much owing to this easiness of Oriental versification, as to the heat of the climate, that Asia has produced younger poets than any other part of the world. They relate of the celebrated Abderrahman, the son of Hissan, that having been stung by a wasp, when he was an infant, and that insect being unknown to him, he ran to his father, complaining, "that he had been stung by an insect spotted with yellow and white like the border of his garment;" they add, that these words being pronounced in the measure of an Arabian verse as elegant as natural, Hissan discovered the talent of his son for poetry.

Tarafa, one of the seven poets, whose elegies were suspended on the walls of the Mosque of Mecca, gave at the tender age of seven years singular marks of his brilliant genius. They relate of him, that travelling with his uncle Motalammes, and their caravan having stopped to refresh itself on the banks of a clear rivulet, he amused himself with spreading snares to catch skylarks: but that not having taken any of them, when the caravan began to move, he composed, on this occasion, the following verses:

Thou enjoyest thyself, Oh, lark! throughout the extent of the plain;
Thou enjoyest a free air, sing then and multiply in safety:
Fly, and peck round about, all that thou canst desire:
The bird-catcher retires, do thou rejoice at his departure;
The snare is taken away, and thou hast nothing more to fear;
But, rather fear, fear always, for in the end thou wilt be taken.

It is also, without doubt, to the same causes we ought to attribute the facility and vivacity of the Arabs in their impromptus: the following story taken from a book called Succardan, is a proof of it—A poet, who followed the Court of Haroun Alraschid, having one day entered into the apartment of this prince, found him with one of his favourites, and a basket of roses placed before them. After a gracious reception, Haroun commanded the poet to compose a couplet, and to make in it some lively allusion to the colour of these flowers; upon which he replied:

Cainho louna khaddi mâchûki yakbelho
Fomoél habîbi waka abda behi khogelan.

They resemble the cheeks of a beautiful maiden, which, at the approach of a lover, ready to ravish a kiss from them, are covered with a lovely blush.

The lady immediately answered:

Cainho louna khaddi hein yadfani
Cai.ô rashid leamri yougeb algostan.

They rather resemble my cheeks, when the hand of Alraschid presses my own, as a signal for me to retire.

These four verses are very elegant in the Arabick, but we have not translated the last words, because they make an allusion to a particular custom of the Mahometans little conformable to our ideas.

(To be continued.)

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

For The Port Folio.

(Continued from Page 386.)

The figurative speech of the Eastern Nations which arose from penury of proper phrases, as well as warmth of imagination must have very early given rise to Poetry, and the Mythology, or traditionary History of their gods, opened a wide field to Fancy. We can trace this Mythology no higher than Homer, who has been considered as the oracle of succeeding ages, though it is evident that he was not the authour of it, but received it from earlier ages. Whether the Heathen Mythology arose from ignorance of the Oriental Languages, perversion of hieroglyphical writing, or from an impatient and heated imagination, is not agreed among the Learned. Perhaps all these causes contributed to its rise; but its existence is a most remarkable fact in the history of mankind. That savage and wandering tribes should forget their own origin, and the traditions, they once had of the origin of the world, is not surprizing; but that they should have substituted, in the room of ancient tradition, a system of ingenious and beautiful, though absurd, fiction, is truly astonishing. All nations, of whom we have any knowledge, have their Mythology, but that of the Greeks and Romans being much more ingenious than the rest, has been most celebrated and adopted, as an ornament of Po-

try, even by those who have embraced other systems and religious creeds.

The Greeks and Romans, whose Mythology was the foundation of their religion, endeavoured to discover their own gods, under different names, among other nations, and to reduce the Mythology of Egypt, Asia, Germany, and Gaul, to their own standard, but as errour is infinite, whatever resemblance may appear in some circumstances, between the Mythology of different nations, there is no reason to believe, that they were derived from a common source.

A modern philosopher, Mr. Hume, is of opinion, that the belief of a plurality of superiour beings, selfish, lustful, vindictive, and capricious, as the heathen deities are commonly represented, is so natural and probable, that it is either the true account of the system of the Universe, or at least takes place in some other inhabited planets. He might have asserted, with more justice, that when men had lost the knowledge of the true GOD, they feigned deities as like themselves as possible, under whose protection they hoped that they might gratify their passions with impunity.

Notwithstanding all the ancient authours that remain, it is scarcely possible, to determine what degree of belief was generally given to the Grecian Mythology. They had their infidels, no doubt, as we have now; though it is probable, that the vulgar of all ranks believed the fables without scruple. As to men of knowledge and philosophy, it is impossible to determine what was their opinion. Cicero and Plato, in different parts of their works, appear sometimes to believe, and sometimes to disbelieve the popular system.

The young man in Terence, who defends his lewdness by the example of Jupiter, and sundry passages in the Poems of Ovid, sufficiently evince, that the belief of the immorality of the heathen deities had its weight, in corrupting the morals of their worshippers. Longinus observed, that Homer had represented his heroes as gods, and his gods as men. It was not till after the appearance of the Christian Religion, that the stoick philosophers began to allegorize the scandalous history of their deities, though the use of their names to signify those parts of Nature over which they were supposed to preside, is to be found in authours before that period.

But as we are concerned with Mythology, at present, in a critical, rather than a moral view, we shall consider only its effects on poetical compositions, and the advantages which the heathen poetry derived from it. The warm imagination of the Orientals could not bear the labour of philosophising; nor ever thought of inquiring after truth, in the way of reasoning. They chose to rely on their imaginations rather than to use their reason. Too idle to explore the chain of second causes, and ascend, by steps, to a first one, they pushed to a conclusion, and imagined a number of first causes, according to their own conceit, and as much resembling themselves as possible. Unable to conceive a Being who pervaded and ruled all nature, they imagined a number of subordinate deities, among whom they parcelled out the Government of the World as they thought fit. According to them, all Nature was alive, and peopled with imaginary deities of different kinds, each holding their several departments under the control of a supreme ruler. The belief of these produces a wonderful effect in poetry, and seems to give life and animation to every part of nature. The skill of the Grecian painters and statuaries, and the elegance of their works, which were everywhere to be seen, appear to have confirmed the belief of the popular religion. These artists rendered the conceptions of the Poets visible to all, and taught the vulgar to form more distinct notions of their deities, and the several attributes ascribed to them by the Poets, who were, in some sort, the Prophets or Divines of those ages. The success of the artists, in rendering the objects of their worship visible, produced not only more distinct notions, but an additional attachment to the religion of their country. The policy of the Roman Church has in like manner borrowed the aid of images, to attach the ignorant to their religion, with astonishing success.

But whatever superstition was occasioned by the Heathen Mythology, it seems to have had a considerable effect in elevating the conceptions of their writers, especially of their poets. They imagined that they had correspondence and communication with their deities, and that the excellences of their composition were derived from their inspiration. Their hymns and addresses to them contain many just thoughts and devout sentiments, expressive of the dependence of of mankind on a superiour Being, though tainted in many places by the popular and traditionary superstition of their times. Their fictions have been celebrated by many ages, and adopted by all succeeding poets.

If it is asked what use these fictions can serve in our times, we answer, that besides enlarging and diversifying our ideas, they introduce us to the knowledge of human nature, and exhibit to us its wonderful power of deifying its own vices and weaknesses, and consoling its own corruption, by a fancied resemblance to superiour beings. For it was out of the human character, exalted by fiction, that the false gods of Paganism were formed, which occasioned the observation of Longinus, that Homer had made his men gods, and his gods men. Quintilian piously laments this licentiousness of fiction.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

CURSORY SKETCHES

IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE BORDERS OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

To —— at Coldenham, New-York.

(Continued from page 389.)

From the wilds of Virginia, an intuitive glance pervades the peaceful retreats at *Coldenham*, thy heart, dear S—, appreciates its value, and the sigh which escaped, at the moment of tender recognition, throws a magical illusion over time and space. My pen is now pointed over rough and tedious roads: recent showers rendered travelling extremely disagreeable. At midday we reached Williamsport, where the Conogogeague glides serenely into the Potomack, but the latter is here a placid object, compared with the dashing course of the waters at Harper's ferry; yet so interesting are rivers, (whether winding gently, or rushing with rude impetuosity over rocks, and through obstructed channels), their effect is always calculated to sooth or to enliven. In the undulating waves of Potomack, I bathed my hands in memento of our return to Maryland. The sky was unclouded, the air invigorating, red and white roses seemed to vie with each other, in luxuriant bloom and balmy sweetness. The country was so profusely embellished with this unequalled flower (that through the *land of roses*), we passed delighted to Hagerstown. Its aspect was so pleasant, that we determined to allow ourselves a few days repose, and were stationary so long as to admit a survey of character. At every resting place we met Physicians. If we opened a book, its title page was emblazoned with M. D. We were asked with surprise, why we travelled southward in pursuit of health, when the *infallibility of a foreigner*, in Philadelphia granted those blessings *gratis*, which we were seeking with expense and weariness. Conversation at our lodgings was varied and pleasing, and though the Esculapean tribe were everywhere so numerous, as to induce an inference that the Science of Medicine was a predominant passion in America, Tissot and Boerhaave now gave place to Burns and Cowper, and to the *College of Physicians* succeeded a judicial character, whose polite address, and full-toned flexible voice, immediately attracted attention. Those who know the heart of a stranger, can easily imagine with what interest those courtesies are reciprocated, which obtain a passport to the understanding, though the medium of polished manners. On the map of the mind we retraced our tour, social ease diffused a charm over Geographical research. With udge B—, we marked the aspiring mountain and the fertile valley, timidly trod upon the precipice, measured the cliffs, and projections of the rocks, and in the wild magnificence of nature, heard the winds murmur, and the waters roar. An extremely humid atmosphere detained us at Hagerstown several days. Impatient to pursue our journey, we proposed recommencing it on the morning of the sabbath: some difference of opinion existed, respecting this trespass, and at breakfast we submitted a case of concience to B. whom we prayed to become our advocate and judge; assuring him, that if we had been Roman Catholicks and he our confessor, he would have been perfectly safe, in granting us absolution. On the part of the *prosecution*, it was urged that the ladies were committing a double trespass, a breach of the law, which interdicts Sunday riding, and as they had freely censured this infringement at Fredericktown, by *their own verdict*, they were now condemned. Our creed was simply stated: "All places which the eye of heaven visits," might be rendered favourable to devotion, if its vital spirit animated the heart, and whether at Hagerstown, or Green-Castle, mental oblations would ascend with equal purity and fervour, to him by whom the Sabbath was ordained.—The Comptroller General of our party, adverted to the circumstance of the waggoners, at F——, who were probably slaves, and amenable to their employers; whilst in the presen-

stance, the act was voluntary perhaps, not expedient, and certainly not necessary, but the plea of *anxiety* was warmly urged in defence of the ladies, with enlightened policy those duties were inculcated, which the Law and the Gospel enjoin, *civilian grace*, shielded the defendant, gently scanned the trespass and transferred the offence to him, who by *original* transgression became responsible for feminine high crimes and misdemeanors. After some pleasantries interchanged, and mutual valedictions, we rode pensively, to dine at Green Castle. A numerous congregation were assembled at Church, the breeze was hushed, all rural sounds suspended, nature seemed solemnized, and in sympathy with outward objects, we pursued our tranquil course to Chambersburgh. Kindness and civility was again displayed in Pennsylvania, but society, conversation and manners were totally transposed, the colouring varied, and we were half inclined to believe that we felt the *trade winds*, blowing uniformly from one point of the compass, though our charts had not *precisely* stated that inland situations were accessible to the monsoon. There is some pleasant scenery in this vicinity, and in the town many commodious houses ; it was every where neat, and the inhabitants looked respectable ; but we could not regret leaving it and giving wings to our flight to Shippensburgh ; here we were sensible that we approached towards *home*, and in proportion as its distance lessened, our impatience increased. We were told that the court was in session at Carlisle, and after enjoying comfortable accommodations so long, it was necessary to arm ourselves against the inconveniences of a crowded inn. The publick buildings at Carlisle, the air of mingled gayety and business, the resort of strangers on judicial appointments, combined to render our entrance agreeable. To the politeness of a young gentleman of the law, we were indebted for the only chamber that the house afforded; we slept, but were not refreshed. Travellers, in America are, probably, more susceptible of the vicissitudes in our climate than any other class of people. At home, a changing sky seldom interrupted our pleasures: but now, a clear atmosphere was peculiarly charming and as clouds and rain presented a gloomy contrast, their recurrence seemed more than usually frequent.

The first Summer month was far advanced, wet, chilling days rendered fires necessary, in some part of our southern tour. Strawberries and peas were offered as rarities, several weeks after their appearance in Philadelphia. This day's excursion would have passed without a remark, if the rapid motion of our carriage had not been suddenly arrested, by its axle-tree breaking on a rough descent. It rained ; we were two miles from our destined port, our experienced guide assumed a gay air, and tried to amuse us with tales of camps and martial exploits. On the *western expedition* he had rested with the cavalry in a barn which he pointed out, with far greater ease than we endured a temporary delay on the road. Our coachman was despatched in search of implements to repair the accident, and as muscular exertion was more useful than mechanical genius, by lashing a rail to the axle, we were enabled to proceed, at a slow pace, to the Susquehanna. Crossing the ferry, Harrisburgh appears in view, extending to the river's verge. At Berryhill's inn, we were conveniently accommodated and received polite attention, during our short sojourn. *Here* the Library bell rang, to indicate the literary tourist that he might read ; and to announce the hour, at which books were to be replaced. A sound, very soothing and sweet, touched the chord of musing melancholy : Doves were plaintively cooing, throughout the day. Our vicinity to the water and the dampness of the air explained this musical phenomena, for such it seemed, to those who had heard a solitary dove note, but never before, had listened to those mingled melodies. General P— whom we had met at Lancaster, was returning with his invalid lady to Centre County ; natives of the western world, their views of life were sketched amid profound oli-

tudes, and thence diverging from rude barbarity, to the pleasures of social intercourse. His gigantick figure and mild address appeared to discriminate his civil and military character; in the former, his sensibility had been excited in a singular manner. Some of the numerous ills, incident to humanity, had so depressed the mind of a young person in his neighbourhood, as to occasion a derangement of intellect: She was a mother, and the safety of her infant required that it should be placed under the superintendence of those, by whom maternal duties would be kindly supplied. This separation was a keen addition to her mental malady; she eluded the watchfulness of her friends and wandered in search of the civil officer, by whose authority she was told at lucid intervals the child was provided for. General—was riding out; in the gloomy obscurity of the forest, her pale figure suddenly met his view. Roused to an uncontrolable height of frenzy, she seized the bridle and threw herself at his feet; the horse thus checked, was thrown with his rider into the greatest consternation. Disregarding the danger of her prostrate attitude, with earnest supplication she demanded her child. It was in vain, that she was soothed and assured of kindness and protection, no effort could resist her strong grasp, in an agony she urged him, as he hoped for happiness to restore her loss, nor was it possible to disengage himself, until a promise was extorted that he was at *that moment*, on his way to obtain redress for her injuries. This affecting occurrence was detailed with so much simplicity and tender interest, as to place the narrator in an amiable light; we, who mutely heard the tale of wo, were impressed with heartfelt gratitude to Him, who holds in his hand the balance of the understanding, and has power to preserve or destroy its equilibrium. On leaving Harrisburg, we passed through embowering shades of willows, whose drooping foliage interposed between us and the surrounding country. At an unexpected angle in the road, the Susquehanna suddenly breaks upon the view, extending a smooth expanse of water, now darkly shadowed, and again glittering with sunbeams. Nothing can be more picturesque than the landscape, as the river winds along its green margin, changing its scenery into such multiplied rural forms, that the eye and the mind expatiate through regions of romantick beauty and rich fertility. Perched on a lofty situation dimly discernable to common opticks, we marked a solitary habitation in the vicinage of Middletown, and as the poet's glance sometimes reverts from "*heaven to earth*," my dear S——, will not be disappointed, that after all those sublime contemplations, *ours* rested with complacency, on the fanciful design of a patch-work bed cover, which presented itself in the chamber where we enjoyed the blessings of "balmy sleep." The Swetara's wide, impetuous stream sweeps the foot of the hill immediately as you part from Middletown; we inhaled the morning air, as our carriage wheels divided the waves, and as our career has been so rapid and our route circuitous, I must take breath, before we cross the Conawaga mountain.

Adieu.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

For The Port Folio.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

Method of destroying insects which infest houses, from a letter to Mr. W. Nicholson. Phil. Journ. No. 71.

Mr. N.'s correspondent, after mentioning the great annoyance he suffered from bugs, in a house, which he had taken after a gentleman remarkable for his inattention to their removal, states, that he in vain tried the remedies of washing the joints of the bedsteads, taken asunder for that purpose, with boiling water, and then in a hot decoction of *cucumis colocynthin*, or bitter apple; as in six weeks, the bugs were as numerous as before: they were then washed with spirits of turpentine, with no better succe-

and even a strong solution of oxymuriate of quicksilver was used for the same purpose, without removing the evil.

In the next spring, he had all loose paper taken from the rooms, the skirting boards removed, and the rooms fumigated with oxymuriatick gas: the walls, which were papered, were then painted.

The joints of the bedsteads were then painted with three coats of oxyde of lead, mixed with linseed oil, and a little rosin, to form a thick coat over the wood.

This method of proceeding so effectually answered the purpose, that, except a few, which were found in parts where the paint was abraded, and one or two sometimes found on the furniture, the bedsteads continued free from these insects, for two years; and remained so since, with no further precaution but painting the joints every second year with a thin coat of white lead.

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The remedy mentioned for the nauseous evil complained of, though not new, deserves circulation, as many may not yet have heard of it. Another remedy was, a few years ago, published for the same ill, as extremely effectual; the name of the authour of which is not recollected; it consists of a strong infusion of cantharides, applied to the joints of bedsteads, and other places infested: as this might be apt to evaporate, perhaps a preparation of the cantharides in oil, similar to that called by the farriers blistering oil, might be found more effectual.

Glauber mentions, in his works, the efficacy of oil drawn from sea coal, in destroying insects in general; it perhaps might have good effects in the particular application which is the subject of this paper: but the most certain precaution against these insects, as well as against the more serious evil of the communication of infection, is the use of iron bedsteads, which are already common in hospitals, and other publick institutions; and though the coarseness of the appearance there might excite a prejudice against their use in elegant houses, yet this objection is easily removed by the consideration, that iron admits of more varied and beautiful forms for any utensil than wood, and that, independently of this, the varied ornaments, which painting and gilding afford, might render iron bedsteads superiour in beauty to any wooden bedsteads now in use.

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Description of Mr. Lloyd's Patent Boiler, for quick boiling and saving of fuel.

The bottom of each of Mr. Lloyd's boilers is introverted, so as to form a cavity which would nearly hold as much as the boiler itself, if it were reversed; the sides of this cavity are somewhat conoidal, and from the top a pipe passes out at one side through the cavity of the boiler to the air; the whole boiler or kettle is surrounded by an external case a little distant from it all round, closed at top, and having a small opening at the side to give vent to the smoke. The small pipe adds somewhat to the effect, but is not absolutely necessary. For large boilers, the cavity at the bottom need not be so large in proportion as that described, if it rises into the boiler a third of its depth it will probaby be sufficient. The flame and radiant heat of the fuel is reverberated in all directions in the cavity of the hollow bottom, and must have much more effect than what can be produced by its unconfined lateral action against the extreme sides of a number of upright pipes, however well arranged.* Indeed Count Rumford has shown in former papers the value of the lateral action of fire against the sides to be so small, that we are surprised to see him recommend his apparatus, in which the chief effect produced must arise solely from a similar lateral action of the fire.

* This alludes to a similar experiment of Count Rumford's. He has invented a new boiler and presented it to the National Institute.

On the separation of saline matter, and sebacick acid from the butter commonly called firkin, or keg butter; thereby rendering it equal in point of goodness to fresh.

(*Concluded from page* 392.)

Having shown the first method, we shall proceed, in the next place, to the means of effecting it by Charcoal.

Mr. Lomitz, an ingenious European chymist, has lately discovered, that oxyde of carbon or charcoal possesses the desideratum of counteracting rancidity; no doubt, it prevents the process of rancidity from taking place, by carrying off the oxygen (for which it has a great affinity) in the state of carbonick acid gas; but when the subject has contracted rancidity, I presume it must act by decomposing the sebacick acid itself, and reducing it to its radical or base, which is principally composed of carbon and hydrogen; and, consequently, from this data it must happen, that, as the acid is decomposed, the butter must regain its original properties, which it had when first made. Others advance, as their opinion, that charcoal acts *universally*, by absorbing all fetid gases: however, it is needless to advance *hypotheses* upon this subject; but we shall state the

MODE OF USING IT.

After the separation of the salt by a former operation, we must melt it in a skillet; and then throw in several hard lumps of new made charcoal,* which must be kept in that state for a space of thirty or sixty minutes, or until the fetid smell of rancidity disappears: when this part of the process is finished, we must filter the butter, when kept fluid, through a fine linen rag, into a churn, containing boiling water: which must then be agitated occasionally, in the manner before directed, and, if it was found agreeable, some rose water may be added, to give it a flavour. Considering the many advantages of charcoal, in a variety of cases, I shall close my essay by noticing its principal applications. It is well known, that the internal surfaces of casks are frequently charred, (or converted into a coaly substance) to preserve their contents from corruption, as it is more especially the case with water casks. Wood, also, when buried in the earth, is preserved a great length of time; hence the reason of the charring of the ends of posts set in the ground to preserve them. Coal is even found naturally formed in the earth, as *stone, or fossil coal*, which is of *secondary* formation, owing to the truly igneous portion of the wood becoming charred, in Nature's Laboratory; buried by some revolution which the earth has suffered; owing to that indestructible property of coal, I have no doubt, but if the surfaces of the logs (which convey the water from the engine house to this city) were charred, that they would last for ages to come.† And, in fact, it would not only contribute to that effect, but it would render the water purer, by separating any *foul airs*, which it may have contracted. This puts me in mind of its utility, when rolled up in clothes, which have contracted a disagreeable smell, by discharging the noxious qualities which they are apt to imbibe. Being a powerful antiseptick, it greatly preserves meat, hams, &c. and acts as an excellent preservative of the teeth; hence it is used in powder as an excellent dentifrice.

Having thus gone through, elucidating the means of purifying butter by various modes, which are founded, not on vague hypothesis, but by experiment, and on chymical principles, I shall close the essay, by hoping that it may benefit the economist and the seaman, which if it does, the writer of this will be gratified.

Js. C——h.

* Common coal will answer, but it must be previously exposed to heat, by itself, to extricate moisture or bituminous matter.

† This, if I remember correctly, was the case of a certain aqueduct mentioned in history.

THE FINE ARTS.

For The Port Folio.

Under this head, whenever we describe the works of Genius abroad, we of course, avail ourselves of Foreign authorities.

A statue of Hebe, by Canova, attracts the admiration of all the connoisseurs of Rome. The bust of the goddess is naked and the rest of the body is covered with an aerial drapery. She is represented pouring out ambrosia for the gods, and the execution is of the Greek taste, in its utmost purity.

Mr. Pocock, is publishing in London, in Thirty-three plates, royal quarto, Sketches for Rustick Cottages, Rural Dwellings, and Villas; composed in the ancient English, the Grecian and Roman styles; with plans and descriptions, and critical observations on character, scenery and situation proper for such buildings.

Mr. Dearn, Architect to his Royal Highness, the Duke of Clarence, is publishing in Twenty plates, large quarto, sketches in Architecture, consisting of original designs for cottages and rural dwellings, suitable to persons of moderate fortune, and for convenient retirement, with plans and appropriate scenery to each, with general observations.

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Mr. J. A. Atkinson, is publishing a picturesque representation of the naval, military, and miscellaneous costumes of Great Britain, in 100 coloured plates, with a descriptive essay on the subject of each engraving.

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John Loudon, Esq. F. L. S. authour of Observations on Landscape, Gardening, and many other valuable works, connected with Rural Improvement, has published a Treatise on forming, improving, and managing country residences, and on the choice of situations appropriate to every class of purchasers. In all which the object is to unite in a better manner than has hitherto been done, a taste founded in nature with economy and utility, in constructing or improving mansions and other rural buildings, so as to combine architectural fitness with *picturesque effects*, and in forming Gardens, Orchards, Parks, Pleasure grounds, Shrubberies, all kinds of useful or decorative plantations, and every object of convenience, or beauty, peculiar to country seats, illustrated with 32 engravings.

For The Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Stablish me among them, that they should make them days of feasting, and of joy, and of sending portions one to another, and gifts to the poor."

The pastures having been clothed with flocks, and the vallies covered over with corn; the joyful earth having imbibed the rain in his due season, the first rain and the latter rain; the blessings of the upper, and the nether springs having been felt by grateful millions, from our remotest border, to the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; having eaten our bread without scarceness, and tasted the cup of exhilaration; having lived, like the privileged Sidonians, careless and secure, it now imports us to remember, with the most lively emotions, that the year is CROWNED WITH GOODNESS, and that CHRISTMAS comes, with Joyfulness, and Plenty in his train.

During these jocund holydays, so justly honoured, and so cheerfully celebrated by the Christian Church, I have always felt a serene delight, whether thinking of the decline of one year, or the birth of another. No dissonance destroys the harmony of my feelings, and as I walk pensively, at eventide, through the streets of the city, and listen to the vesper bell of the Chapel, or the chimes from the Church, I exclaim, with the enthusiasm of Horace, exulting on the natal day of Cæsar,

Hic dies vere mihi festus.

I rejoice to hearken to the *high sounding cymbals*, and to listen to the voice of praise, accompanied by the psaltery, and the harp, by stringed instruments and ORGANS. I never liked a metaphysical and an abstract devotion; but, conscious, that Imagination, as well as Reason, is a part of our nature, strive that the heart should be warmed by gorgeous ceremonial, as well as the head be edified by sacred lessons. The solemn chant of a cathedral service, the unspotted whiteness of Episcopal lawn, even the array of an altar, and the *peal of an anthem*, create the most salutary associations. When I cast my eye upon the vivid evergreen, that decks the Church at this festal season; when I see many happy and benevolent faces, lightening up before me; when I listen, with rapture, to the organist, and behold a carolling Christmas, with blended dignity and gayety in his air, I am naturally led to reflect that Christianity is a cheerful religion. I pity those unhappy Puritans, who, at a season of singular folly and phrenzy, metamorphosed our comfortable faith, into an abject superstition. For Mahometanism itself is not more repug-

nant to the genius of Christianity, than austere penance, whining tones, and a sad countenance. In all the Gospels, in the Acts of the Apostles, and in all their Epistles, in the Revelation on the Island of Patmos, and, in short, in every part of the Christian Code it is a memorable circumstance, that cheerfulness is constantly enjoined upon men, and gloom and hypocrisy as constantly decried. By that eminent Personage, whose birth we now celebrate, no stress is laid upon rigorous fasting. But gayety is positively enjoined, even on days of abstinence. He mingled freely with men of the world. He came eating and drinking. At the nuptial rites at Cana, wine is miraculously given, to gladden the feast; and the *fanatick* Pharisee, and the masked hypocrite are constantly admonished, that long prayers, and vain repetitions, and disfigured faces, and the sounding of trumpets, by which, probably, *a nasal twang* was meant, constitute no portion of vital piety. On the contrary, the very reverse is most emphatically enjoined. *Be of good cheer*, is the general salutation. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad. Rejoice evermore, and again I say rejoice; fulfil my joy. Be of good comfort. Use hospitality one to another, without grudging. Gird up the loins of your mind, these are the cheery precepts of primitive Christians, who are of higher authority than John Pym, or Praise God Barebones, or Oliver Cromwell, although these stupid schismaticks, ridiculously called themselves a *Gospel preaching Ministry*. "I determined," says the intrepid Paul, "that I would not come to you *in heaviness*, and my joy is the joy of all." Innumerable passages of this nature demonstrate, that sorrow, anxiety, doleful cant, and woful visages are wretched substitutes for the lovely cheerfulness of a rational faith. Paul and Peter, and James, and John were no ghostly teachers, like those, which Mr HUME so justly as well as contemptuously describes. Their metaphors, as well as many in the four Gospels, are drawn not from the conventicles of Cant, and the black forest of Hypocrisy, but from the cheerful haunts of men, from the gayety of banquets, and acts of benevolence and sociableness.

Mirth, in moderation, kind affections, social principles, the union of Hope with Joy, and essential Charity towards all, ESPECIALLY UNTO THEM WHICH ARE OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH, are the lessons of Christianity and the Church.

Let us, therefore, with alacrity and gladness, celebrate the high festival, which gives its name to these the fairest days in the Calendar. Let our faces be laved with the sweetest waters of Purification, and all our garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia. Let those, who are called a Royal Priesthood, and a peculiar people, be "anointed with the oil of gladness, *above their fellows*." As our increase has not been given to the caterpillar, nor our labour unto the locust; as our vines have not been destroyed with hail, nor our sycamore trees with frost; as we have successfully cultivated a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths, that spring out of vallies, and hills; a land of honey, barley, and wheat, we ought not, when we have eaten, and are full, to forget those, whom Sickness, or Age, or Penury has numbered on its dismal tablet. But let the fervour of ardent Charity warm every good heart, and extend every liberal hand. Let each individual, whom it imports, obey that excellent exhortation, which, though it occur in the Apocrypha, is perfectly canonical in the estimation of many a generous critick. If thou have abundance, give alms accordingly; if thou have but little, be not afraid to give according to that little, for thou layest up a good treasure for thyself against the hour of necessity.

When, as good stewards, we have kindly ministered to one another, the gladsome rites of the season will claim our care. Exhilarating Musick and innocent Mirth may freely mingle with the powers of Benevolence, Gratitude, and Devotion. Every liberal Lutheran may then call for the plea-

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sant harp, with the psaltery, and exultingly exclaim

Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance;
Let instruments of various strings,
With ORGANS joined God's praise advance.

Let them, who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That LOUDLY SOUND ON SOLEMN DAYS.

Hail, happy holydays, gayly I greet your blest return. In my pilgrimage through the obscurity of many a gloomy year, how gladly I meet your festal train, which, like the Iris of Gospel promise, after the darkness and destruction of a deluge, smile sweetly through the stormy sky, and gild every vision of Hope. Ye come, all benignant, to burnish the memory of hours, that are past, and to give a gay assurance of those, which are to come. As, after a tedious absence, and a tempestuous voyage, the weather-beaten mariner exults to behold his family pictures again, and to feel the fond pressure of encircling arms, so does the cheerful Christian rejoice in the society of these twelve sisters, a holy family, as bright and fair as ever glowed in the beauteous tints of the Italian or Venetian pencil.

Delightful days, ye come, an enchanting group, with robes of *lawney whiteness*, and each a face of benignity, *as it were the face of an angel.* "Verdant myrtle's branchy pride" is the coronet of each brow. Charity and Cheerfulness, Mirth and Musick, Gratitude and Generosity are in your train. At your gladsome approach, sullen Care vanishes, like the mist of midnight, and Festivity carols with a note more jocund than the bird of midsummer.

O happy days! to hail thy wished return,
Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn;
From gentle bosoms purest flames shall rise,
And keenest ardours flash from Beauty's eyes.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep, to labourers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as your sight to me.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

A gentleman speaking of the *Carmen Seculare* of Horace, in company where a learned alderman was present, his worship gravely observed, that, "in the line of his business, he had frequently employed men from every company of porters and carmen between Tower-hill and the Old-Swan, and he would be bold to say, that there was no such company as the Carmen Seculare from one end of Thames-street to the other."

Goldsmith, amid the studied periods of a dedication, a form of composition which Pomp, and Dignity, and Stateliness, challenge as their own, displays all his enchanting ease of composition, in his dedication of "The Traveller."

Of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Musick come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and, at length, supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet however this art may be neglected, by the powerful, it is still in great danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindarick odes and chorusses, anapests, iambicks, alliterative care, and happy negligence.

Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for errour is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art, still more dangerous. I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a prudent one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires: his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all.

In his dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds—

I can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of the art, in which you are said to excel, and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry, than you.

In his dedication to Saml. Johnson.

By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you, as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the publick that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind, also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

The last stanza in the following verses by one of the greatest poets of the age is exceedingly pathetick.

THE DYING BARD.

By Walter Scott, Esq.

Dinas Emlinn, lament; for the moment is nigh
When mute in the woodlands thine echo shall die:
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade,
Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue
That viewed them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die.

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been:
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping so bold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquered thy warriours and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warbling my weakness can tell,
Farewell; my loved harp, my last treasure, farewell!

—

Smoking is in itself not reprehensible, and to some, may be beneficial—but let it be consistent with person, time, and place. By the family fireside, in the hour of relaxation, in the social circle of *men*, by those, who

may claim the respectable privilege of age—*anywhere*, provided, in all cases, that the practice be not offensive to any present.

For myself, I am no enemy to smoking, as an innocent indulgence; and in a company of my friends, when cigarrs are introduced, I aid in raising the blue cloud, and find it very useful in telling a story by way of *punctuation*, or in marking the proper pauses, thus, a single *puff* serves for a *comma*—*puff, puff*, a *semicolon*; *puff, puff, puff*, a *colon*; *four puffs*, a *full point*. I have even gone farther: I suppose a pause, with the cigarr kept in the mouth, to represent a *dash*—longer or shorter in continuance: *notes of admiration* and *interrogation*, may be easily expressed on similar principles.

Taking the cigarr from the mouth, and knocking the fire from the end, may be considered as the conclusion of a *paragraph*; and throwing it into the fire, is necessarily the *end of a Chapter*.—*N. Post.*

In the Senate of the United States five members, nearly one sixth part, are gentlemen of the name of *Smith*. This circumstance induced a facetious Philadelphian to observe, that in future, instead of asking what is on the *tapis*, we must inquire, what is on the *anvil*.

The following sneer at the *Babylonish dialect* of some of our countrymen occurs in Boswell's Life of Johnson.

The present Earl of Marchmont told me, with great good humour, that the master of a shop in London, where he was not known, said to him, "I suppose, sir, you are an American." "Why so, sir?" said his Lordship; "Because, sir," replied the shopkeeper, "*you speak neither English nor Scotch*, but *something different from both*, which I conclude is the *language of America*.

HEREFORD.—*Hoax*.—The following extraordinary circumstance took place last week in this city, in the execution of which, the depredator displayed a considerable degree of ingenuity, and every attempt to trace him has been ineffectual.—A man came to an inn in Broad street, and professed himself a dealer in smuggled tea; from his general conduct he soon acquired the good graces of the landlord; he had constantly a party of friends to breakfast, dine, and sup with him, and gave his entertainments in a dashing style. Soon after his arrival, two bags of *tea* came by the coach, for which the landlord *paid carriage*, and the gentleman wanting a pair of shoes, his good-natured host waited with him on a shoemaker, from whom they procured them, the innkeeper being responsible for the payment. At the end of about four days, when a *score* of between six and seven pounds had been run up at the inn, a purchaser was obtained for the tea, and paid the smuggler twenty pounds in part; and, by his desire, the dealer took his bargain to the house of a friend for him, being afraid of encountering the Argus eyes of the Excise at his own. After the merchant had delivered his goods, he met one of his new friends, from whom he requested the loan of a new silk kerchief he had round his neck, which was readily lent him, and he then walked off in the new shoes with it, and has not since been heard of. On opening the bags, they each contained a little fine tea on the top, the rest was sand. On the second or third day of the fellow's arrival, a watchmaker from the Hay, who partook of his convivial entertainments, became anxious he should buy a watch of him, to which his friend kindly acceded, on condition that he should wear it a few days, in order to ascertain how it would *go*, previous to payment: it is almost superfluous for us to state, the watch went with him.

FROM THE PASTIME.

We copy the following from a paper in Gen. Hamilton's hand writing. It is published in its original form.

Translation from Collectanea.

It is an errour as great as it is common, to rely on *situation* as a *screen* to

vice. Men are apt to say to themselves —in this case we may indulge our criminal propensity because the peculiarity of our situation will exclude suspicion. But situation is very often an index rather than a mask. A state of things, different from what a particular situation would dictate, will, in spite of the greatest circumspection, occasionally exhibit appearances which are incompatible with the situation; converting it into a mirrour to reflect the crime, rather than a mantle by which it is disguised. Thus the false *Mævius*, under the cover of exaggerated pretensions of friendship to the unsuspecting *Philo*, seeks to conceal the intrigue he meditates with *Livia*; but the frequency of his visits to the wife, in the absence of the husband, discovers that his attachment is more to *Philo's* wife than to *Philo*. Thus also the incestuous *Rheta*, writing to her son *Clytus*, prompted on the one hand by her reliance on the shelter of situation, restrained on the other by the involuntary fears of conscious guilt, betrays her odious passion by the half indulged, half suppressed ardour of her expressions, and by the mysterious ambiguity of her phrase. Who can help seeing that she does not employ the temperate, the simple language of maternal affection? Who is so dull as not to perceive the lewd blandishments of the mistress in the chaste garb of the mother? Better had it been for all of them had they been acquainted with this salutary, this eternal truth, *That to appear to be what we desire to seem, it is necessary to be what we would appear.*

—

It may be made a question, whether a period of pure simplicity and innocence ever existed? Seneca expatiates in praise of those times (epist. xc.) and the poets have been lavish in their description of the golden age: but the history of mankind has no proofs of the fact. An ingenious writer says, "The first man who was born into the world killed the second —when did the times of simplicity begin?"

Murphy's Tacitus.

The vulgar opinions respecting the time of continuing in the warm bath, are extremely absurd, and are fully refuted by the practice of the French physicians, and the theory of Count Rumford. But it is remarkable, that though the practice of continuing a long time in tepid water is supposed to be a novelty and an innovation, yet it is by no means so. Jones, a physician of eminence, in the fifteenth century, in his book, with the quaint title of "*The bathes of Bathe's ayde, wonderful and most excellent against very many sicknesses,*" says expressly, that persons of a hot temperament, weak and thin, should stay in the bath from five to six, in the morning, and the same in the evening. Others are directed to remain *two hours* in the morning, and *an hour and a half* in the evening. Thus we see that even the old physicians recommended not only a long continuance in the water, but a repetition of the practice, *on the same day*. That this doctrine is perfectly sane and judicious, is verified at this hour, by the practice of every Parisian, who frequents the Thermæ of this city. The reasoning of Count Rumford, on this subject, is invincible, and the experience of every bather, who is exhausted, either by corporeal or mental fatigue, demonstrates, that it is remaining too short a time in the the tub, or using water *too* hot, which defeats the intention.

—

Some of the votaries of Tobacco, perhaps, would be willing to be tormented with a toothach, provided a physician like the famous Butler were to prescribe. A person once applied to this medical humourist, who was annoyed by a violent defluxion on his teeth. Butler told him that "a hard knot must be split by a hard wedge;" and directed him to smoke tobacco, without intermission, till he had consumed an ounce of the herb. The man was accustomed to smoke: he therefore took *twenty-five pipes at a sitting*. The story adds, that the disorder was cured, and did not return for seventeen years.

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To a lady who wished the authour a good night.

Dear Nancy, why wish me good night?—as I live,
It is needless to wish what you freely can give.

—

The stinging things of Mr. Jefferson.

AN EPIGRAM.

Tom some time since, sent a *hornet* to *Boney*,
Who found it a *bee*, well loaded with *honey*;
He now sends a *wasp*, with a *sting* in her tail,
To goad the *old lion* in hopes to prevail;
But should they refuse him, on any pretext,
He swears he will send out the *rattlesnake* next.

—

A distressing event, which to one kind of temper would be nothing more than a flea biting, will to another cause intolerable pain; and what one, by philosophick moderation, and well-composed carriage, is happily enabled to overcome, a second, especially if in habits of solitude, is, unfortunately, in no way enabled to endure; but upon every petty occasion of misconceived abuse, injury, grief, disgrace, or other vexation, yields so far to his wounded feelings, that his complexion alters, his digestion is impeded, his sleep interrupted, his spirits subdued, his heart oppressed, and his whole frame so affected, that he sinks, overwhelmed with profound despair. As a man, when he is once imprisoned for debt, finds that every creditor immediately brings his action against him, and joins to keep him in ruinous captivity, so when any discontent seriously seizes the human mind, all other perturbations instantly set upon it, and then, like a lame dog, or a broken winged goose, the unhappy patient droops and pines away, and is brought at last to the ill habit or malady of melancholy itself.

The Editor salutes the supporters of this paper, with every grateful and cheery compliment of the season. Those agents for The Port Folio, who are sedulous to promote the interests of the establishment, the great body of the Lawyers, the men of letters, the stanch Politicians, and the Clergy, and Gentry in particular, are very cordially thanked for augmenting patronage. The Editor, with the utmost respect and delicacy for the feelings of every individual, who may be implicated, will only suggest that, at this juncture, an adjustment of arrearages and some promptness of remittance will enable him to bound forward in the literary race, with more velocity, than when he is clogged with care.

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